

THE
UNIVERSAL
SPECTATOR.

K

By HENRY STONECASTLE, of
Northumberland, Esq;

VOL. I.

*Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, amator:
Nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.* Hor. Epist. i.

*The Slave to Envy, Anger, Wine, or Love,
The Wretch of Sloth its Excellence shall prove:
Fierceness itself shall bear its Rage away,
When list'ning calmly to th' instructive Lay.* Francis.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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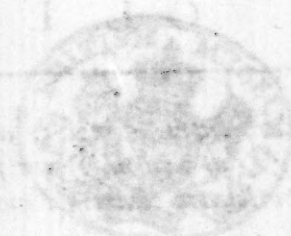
THE

UNIVERSAL

SPECTATOR.

IN HONOUR OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF



OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
AND OF THE UNIVERSITY OF

THE THIRD EDITION

LONDON

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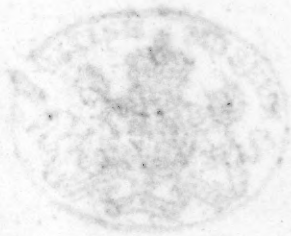
ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Essays are collected from a Weekly Paper, which made its first Appearance in Oct. 1728, favoured with all the Encouragement which could be desired from the Publick.

The Editors of these Volumes, cannot but apprehend, that the great Variety of entertaining Subjects, of which they consist, will render them agreeable to all Sorts of Readers.

GOVERNMENT

THE SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY



FOR THE
NAVY
DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON
D. C.



THE
UNIVERSAL
SPECTATOR.

By HENRY STONECASTLE, of
Northumberland, Esq;

INTRODUCTION.



It is now become a Custom, for *Authors* of my Kind, to give some Account of themselves at their first setting out in *Publick*: and I have a greater Regard for the Wisdom of my *Predecessors*, than to depart intirely from a *Practice* by them established. But, as the dullest Thing a Man can write, is the *Character* of himself, I shall beg the Liberty of presenting mine in *Rhime*, to give it a little Relish, and make it go down better than some in *Prose* have done.

Be it known, therefore, to all whom it may concern:

I'M *High-Church*, nor *Low-Church*, nor *Tory*, nor *Whig*,
Nor fluttering young *Coxcomb*, nor formal old *Prig*,
I can laugh at a *Jest*, if not told out of *Time*,
And excuse a *Mistake*, tho' not flatter a *Crime*.

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Unbias'd, I view Things around, as they pass ;
 Nor squint at the *Great* thro' a blackening Glass.
 The Faults of my *Friends* I would scorn to expose,
 And detest private *Scandal*---tho' cast on my *Foes*.
 I put none to the Blush upon any Pretence ;
 For Immodesty shocks both *Good Breeding* and *Sense*.
 No Man's *Person* I hate, tho' his *Conduct* I blame :
 I can censure a *Crime* without naming a *Name*.
 To amend, not expose, is the Will of my Mind,
 But *Reproof* must be lost if *Ill-nature* is join'd.
 When *Merit* appears, tho' in *Rage*, I respect it ;
 And will plead *Virtue's* Cause, tho' the World should
 reject it.
 Cool *Reason* I bow to, where-ever 'tis found :
 And rejoice when true *Learning* with Honour is crown'd.
 No *Party* I serve: In no *Quarrel* I join :
 Nor damn the *Opinion* that differs from mine.
 No *Corruption* I screen, tho' no *Treason* I sing :
 I'm a Friend to my COUNTRY, yet true to my KING.

H. S.

The *Weekly Paper* I am going to present the *Publick*,
 is intended to relieve my *Readers* from *Wrangling* and
Politicks, with which the World is overcharged, and
 turn their Thoughts to more entertaining, as well as
 more useful Subjects: And in order to effect this, I
 hope for the Correspondence and kind Assistance of the
Ingenious. But I must honestly declare beforehand, (lest
 any one should meet with a Disappointment) that no
Letters will find a Place here, which relate either to
 publick or private *Quarrels*, enter into religious *Contro-*
versy, broach ill-natur'd *Scandal*, intermeddle with *Fa-*
mily Breaches, contain ill-bred *Reflections*, or tend to
Indecency of any Sort. The current *Papers*, if they please,
 may still carry on the Town's dirty *Work*, but it shall
 be my sole Endeavour to discountenance *Vice*, to encou-
 rage *Virtue*, to promote *Wit*, *Humour*, *Learning*, *Good*
Manners and *Morality*, and to recommend *Peace* and
universal Charity.

Quam



Quam jucunda Pulchritudo cum habet mentum sapientem!
How delightful is BEAUTY when grac'd with Prudence!

From my House in the Minories, Oct. 12. 1728.

AT a Tea-Table, where I was the other Day, the Conversation turn'd upon *Love* and *Marriage*; Subjects which never fail to introduce Cheerfulness and Good Humour. Our Company were seven; four Ladies, and three Men: Much Raillery pass'd upon the Conduct of both Sexes: The Men complain'd of the Ladies Fickleness in Love; they accus'd the Men of Insincerity; and both Parties, with much Wit and Pleasantry, threw the Blame of all Mistakes in Marriage mutually upon each other. ----- Except AMANDA, all were warm in the Dispute, but she continued silent, till the Gentleman who sat next her, ask'd, how she could be so indifferent in Matters of such high Importance? --- I am not, said she, indifferent, as to the Points in Question, but engage on neither Side, because I think that both are in the Wrong.

AMANDA is a Lady of Discretion much beyond her Age: In her an uncommon Genius has been improv'd by an uncommon Education: She has digested Books, and studied human Actions; and her twenty Years have been employ'd to more purpose than others spend whole Lives. She is beautiful without Vanity, and wise without assuming; she talks but little, and never before she thinks: Her Thoughts are just, and her Words the most expressive. She never was seen angry, or known to laugh immoderately, but her even Temper is still the same, compos'd, obliging, and agreeable, without those Fits of Levity or Spleen which seize by Turns on others. Her whole Behaviour is conducted by the steady Rules of Prudence, and her Soul breathes the most refined and generous Sentiments of Love, of Honour, and of Friendship. Ever ready to serve and do good to all; she only has the Happiness to be the Darling of both Sexes: No Man ever

knew her without praising her; and no Woman was ever heard to find fault with her.

THIS Lady's short Answer put an End to the Debate, and made the whole Company earnest to learn her Opinion. She modestly excus'd herself; but finding they would take no Denial, she with a Smile comply'd. ----- We complain, *says she*, that the Men deceive us, but I'm afraid 'tis we ourselves are the Cause of their Deceit. Do we not expect Flattery from the Time they commence Lovers? and are we pleas'd, unless they address us in a Language very different from Truth or Reason? What are all the Letters and Speeches upon this Subject but a mere Rhapsody of Words, contriv'd to feed our Vanity, which, they find, will not be satisfied, unless they compliment us with a Power of Life and Death, lift us to the Skies, and pay us Adoration? They are to blame, indeed, for complying with our ridiculous Expectations, but we ourselves, I think, ought not to blame them. ---- We charge them with Insincerity: But are we more sincere? Act we not as much disguis'd as they? And can their Disappointment in us be less than ours in them, when they find us frail Women instead of Angels and Divinities: Characters we foolishly assum'd. What is Courtship, but a mutual Imposition upon each other? So far from speaking our real Thoughts, and shewing our Tempers as they are, there's scarce a Truth on either Side: 'Tis all a visionary Scene; and when Marriage comes, the Lover's implicit low Submission, and the Lady's arbitrary haughty Sway, vanish and disappear for ever. ---- We accuse the Men of broken Vows: But ought we to let them swear what is in no one's Power, Eternal Love and Constancy? Who can be sure that he shall always love? Is Love an Act of Choice? or does it not depend on various Accidents which no one can command; particularly on our conduct? And that our Behaviour towards them shall be always equally agreeable, is very bold for them to swear, and as whimsical for us to suffer: It is no less than swearing that our Actions, and their Opinion of them, shall always be the same: And methinks, it is high Presumption to answer for our Actions, whatever they may think fit to do for their own Opinion. ----- I set this Matter in the fairest Light,

Light, and suppose it is the Agreeableness of our Conduct and the Temper of our Mind that charm them: But if, as it often happens, our Youth and Beauty only are the Objects of their Regard; in such a Case, to swear Eternal Love, is to swear we shall always be young and handsome; for as every Effect must cease of course, when once its Cause is gone, Love, founded on Youth and Beauty, cannot possibly endure longer than Youth and Beauty last. ----- Was I to draw a Scheme of Love and Courtship, it should be contrary directly to the Practice now in use: It should be form'd upon the steady Principles of Truth and Reason. Love should be all generous, sincere, and tender, as Heaven first inspir'd it; and Courtship void of servile Flattery, or mean Dissimulation, All Vows and Imprecations should be look'd upon as suspicious of Deceit; the common unmeaning Cant should be despis'd, as it deserves, and honest Language judg'd most proper to express the Mind's Integrity. No Man should dare to feign a Passion, nor any Woman fear to own one; for then (as is the present Case) they would not reject and slight us for acknowledging a Regard which themselves have taken pains, by every Art, to raise; a Behaviour so monstrous, that I cannot say, if there is more of Vileness or of Madness in it. But Love, as it is now manag'd, is an Heap of wild Absurdities, and Courtship a mere Romance; it is running through a Course of Adventures fantastical and extravagant, raising the Imagination to Expectations beyond Nature, and laying the sure Foundation of Disappointment and Repentance, on both Sides, when *Hymen* shifts the Scene.

AMANDA left off speaking; and she had done some time before the Company recollected themselves from a profound Silence; for all were charm'd with her Discourse. There is somewhat so graceful in her Manner, so sweetly expressive in her Look, and so harmonious in her Voice, that it is impossible to hear her without the utmost Pleasure. Her tuneful Accents hung upon the Ear, and they hop'd she would begin again; but finding she said no more, they all join'd to thank her for her just Discourse on *Love*, and begg'd her to proceed, and give them her Thoughts on *Marriage* also. --- I'm unfit, *says she*, to judge of a State I have not known; my Ob-

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servation upon others has been only superficial, and on this Subject I much rather would be silent. ---- But the Company not allowing this Excuse, *she thus began*, with a Sweetness inexpressible. -----

IN what I said before of Love, I took no Notice of pretended Lovers, Creatures whom mercenary Views and base sordid Souls betray to be the vilest Sort of Hypocrites: I fix'd my Thoughts on those alone who feel the Passion, though led astray by Custom; but, now, I'm forc'd to mention these Deceivers, because such Wretches make a large Appearance in the marry'd World. However, after naming them, I leave them to their Fate, to be as far from Happiness as they are from Truth and Honour: This they deserve; and this is usually their Lot. With such I have nothing more to do, but shall consider those whom *Love* himself has join'd. ---- *Marriage* is, without doubt, a State capable of the sincerest human Happiness, as it is best fitted for the most exalted Friendship; in all other Circumstances, interfering Interests prevent the Possibility of so firm a Union, as here, where the Interests of both Sides must be the same. One would wonder then, that so few in it can boast of true Felicity: but this is owing, very much, to the fallacious Forms of Courtship, and the strange Alteration which follows so soon as the Lover commences Husband, and the Mistress is made a Wife: immediately the Subject becomes the Sovereign: and Uneasiness must always happen from such great and sudden Change of Government. The Mask both Sides wore, is usually put off too soon; by expecting Happiness out of Nature, chimerical, and impossible, they find themselves mistaken in each other, and, chagrin'd at the Disappointment, neglect that which is within their Power: Their Care to please abates, Love grows cold, and sickens, languishes, and dies perhaps at last; and then adieu to Happiness. But every Couple should remember, that from the Day their Hands are join'd, their Wretchedness or their Felicity is entirely dependent on each other; and Love, which before, it may be, was only Passion, becomes from that time the highest Act of Reason. There can't be a more fatal Error than the common one, of believing, that now all Pains to please are needless; on the contrary,

trary, to be oblig'd by and to oblige each other, should be their mutual constant Inclination. Their Behaviour always should be conformable to Good-nature and Good-manners: Forms should be laid aside between them, but Decency still preserv'd, for without that even Love must soon disgust. They mutually must bear with and excuse each others Foibles, and with the utmost Caution guard against the Beginnings of Discontent on either Side; but if any Difference should arise, let their generous Contention be, not who's most to blame, who's right, or wrong, but who shall soonest put an End to it. ----- And particularly, I recommend to my own Sex, that Smiles and sweet Compliance are the most convincing Arguments to win the Heart; and that in their Condition, to yield is the only Way to conquer. ---- As the Husband's Province is to manage the grand Affairs of Life, the Wife's Care should constantly be employ'd in the Conduct and Regulation of her Family: It is her Duty, her Interest, and ought to be her Study to prevent Disorder there, to make his Home always pleasing to him, to be ever ready to receive him there with open Arms and chearful Looks, and diligently to avoid every thing that may disoblige, or wear the Face of Unkindness or Neglect. But more than all, the Business of her Life should be to keep her Husband's Love: For a Wife can have no other Power but what that gives her, and if once that's lost, her Case is bad indeed: In order therefore to preserve it, she ought to make herself as amiable in his Eyes as possible; the Pains she took to charm him, before Marriage, should be redoubled now, her Dress, her Looks, her Words, her every Action, should be suited to his Taste: He should never see her but in good Humour, nor hear from her but the most endearing Expressions of Affection and Regard. She should, from the first, resolve, upon no Occasion, ever to quarrel with him, or impertinently oppose his Temper. Her Expences should be regulated not by his Fortune only, but his Way of Thinking also should be consider'd. She ought to pay no Visits, or receive any Company, but what he approves; for his Esteem is to her of more Importance than that of all the World besides; her whole Happiness depends entirely on it. ---- I have endeavour'd to point
out

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out what I think more particularly the Duty of my own Sex, because, I am afraid, the Folly and Ill-conduct on our Side, is, most often, the Cause of making that Condition miserable, which a little Prudence would make happy: Besides, I have consider'd this Side most, and was best prepar'd to speak to it.

THUS AMANDA ended, and the whole Company, with one Voice cry'd out, Thrice happy will that Man be, with whom AMANDA shall put in Practice the wise Advice she gives!



Sure, of all Ills, Domestick are the worst! DRYD.

From my House in the Minorities.

S I R,

WITHOUT any Preamble, I beg your Advice, in an Affair of great Importance. I have been married almost five Years: Three of which were happy as my Heart could wish. Heaven has blest me with a lovely Boy and Girl. My Fortune is clear and easy: Not great; but sufficient to furnish all the Conveniencies of Life. My Wife I chose, not for Money, but because I lov'd her; and that Love arose, not from Beauty, (though all the World calls her handsome) but because I found her Mind stor'd with uncommon Sense and Goodness. My Passion was sincere; and she return'd it. We married; and never, I believe, were Couple better satisfy'd with each other. Her Prudence, her Sincerity, and the Sweetness of her Temper, qualified her to be a Companion and a Friend. I doated on her; I kept nothing from her: Though my Wife, she was not less my Mistress. I watch'd her Wishes, and strove to prevent Desire: And she seem'd to make obliging me the Study of her Life. Nothing, I thought,

thought, could interrupt our Felicity. But, alas! how precarious is human Happiness! what unforeseen Accidents can destroy it! ——— About two Years since, a young Widow came to dwell in our Neighbourhood: Her Time of Mourning was just expir'd; and she was Mistress of an ample Jointure. My Wife and she, in their Childhood, had been Play-Mates; and their Acquaintance was soon again renewed. The Widow's Conversation was witty, chearful, and genteel: I found my Wife was pleas'd with it, and therefore encouraged their Intimacy, not imagining I was at the same time promoting my own Disquiet. This Lady was passionately fond of the fashionable Game *Quadrille*; and my Wife, to oblige her, oftentimes made one; but was so far from liking it, that she frequently complain'd, it spoiled Conversation. That Dislike, however, insensibly abated; and a few Months afterwards she became as fond of it as the Widow. Here I date my Unhappiness: From this Time, nothing else was thought of but making Parties either abroad, or at home. Her Family Concerns, which before were conducted with great Prudence, became neglected; and her Children seem'd less dear to her. — Sure never Woman was so chang'd! From a free and generous Spirit, she is now grown covetous, almost to Meanness: My Table, which before was always plentifully furnish'd, and open to all Commers, I find very much retrench'd, though my Expences for it are considerably increas'd: She almost starves her Servants, to supply her Play, and even grudges a Meal to our nearest Friends. My House, which I us'd to think a Paradise, is become, to me, a continual Scene of Uneasiness; I'm all alone in it. Those Evenings spent in her dear Company, which I preferr'd to all the World, are now no more! She has no Time for me; but, either is abroad, or, if at home, engag'd with those who seem to judge me of small Importance, because I join not in their Diversion, and whose Countenances plainly say, they wish my Absence. All Regularity and Order are made subservient to their Appointments: At Noon she rises; she dines at Supper-time; and often comes to Bed by Daylight. Her Acquaintances are all dropt, but such as love *Quadrille*; and her Children banish'd to the Nursery,

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fery, lest their Prattle should interrupt. She now is always in an Hurry, and seems perpetually perplex'd: Her Health's impair'd: The Roses in her Cheeks are wither'd; her very Features alter'd; and that sweet Temper and Serenity of Mind which us'd to delight and charm me, are lost and gone, and their Place supply'd by a thoughtful Anxiety, arising from continual agitated Hopes and Fears. I never look at her without the utmost Concern; and often turn away, to hide that Sorrow I can't suppress: Nor can her Eyes any longer view me with Joy and Love, but meet mine with a kind of Shame and wild Confusion. Our Endearments are cold and languid; Affection seems asleep; and that Cheerfulness in our Conversation, which us'd to speak our mutual Satisfaction, gives way to a gloomy and discontented Silence. All the Money I allow her goes this way; and Besides, I have paid several considerable Debts of Honour, without complaining of her Conduct: But if she goes on thus, I must be ruin'd. Yet how shall I reclaim her? — My Heart will not give me leave to treat her harshly, and regards her not as an Object of Resentment, but Compassion. Last Winter I persuaded her three times to see the *Provoked Husband*; which, I could perceive, gave her some serious Reflections: But they are all worn off again, and she pursues this fatal Game as eagerly as ever. — What shall I now do? O! put me in a Way to regain my former Happiness, and you will infinitely oblige,

Your obedient

bumble Servant.

I sincerely pity this unhappy Gentleman, who tells his Misfortune in such a moving Manner, that the reading of it, if his Wife chances to see this Paper, will, I hope, effect a Cure. Her Affection must not only be asleep, but dead, and buried also, if so much Love and Generosity cannot wake it. That Woman must be lost indeed, who after this, can abuse the Goodness of an Husband so indulgent. However, as he desires my Advice, I'll relate a Story, and leave him to make what Use of it he thinks proper. — A Friend of mine, whose Wife was fond of Play, and once a Week kept at her
own

own House a Night on purpose, dissatisfy'd at her frequent Losses, was resolv'd to put an end to it. Desiring her to leave it off, would, he knew, create long Quarrels and Uneasiness between them, and meet with many Difficulties; he therefore contriv'd the following Way to break it up, without putting the irksome Task on her. One Night, when they were all met, he came amongst them, and with a serious, but obliging Accent, told them, he was forc'd, with much Reluctance, to let them know their Company was not agreeable upon that Occasion; that friendly Visits to his Wife would always lay an Obligation on himself; and in that Manner he should still be glad to see them; but her Play suited not his Circumstances, and he was determin'd to pay no Debts of that Kind for her. He begg'd Pardon for his Freedom, made his Bow, and left them. This effectually answer'd his Design; and though his Wife was at first displeas'd, she had the good Sense afterwards to thank him for it, and often says, it was the happiest Method could have been invented to save both himself and her.

* * *

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

YOUR Predecessor of Immortal Memory, tells us a very pretty Story of a Dervise, who could shoot his Soul into, and actuate the dead Body of any Animal. St. *Austin* also tells us, in his Time, a Monk could withdraw his Soul from his Body, which would remain insensible, and as a dead Corpse, 'till re-animated by the Return of the Soul, which would be sometimes three or four Days upon the Ramble, and come back fraught with News from different Countries; and *Pliny* in his Seventh Book of his *Natural History*, relates, that the Soul of *Hermotimus Clazomenius* used frequently to abandon his Body for a Time, and making a Trip into different Climates, bring News from very remote Places, of such Things as could not have been known, had not his Spirit actually been there. In this Absence of the Soul,
his

his Body lay as in a Trance. The *Cantharidæ*, his Enemies, lighting upon it when thus deserted, burnt it, and disappointed the poor Soul of its Receptacle. Now, Sir, such a Correspondent would be of admirable Use to you, in obliging the Fair to be very circumspect in their Actions, lest an invisible Eye should bring you Tales of what they thought pass'd in the most secret Retirements.

KNOW then, most venerable Sir, this Knack of deserting the Body is not lost; and that I can, whenever I please, with the Quickness of Thought, be at *China*, or any other Place; make my Observations, and return with equal Celerity. — I offer you my Service towards the Reformation of our Follies. — *Vices* is a paw Word. — And I advise your Readers in particular, and your Compatriots in general, to be upon their Guard. To convince them this is no jesting Matter, I let *Corinna* know, that Mr. *At-all's* Freedoms in his private Addresses, are not such as speak his Designs so honourable as she flatters herself they are; and that he will never make a Wife of her who allows them. — Advise *Melinda* to lay aside *Ovid's Art of Love*, which she sleeps with under her Pillow, and reads as soon as her Eyes are open. I'll say no more on that Head, she is conscious of her Attitudes and Soliloquies. — Tell Beau *Dapper*, I know his Misfortune, and if he does not give over making Love to all the Fair he meets, I will expose both that and the Books he daily plunders for soft Things. — I was a Witness to Squire *Brute's* Attack on his Mother's Chambermaid, whom he knock'd down for an heroick Defence of her Chastity. — I accompany'd Mr. *Sly* to the Stews; and know where Monsieur *Tartuff* has a fine Girl, whom he maintains in Luxury, while he denies his Son Necessaries. I shall say nothing of numberless past Scenes, which I cou'd expose to View, but will not for the future bury the Follies I may see, in the same Silence. The Fate of *Hermotimus* makes me conceal my Name and Place of Abode, but you may depend on seeing a general Reformation, or on hearing often from me.

Yours, &c.



Quot Homines, tot Sententiæ: Terent.
So many Men, so many Minds.

Hic est quem legis, ille quem requiris. Mart.
Such is your Author whom you desire to know.

From my House in the Minories.

I Should oftentimes be puffed up with the Vanity of a WRITER, did I not correct myself by the severe and mortifying Reflection, that, for so small a Price as *Two Pence*, whoever pleases may purchase an undoubted Right to censure my *Lucubrations*, to call them tiresome, dull, stupid, impertinent, intollerable, or what else he thinks fit; and that, at the very Instant I myself am over-looking them with all the fond Partiality of a Parent, and preserving them with the utmost Carefulness, other People are infolding Grocery, or lighting Pipes with them, or putting them, perhaps, to yet more vile and shocking Uses. I consider, likewise, the Caprice of Mankind, and that, however satisfy'd I may be of my own Endeavours, it is impossible, at the same Time, to please every Body; for as the World is ever divided in Opinion, one Half of it will consequently think all serious Subjects dull, and the other all gay ones trifling: Nor will my *Readers*, I am afraid, compound with me to be serv'd in Turn, but expect, that every Time, I should write according to the particular Taste of every one of them. These Considerations are the Means I use to keep down the Seeds of Pride; and especially I find them needful when I receive Epistles filled with Praise and Compliment from those who stile themselves *my constant Readers, my Well Wishers, my Admirers, &c. &c.* many of which Epistles, I assure the Publick, it has cost me no little Self-denial to suppress. But, being fully sensible, that however pleasing such Language is to me, it can be so to no one else, I reserve them choicely for
my

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my own private Use, to be applied by Way of Cordial, in Case my Spirits should ever unhappily sink so low as to think too meanly of myself: A Distemper for which I find no Prescription in any of our Dispensatories. But believing I am at present far enough from that Condition, I shall present my Readers with a different kind of Letter.

MR. STONECASTLE,

“ SURELY you have not considered the Enterprize
 “ you engage in: To succeed the great SPECTATOR
 “ requires an uncommon Strength. Vice and Folly,
 “ those two Monsters, have over-run the World, and to
 “ destroy them is the Labour of an *Hercules*; your Ef-
 “ fort once a Week can never do it. — I pity your
 “ Rashness.”

Your's,

JOSEPH BLUNT.

I am well aware that much more is intended by this *Epistle* than what at first View appears; it seems to be a friendly Caution only, to apprize me of the Difficulties I must expect to meet with; but is, in Truth, at Bottom, a malicious Sneer upon the *Littleness of my Person*, which happens to be but four Foot five Inches high and of a puny Make withal: So that the Words *Enterprize, Strength, Labour, Hercules, Effort*, are a direct Banter on me, design'd, I suppose, to put me out of Countenance. But I would have Mr. *Joseph Blunt* know, that we little People have vigorous and active Souls, and think as well of ourselves as the greatest of them all, and though we cannot fight, we can resent as much, and oftentimes to as much Purpose too, as they. — However, I am not angry with him now, and only take this Opportunity to desire my Readers not to regard any sly Insinuations of this Kind: For, What is my *Littleness* to them? It is the Ability of my Mind, and not my bodily Strength they have to do with; and if the Soul has a determin'd Power, (and no one sure will pretend it can be infinite) is it not evident to every Apprehension that it will actuate a little Quantity of Matter much more vigorously

vigorously than a great one? Does not a Candle light a Room to more purpose than it would a Church? — Besides, it has been a Remark in my Family, which two or three Centuries ago was tall and robust enough, tho' it is now diminish'd, that what we have lost in Bulk and Stature we have gain'd in Sprightliness and Understanding: which I think no ill Exchange. — But I shall say no more of this Matter now, intending shortly to present the World with a *Critical Dissertation upon Littleness*, wherein I shall undeniably demonstrate, both philosophically and historically, that little People are the most wise, most learned, most virtuous, most honest, and most happy too; and shall prove by a Number of Examples, that, as the Proverb has it, *Greatness and Goodness seldom go together*. — In the mean while, it may be expected, that I should return some Answer to the more apparent Sense of my Friend's Letter; be it known then, that I did not give my paper the Title of SPECTATOR in order to put it upon a Comparison with those most excellent Essays which bear that Name, but as it is a Prosecution of the same Design with them, *viz.* to correct Vice, to ridicule Folly, and reprove Impertinence: To represent Virtue all bright and lovely as it is: To calm the rougher Passions, and to encourage those that are more soft and amiable, to point out the Mistakes of Life, and regulate the Conduct of Mankind. And, from doing this I am not to be affrighted by the tallest Man in Christendom.

SINCE I have gone thus far in the Discovery of myself, whereby many Enquiries will be made after me, I think I am obliged, so far as Prudence will permit, to satisfy the World's Curiosity. — My Family settled in *Northumberland* about the *Norman* Conquest, or rather sooner, but from whence it came originally is not very certain or material; it continued there under various Circumstances of Fortune for several Ages, being subject either to the *Scotch* or *English* Government as the Fate of War determin'd, but either crown still granted us all possible Privileges, continuing to us the whole Country round in Vassalage, upon Condition to defend the Borders against Incurfions; which Service we executed, with much Courage and Fidelity, 'till the Union of the

two Kingdoms under JAMES the First; at which Time, our farther Service being judg'd unnecessary, we, as is the common Case, became neglected, and some Courtiers envying our Power, under one Pretence or other got it very much reduc'd; nor was this all, for soon after, our whole Estate was taken from us, and given among that Prince's Favourites. Sir TRISTRAM STONECASTLE upon this came up to Court, complaining highly of Injustice, and presented several Petitions to his Majesty, setting forth the Hardship he underwent, and praying to be restored; but all he could obtain was, a Pension during Pleasure, to make him hold his Tongue; and thus he continued entirely dependent on the Crown all that Reign. He dying soon after CHARLES the First's Accession, the Duke of *Buckingham*, who then directed every Thing, caused the Pension which had been regranted to Sir HUGH my Grandfather, to be struck off; for having talked with more Honesty than Caution of that Nobleman's Administration; and had not his sudden Death prevented, Sir HUGH, in all Probability, would have felt still more fatal Proofs of his Resentment. But though his Enemy was gone, all Solicitations to be reinstated proved ineffectual, for the *King* had been prejudiced and exasperated against him; so that finding his Attendance was to no Purpose, he left the Court in Discontent, and retired into *Northumberland*, to a small Estate whereon the Family Seat stood, which Sir TRISTRAM a few Years before had purchas'd; perhaps, foreseeing what would happen, and desirous in such a Case to secure something for his Family, or at least well knowing that the Favour of Princes is very precarious and uncertain. Sir HUGH liv'd very privately in the country, resolving never more to see a Court, or be concern'd in publick Matters; but the busy Spirit of that Time would not permit him to be long at Quiet; For the *King* himself requiring his Assistance against the *Scots* who were then in Commotion, he not only forgot all the unkind Treatment he before met with, but entered heartily into his Service, and was of great Use in quelling those Disorders: And afterwards, through all the long unhappy Quarrel with the Parliament was ever faithful on his Side. For which Reason, after the fatal End of that

Affair,

Affair, the *Usurper* sent a party to apprehend Sir HUGH; but having private Notice, he luckily escap'd. Which Disappointment so provok'd the Soldiers, that they not only plunder'd the antient Mansion House, but broke down and destroy'd the very Walls thereof, and left behind them a Heap of Rubbish, which remains a Monument of their Fury to this Day. The Estate was soon after put under a Sequestration, and confiscated to the Government. Thus depriv'd of all, and driven from his Country, Sir HUGH attended King CHARLES the Second in his Exile, and at the Restoration hoped his Paternal Estate would be return'd him; but the Policy of that Time being more fond of winning over the King's Enemies than doing Justice to his Friends, all his Solicitations proved to little Purpose, and after all, he was forced to give up, or at least suspend all his Pretensions, in Consideration of a Post of Profit which was granted him on such Condition, and which he enjoy'd all his Life. But being an expensive Man, he sav'd very little from it: However, my Father, his eldest Son, by this Means became well known at Court, and understanding both Books and Men, was employed upon several Occasions, whereby having gained an easy Fortune, he once more purchas'd about 500 *l. per Annum* of the *Stonecastle* Estate, very much to his Satisfaction. He continued about the court, till the second Year of King JAMES; when, foreseeing a Storm arising from that Prince's ill-advised Measures, he begg'd Leave to retire, resolving upon no Occasion to involve himself in publick Broils. Accordingly, while the *Revolution* was bringing about, he remain'd quietly in the Country, improving his Estate, and neither by Word or Action endeavour'd to hinder or promote it: Nor can any one to this Day tell whether it pleas'd or displeas'd him. My Mother dying about this Time, whose Fondness would never part with me, and I being now 12 Years old, my Father sent me to School at *Winchester*, though I was his only Child, preferring my Education to the Pleasure he might find in my Company at home: And from thence I went to *Oxford*. At the Age of 23, I was enter'd of the *Middle Temple*, and intended to make the Law my Study, but soon after receiv'd my Father's express Command to come and

and live with him, which he judg'd highly proper upon Account of his advanc'd Age; I immediately obey'd, and left the Town without the least Reluctance, having never fallen into those Pleasures which endear it to young People. — I found my Father in perfect Health, though then near 80; he lived five Years after, and during that Time was continually instilling into me the Principles of Moderation, whereto I also was always naturally enough inclined. In particular, the Day before his Death, he call'd me to him, and charged me on his Blessing, and if I regarded my own Happiness, never to intermeddle with Quarrels of any Kind, either in Church or State. My Son, said he, embracing me, and looking on me with extreme Earnestness, *If you love your Peace, never inlist yourself of any Party, but retain the glorious Liberty of judging and discerning freely what is wright or wrong: A Liberty which those who serve a Party can never boast of; for with such, blind Zeal stands for Reason, and the Interest of their Party is the sole Principle of all they say or do: Their Minds are prejudic'd, a Mist is evermore before their Eyes, and they see nothing as it really is. — For your Part, think freely; but as it is the Duty of every Subject to live peaceably under that Government which protects him, never divulge a Thought which may in any wise disturb the Quiet of your Country. Be not angry with any Man who is not of your Opinion; for has not he the same Reason to be displeas'd with you for differing from him? Benefit all the World to the utmost of your Power by Instruction or Reproof: Rejoice to do good Offices: Be the Friend of all Mankind: Discountenance Vice, and encourage Virtue: Assist Merit: And communicate freely the Knowledge Heaven has given you. — — The Fortune I shall leave is too small for Luxury, but it's enough for Happiness: It will make you independent: Then scorn to enlarge it by sacrificing your Reason or your Honour. Respect the Great, and love those that love their Country; but follow none implicitly, for all are subject to mistake. Preserve your Integrity at all Times against Corruption, Bribery and Flattery, and value Innocence above all Price. When Dissention rages, endeavour to calm the Strife, and ever be yourself an Example of Moderation. — The unexpected Death of my dear Father the next Day after,*
fixed

fixed this Advice in such a Manner on my Mind, that I shall ne'er forget it, or neglect, I hope, to practise it. When he was buried, the Desire of Improvement brought me up to *London*; I took a little House in the *Minories*, a Part of the Town where I might live retir'd, and yet within hearing of all that pass'd in the World; and here I still dwell. My Domesticks are, a Dwarf nine Inches shorter than myself, who was taken to play with me when a Child, and in his Attendance ever since has given me so many Proofs of Discretion and Fidelity, that I don't keep him at the Distance of a Servant, but treat him rather as an humble Friend: A Maid, who has now lived with me 18 Years, and being almost Blind and worn out, I have lately taken a Girl to help her, thinking myself obliged in Justice to maintain her for her former honest Services. The rest of my Family are a *Monkey*, whose Mimickry diverts me, and a *Parrot* which constantly calls me up in the Morning so soon as it is Light. All these regard me as their Benefactor, and I, in their several Conditions, endeavour to make them happy under my Roof. Desirous of avoiding all Solicitation to come to Court, or accept of any publick Employment, I chang'd my Name when first I came to *London*, and have since conceal'd myself in such a Manner, that even my near Neighbours to this Day can give no Manner of Account of me, but call me the *Strange Gentleman*, or the *Little Gentleman*, and always speak of me with a kind of Wonder, whispering among themselves, that certainly I am somebody in Disguise. By this Means I have been at Liberty to study human Nature, and examine freely the Actions of Mankind; for which Purpose, I have constantly visited all Places of Resort about the Town, have been a Member of several Clubs and Societies, and obtained Admittance to the Tea-Tables of the Fair. And now, after many Years, diligently employed in considering both publick and private Life, being at last, by much Pains and Application divested of all blind Attachment to *Sex*, *Party*, or *Opinion*, I think fit to be myself again, and communicate to the World the Result of my Observations. I have found that Self-love, Pride, Ambition, Avarice, are universal Principles, that Dissimulation is the Mask which every Body wears, and that

Life

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Life and Folly are inseparable. In short, I have search'd so deeply into human Nature, that I now am able to judge of all that happens with Calmness and Impartiality.

* * *



Mirabile dictu!

A wonderful Relation!

From my House in the Minorities.

AS my Purpose is, to divert my *Readers* as much as possible, I shall from Time to Time present them with whatever Pieces of *Wit*, either in Prose or Verse, shall come to Hand, of a proper Nature to be communicated, still keeping clear of *Controversy*, *Scandal* and *Immodesty*: And, whoever thinks fit to favour me with such Performances, shall be always sure to see them come Abroad, in the best Light they can be placed, for the Instruction or Entertainment of Mankind. — To better the World is my chief Aim; but, I am very sensible, the only Way of doing so, is, to please: For no Advice will be regarded, if we dislike the Person from whom it comes. My Study therefore shall be, under the agreeable Charms of *Humour*, *Wit* and *Novelty*, to insinuate the serious Principles of *Religion*, *Morality*, and *Decency*. — The Years of my Privacy have been wholly spent in Observations on *human Nature*, and I have, to the utmost of my Power, abstracted myself from all Regards of *Interest* or *Affection*, that I might be qualified to judge impartially. For this Reason I would never marry, lest Family Considerations should abate my Zeal for the Good of all my Countrymen; and, as I have neither *Parents*, *Children*, or *Relations*, I am intirely free from those Attachments which are apt to bias, misguide, and contract the Mind. I have no *selfish Views* to serve: I court no *great Man's* Favour, nor dread his Frowns:

Frowns : My *Passions* are calm'd by Age, and made obedient to the Dictates of right Reason : I have no Love but for *true Merit*, nor hate any Thing but *Vice* and *Immorality*.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

THE enclosed Account of some extraordinary *Curiosities*, collected by a Gentleman in our own Country, will, I presume, be agreeable to the *VIRTUOSI* : For, I much question whether all the Cabinets in *Europe* can furnish greater *Rarities*. It is requisite to premise, that Mr. C. H. who collected them, had been cured of a dangerous Illness by the Skill of Dr. L — : And afterwards having Occasion to travel over the West of *England*, was desired by the Doctor to procure for him any uncommon Things he should meet with in his Journey. How well he has acquitted himself, I leave his own Letter to inform.

Mr. C. H. to Doctor L — .

SINCE you, *dear Doctor*, fav'd my Life,
To bless, by Turns, and plague my Wife,
In Conscience I'm oblig'd to do
Whatever is enjoin'd by you.

According, then, to your Command,
That I should search the *Western Land*,
For curious Things of every Kind,
And send you all that I could find,
I've ravag'd *Air, Earth, Seas* and *Caverns*,
Men, Women, Children, Towns and *Taverns* :
And greater *RARITIES* can shew
Than *Gresham's* Brotherhood e'er knew ;
Which *Carrier DICK* shall bring you down,
Next Time his Waggon comes from Town.

First, I've three *Drops* of that same *Show'r*
Which *JOVE* in *DANAE's* Lap did pour.
From *Carthage* brought, the *Sword* I'll send,
Wherewith *Queen DIDO* made her End.

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B

The

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The *Stone* whereby *GOLIAH* dy'd,
Which cures the *Head-Ach*, — well apply'd.

A *Snake-Skin*, which you may believe
The *DEVIL* cast who tempted *EVE*.

A *Fig-Leaf Apron*; 'tis the same
That *ADAM* wore to hide his *Shame* :
But now wants *Dearning* : — I've beside,
The *Blow* by which poor *ABEL* dy'd.

A *Whetstone*, worn exceeding small,
Time us'd to sharp his *Scythe* withal.

The *Pigeon* stuff'd, which *NOAH* sent,
To tell him where the *Waters* went.

A *Ring* I've got of *SAMPSON's Hair*,
Which *DALILAH* was wont to wear.

St. DUNSTAN's Tongs, as *Story* shews,
Which pinch'd the *DEVIL* by the *Nose*.

The *Smock* which *PEN* spun, when *ULYSSES*
Was wantoning among his *Misses*.

The very *Shaft*, as all may see,
Which *CUPID* shot at *ANTONY* :
And, what beyond the rest I prize,
A *Glance* of *CLEOPATRA's Eyes*.

Some *Strains of Eloquence*, that hung
In *Roman Times* on *TULLY's Tongue*,
Which undiscover'd still had lain,
But *COWPER* found them out again.

Then I've most curious to be seen,
A *Scorpion's Bite* — to cure the *Spleen*.

A *Cord*, that us'd with *Skill*, will prove
A certain *Remedy for Love*.

A *Root* of that surprising *Tree*,
Which brings back lost *Virginity*.

As *MOORE* kills *Worms* in *Stomach* bred,
I've *Pills* for *Maggots* in the *Head* :
With the *Receipt* too how to make them ;
To you I leave the *Time* to take them.

I've got a *Ray* of *PHOEBUS' Shine*,
Found in the *Bottom* of a *Mine*.

A *Powder* rare, which rightly ta'en,
Will make *Old Women* young again.

A LAWYER'S *Conscience*, large and fair,
Fit for a JUDGE himself to wear.

I've a choice *Nostrum*, how to make
An Oath — a — will not take.

In a *Thumb-phial*, you shall see,
Close cork'd, some Drops of *Honesty*:
Which, after searching Kingdoms round,
At last were in a *Cottage* found:

An *Antidote*, if such there be,
Against the Charms of *Flattery*.

I han't collected any CARE,
Of that there's Plenty every where:
But after wondrous Labour spent,
I've got one *Grain* of rich CONTENT.

It is my *Wish*, it is my *Glory*,
To furnish your NICNACKATORY.
I only beg, that when you shew 'em;
You'll tell your *Friends* to whom you owe 'em;
Which may your other *Patients* teach
To do as has done,

Yours,

C. H.

* * *

To the Author of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

I Am a Man that follow a genteel Sort of Business,
and though I do not pretend to Finery, I love to
have every Thing about me exceeding neat and clean.
Two Years ago, I enter'd into the State of Matrimony,
and chose a Wife out of my own Neighbourhood, nei-
ther for Beauty nor Fortune, but because she appear'd
to be an housewifely cleanly Girl. I had known her
for some Years before, and had observed her constantly
up, and dress'd in a tight and clever Manner, by Eight
o'Clock in the Morning, and she had the general Cha-
racter of being the neatest Woman in all the Parish.
But quickly after we were marry'd, she seem'd to ima-
gine all Care of this Sort unnecessary, and to my great

B 2

Sur-

' Surprize, became the errantest Slut that ever wore a
 ' Head. She lies in Bed 'till almost Noon; and though
 ' I don't deny or grudge her any Thing, she goes from
 ' Day to Day in a greasy Night-gown, hung on in the
 ' most flatterly Manner possible, without Stays, her
 ' Shoes slip-shod, and her Stockings about her Heels. As
 ' for her Linen, it is the Colour of the Ground; for,
 ' out of Laziness, she does not change it above once
 ' a Week. Her Hair, clotted with Sweat and Nastiness,
 ' comes staring out on every Side, from under a filthy
 ' Night-cap; and her Hands and Face, for want of
 ' Washing, look as if she had been riding in a Dirt-
 ' Cart. In short, I hate either to see her, or come near
 ' her. But this is not the worst, for the House, and
 ' every Thing in the Family, is in the same disorderly
 ' and nasty Condition: The Maids follow the Example
 ' of their Mistress, and really stink alive, insomuch that
 ' I can neither eat, nor drink, nor be at Home with any
 ' Kind of Satisfaction. I have us'd all the Persuasions
 ' in my Power to produce a Reformation, but hitherto
 ' without Effect; and therefore complain to you, as my
 ' last Refuge, hoping that when this Letter is publish'd,
 ' Shame may take Place, and restore the Happiness of
 ' one, who is, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

JOSEPH SPRUCEBY.

It is highly convenient for every Woman continually
 to have in Mind this *Maxim*, that it is a Matter of
 much more Importance to make herself amiable in the
 Eyes of a Man after she is marry'd to him than before;
 and that, whenever she takes such Measures as render her
 Person disagreeable, she undermines the very Foundation
 of her own Power. — The Reason (says an inge-
 nious *Author*) why so many *Marriages* are *unhappy*, is,
 because the *Women* employ more Pains to make *Nets*
 than *Cages*. — but I must consider a *Letter of Com-*
plaint from one of the other Sex.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

Mr. Spectator,

BEFORE I marry'd, my Husband told me that he did not smoke, and assured me he never would, upon my declaring several Times, that I had an unconquerable Aversion for *Tobacco*. Notwithstanding, for this Half-Year past, he is fallen into that odious Custom, and constantly takes two or three pipes every Night before he goes to Bed; by which, his Breath, afterwards, becomes so exceedingly disagreeable, that it really makes me sick, and often forces me to wish him from me. Though I love him very sincerely, I am fully persuaded, this Practice, (to which I have an Antipathy in Nature) must, by Degrees, make me much more indifferent towards him, and perhaps, in Time, may occasion even a Dislike. This I dread the Thoughts of, and would willingly prevent, but am afraid to speak to him about it, lest it should create any Uneasiness between us. He's a sensible good-natur'd Man, and except in this Particular, gives me no Kind of Reason to complain; wherefore I have good Hopes, that the Sight of this in your *Paper*, which he constantly reads, may produce an happy Effect, and make him seriously consider the Case of,

Sir, your very humble Servant,

PENELOPE GENTLE,

P. S. If he smoak'd *Tobacco* upon Account of Health, I should find no Fault, whatever Trouble it gave myself; but I am very sure it is not good for him.

A great deal of *Complaisance* as well as *Affection*, is requisite on both Sides, to render the *Married State* agreeable: Where this is wanting, *Love* cannot long subsist; for if People contrive only how to *please* themselves, it is ten to one that they highly *disgust* each other.

—My *Correspondent* complains, that her Husband has

broke his Word with her; but, for her Consolation, I must assure her, that is no unusual Thing; for, *base and ungenerous* as it is, the Generality of People, when *married*, make no Account at all of what they promis'd during the Time of *Courtship*.

* *



————— *Ipsa Senectus*

*Expectata diu, votisq; optata malignis,
Obicit innumeris Corpus lacerabile Morbis.*

Auson.

*The Heart of Man can't form a Wish more vain,
Than to desire old Age, Life's last Campaign;
When Evils without number take the Field,
And pierce the Body through its batter'd Shield.*

————— *Vita si cupias mori.*

Seneca,

Wilt thou then die, when so happy is thy Life?

From my House in the Minories.

ARE all the Joys of Life worth the Care and Anxiety they cost? Can the happiest Man say, I am a Stranger to Uneasiness? What is Living, but continually to travel the same rugged Road of Disquietude, to be in Bondage to the Senses, and the Slave of every tyrant Passion? — From the cradle to the Grave, does not some Want or other remind us every Hour that Felicity was not design'd us here? — If Fortune favours us, do we not carry Disease and Pain in our Composition? And can all her Gifts support the Mind and give us Peace on a Bed of Sickness? — And if she frowns, are we not doom'd to endless Labour, to Scorn and Sorrow? Is old Age desirable, with its numberless Infirmities, with every Sense decayed, with Peevishness, its inseparable Companion, with the Soul sunk under its bodily Incumbrances, and all its Faculties destroyed? — In short, is not human Life a restless State of being? And yet, the Thought of changing it seems terrible, because the *where* and *how* we shall exist hereafter, cannot be answer'd: — But be that as it will, what can the good Man fear?

————— He

—He is, and must for ever be the Care of Providence,
nor can be wretched 'till Justice is banish'd Heaven.

—*If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her Works,) He must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.*

I was led into the foregoing Reflections by the two following Letters, which I'll give my Readers, for the Entertainment of To-Day.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

I Have been some Years a Widow ; but when Heaven took away my Husband, it left me one Comfort,—a Child, a Daughter, to moderate the Sorrows of my Condition. She reach'd her 20th Year, and was,—what for me to say, would be supposed a Mother's Fondness : Therefore, let others praise her. My Life was wrapt up in her ; nor was her dutious Return of Gratitude less than my Affection. But I have lost her!—Death tore her from my Arms!—For two Months I was inconsolable ; my Tears flow'd incessantly ; I indulg'd my Grief ; would see no Body ; and resolv'd never more to think of Consolation. But some kind unknown Friend sent me the inclos'd Letter, which convinc'd me, that my immoderate Sorrow was Folly and Impiety. Since that Time, I have tried to conquer my Affliction as much as possible, to divert my Thoughts, and submit patiently to the Will of Heaven. My Loss is not uncommon ; and those Reasons which have been of so much Use to me, may, possibly, do Good to others, in the like Case :—Therefore, my Intent of writing to you, is to have them communicated to the Publick, and by your Means thank the friendly Hand from whence they came. The Office you assume, demands of you every Action of Humanity ; and none can be more nobly so, than to comfort the Afflicted, and calm the stormy Soul to Peace.

I am, &c.

MADAM,

YOUR Daughter is not dead: You have not lost her: She's only gone before you to her native Country, whither you yourself must shortly follow. Then why these streaming Tears? these vain Laments? these Agonies of Woe? — Can you recall her? or would you, if you could? — Consider calmly: Had some mighty Prince required her Attendance, would you not with Joy have sent her to his Court? Would you not have parted with her, pleas'd with the Consideration of her Advantage? In her Absence, would not your Mind be satisfy'd with having well dispos'd her? — Can you then grudge her to the King of Heaven, in whose Presence is Happiness eternal, and Pleasures for evermore? — But for yourself these Sorrows flow: Nor will I, in Moderation blame them. I acknowledge, she was the dearest Blessing of your Life, a *Child*, a *Companion*, a *Friend*, dutiful, obliging, and sincere. All this, and more, she was, the Wonder and Delight of every one that knew her: But the more her Goodness, the greater her Reward; and that should be your Comfort. I strive not to suppress the Impulse of Nature; but would have Passion give Way to Reason. The Almighty Author of all Things has a Right, as he pleases, to dispose of every one of us, and it is impious to murmur against his Dispensations. From him she came: To him you owe that Joy she gave you for 19 Years together: Does this demand no Gratitude? and can you be angry, because God has resum'd what he but only lent? — Perhaps, you'll answer, how hard it is to have her snatch'd away just in the Bloom of Life, just when your Cares were all awake, and fully bent to fix her well in Marriage; just when you hoped to see her shine as brightly in the Character of *Wife*, and *Mother*, as she had done in that of *Daughter*. — But, pray now, cast your Eyes around: Behold how very few are happy in that State; and had she enter'd it, how can you tell that she would not be miserable? — Though she had every Charm demanding Love, endearing Beauty, fine Sense, strict Virtue, and sweet Good Nature; yet we often find these Pearls despised by brutish Husbands, and the Possessors of them wretched,

wretched. — Suppose this now her Case ; how would her tender Soul be wrack'd with Anguish, to bear the Taunts, the Frowns, the undeserv'd Reproaches of an insulting arbitrary Tyrant ! to be, perhaps, despis'd and hated ! How would that gentle Heart, which never knew Reproof, or needed to be check'd, endure all this ? Would it not break ? — And, could you, her Mother, behold her swelling Breast, her flowing Tears, her bursting Sighs, with any Patience, and find yourself unable to relieve her ? Sure, it would drive you mad. — The very Imagination fills my Eyes ; how then would the Reality have rent your Soul ! And can you forbear rejoicing that she has escap'd all this ? Can you be uneasy that Providence has interpos'd, and snatch'd her from these Evils ? — But, you may think, all this would never have happen'd : Perhaps, it might not : But could she be more happy than in Heaven ? — Examine human Life : View its most chearful Side ; its Gaieties, its Joys, its Pleasures : Alas ! how low ! how trifling ! and yet how transient all ! What is the Song, the Dance, the Jest, the Laugh ? What is the Park, the Opera, the Masquerade, the Drawing-Room ? what are they all but Vanity ! can they content the Soul ? — Consider Youth, and Health, and Beauty ? how quickly are they gone ! Is not the Body subject every Moment to Accident, to Pain, to Sickness ; the mind to anxious Cares, to pining Grief, to gnawing tormenting Anguish ? — And, would you wish your Daughter back again from Heaven, for such a State as this ? — Where now she is, eternal Pleasure dwells ; Fulness of Joy is there, Raptures, and Ecstasies, without Alloy or End : No Want, no Fear or Sorrow ; no Discontent or Pain, can ever there be known ; to view the Face of God, to sing his Praises, and admire his Wonders ; to possess the full Fruition of all Hope, and that for Ages infinite ! — Methinks I see her, amidst a Crowd of the celestial Inhabitants, with Glory shining forth, and chanting Anthems to the King of Heaven, for so soon releasing her from all the Miseries of Mortality. — Blest Maiden ! I congratulate thy Exaltation : And to thee, O God ! most holy, good and just ! be evermore all Glory, Praise, and Honour, who thus hast rais'd thy Creature to sublime Felicity ! — Now,

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will you still lament, and let Self-love so far prevail, as to repine that you have lost the Pleasure of her Company? a trifling Pleasure, compar'd with her eternal Happiness. For Shame, dry up those Tears, for if in Heaven any Thing could interrupt her Bliss, your Grief I am sure would do so. — Imagine her descending from the Skies, array'd with Brightness, and asking you the Cause of this incessant Woe: Would you not blush to tell her, that it's She? And must she not think it strange, most wondrous strange, that her Felicity should bring you Sorrow?

I am, in the sincerest Manner,

Your affectionate Friend.

Perhaps, the Heart of Man can form no Wish more vain than that of old Age. However sprightly the first Running of Life may be, the Dregs of it are always flat and bitter. The ingenious *Gulliver*, in his Voyage to *Laputa*, has given the World a just and witty Satyr against this extravagant and mistaken Desire, by representing in his Description of the *Immortals*, (as he calls them) that Wretchedness, which of Necessity succeeds, when Youth, and Health, and Vigour, give Place to Pain and Sickness, and all the Miseries attendant on old Age. But I refer my Reader to the Discourse itself, which truly paints the last Scenes of human Life; and if they can find any Thing in it worth desiring, I am much mistaken. — Could we be always young, our Senses keen, and Objects to employ them, even in this Case, we must in a Course of Time, methinks, be cloy'd with the tiresome Repetition, and wish for Death, to waite us to some fresh Enjoyments, to other Kinds of Happiness, than what our Earth can furnish: Mere Curiosity should urge us on to see the Pleasures of some other State. — But, when the Consequence of long Life is sure Decay; to be depriv'd of every Sense of Joy; to have the Body given up to Distemper, and the Mind to Dotage; to be a Burden to the World, and have all that know us wish us gone: Under these Circumstances
does

does not Life appear more terrible than Dying?—
Death will be found no Enemy, if we regard only the
present State of Things, and no otherwise consider it
than as the End of all human Evils. But if our View
goes farther, and we believe it (as there is sufficient
Reason) the Beginning of every real Good, we must then
acknowledge it to be the best of Friends.

* * *



————— *qui in Amore*
Præcipitavit, pejus perit, quam si saxo saliat. PLAUT.
To be hurry'd away in the Torrent of LOVE
Is much worse than a Leap from the Rock that's above.

From my House in the Minorities.

To the Author of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

I AM an unfortunate young Fellow, by the Seve-
rity of rigid Parents debarred that Right, which
to me appears agreeable to the Dictates of Reason
as well as Nature, of chusing for myself a Companion
for Life. And this Restraint is the more unsupporta-
ble, in Regard it not only deprives me of the dear
Conversation of the only One on Earth I love, but also
compels me to make my Addresses to a Person whom
my Soul shrinks from with Dislike and Horror.

THIS happens to be my Case with Regard to
CELIA and PLUTOPHILA. CELIA I esteem, ad-
mire, and love, for her Angel-Form, her exalted
Sense, her sprightly Wit, and her tender Nature;
PLUTOPHILA I abhor, for her awkward Mein, her
revengeful Spirit, her dull Stupidity, and her sordid
Covetousness. But here lies the most fatal Difference,
CELIA has nothing else but her Personal Perfections to
recommend her to the World, whereas PLUTOPHILA
has her Weight in Gold. Now, good Sir, let me and
several

several other young People in my Condition learn your Opinion, whether it is not possible that we may spend our Lives as comfortably with Virtue and Innocence, tho' cloathed in Rags, as with Pride and Avarice in their greatest Splendor; and, whether Riches are absolutely needful towards leading an happy Life. For my own Part, a contented Mind (as mine really is) looks upon Gold as so much Dirt, and esteems and prizes a Woman of Merit, for the good Qualities of her Mind, more than an undeserving One with her Tens of Thousands.

THE Conduct and Behaviour of the two Persons above-mention'd, are so opposite, that was you fully acquainted with them, I am persuaded, you could not but approve my Choice, though directly contrary to my Worldly Interest, in refusing One who is vastly superior to the other in Point of Fortune. But, that you may be the better able to form a Judgment of them both, I'll describe to you their different Tempers and Inclinations.

On CELIA's Brow cheerful good Nature always smiles with an endearing Sweetness, enough to charm every Beholder's Heart with Wonder, Joy, and Love: But in PLUTOPHILA a gloomy Sullenness, a fretful peevish discontented Look, fright all the World away. The One's remarkable, for an unaffected Vivacity and an easy gentile Freedom; the Other, for a constrain'd formal Civility and a stiff Reserve. The One is humble, tender, kind, affable, constant, virtuous, obliging and sincere: The other insolent, deceitful, morose, fickle, forbidding, cruel, and implacable. The One's endow'd with a submissive Modesty, a generous Respect for others, and a becoming Diffidence of herself: The Other———O! Mr. SPECTATOR! ——think, how great, how inexpressible must be the Anguish of my Soul, to be forbid, for ever, the Sight of her my dearest CELIA; to be restrain'd from giving her the fond Assurances of a tender, chaste, and sincere Affection; and not only so, but to be commanded, (by those who have alone the Power to command me,) on Pain of being cast out into the wide World

‘ World a wandering Vagabond, to fall down and Worship this Golden Image.

‘ IN the unhappy Situation I now stand, all Ways of sending to, or hearing from, the lovely partner of my Heart being taken from me,) the only Recourse left is to apply to you, by which Means, she, who is a constant Reader of your Paper, will receive the best Assurance that I am at this Time able to give her, of my being, notwithstanding all Opposition, intirely her own.

‘ By what I have writ, you will plainly see, that as I am irrecoverably lost in *Cupid's* Paradise, my Reason is under some Obscurity: I therefore beg the Favour of you, that wheresoever you find any thing tending towards a Deprivation of Sense, you will be so good to exert your *Spectatorial* Faculties, and supply such Deficiency. — But, hang it! on second Thoughts, I would not have you; for if I don't write a little Nonsense, my CELIA won't believe I really am in Love with her, for I have often heard her say, that, in her Opinion, Love and Reason are incompatible.

I am

Your most humble Servant,

TIM. RATTLE.

I AM much afraid, from several Passages in Mr. RATTLE's Letter, that his Case is desperate, and all Advice will be but thrown away on him. His Brain seems touch'd, in such a Manner, that I can in no wise allow him capable of giving the true Picture either of CELIA or PLUTOPHILA; but must, in my own Mind, imagine one much better, and the other worse, than he has painted them. *Love* is a mere Cheat, it doubles every Perfection, and takes away all Defects in the Objects it has to do with: Nay, more, will oftentimes make even Blemishes become agreeable; as, a Friend of mine used to extol his Mistress for a dear killing Look, as he called it, which appear'd downright Squinting to every Eye but his; and, in Truth, I would as soon take a Great Man's Character from his Pensioners, as a Lady's from her Lover. — But supposing what he says, CELIA, by his own Confession, has one Want, which I don't find he

can

can supply; and that is Money. If he weds her, he shall be turned out of Doors, he tells me, and that, methinks, is no very desirable Circumstance. Starving for Love may be pretty enough in the Theory, for ought I know, but I'm fully persuaded it's exceeding comfortless in the Practice: And whatever *Elifum* he may at present dream of, Poverty will assuredly discompose his Slumbers, and wake him to Scenes abundantly disagreeable. I will allow what Applause he pleases to Beauty, Virtue, Sense and Good-nature, but must at the same time beg leave to observe, that they are not sufficient to support Love against Distress and Want. As the World now stands, Money (enough of it I mean to furnish the necessary Things of Life) is likewise absolutely requisite, even to make these Graces shine: Beauty appears but awkwardly in Rags; and there can be no great Spirit or Inclination to enjoy, or exercise, Wit, Gaiety, Sprightliness, and Good-humour, while pinch'd by Cold and Hunger: These Accomplishments, like Swallows, are seldom seen but in Sunshine and Summer Weather.— Let him imagine CELIA in a tatter'd dirty Gown, with a Clout pinn'd round her Head, and a meager dejected Countenance; himself with a craving Stomach, an aking Heart, and an empty Purse, and then answer his own Question, whether he thinks Money necessary towards leading an happy Life. In the blissful Times of Romance, when *Lovers* seldom eat or drank, and every House was open to receive and welcome distressed Wanderers: When telling their Adventures procur'd them Assistance from all they met, and Beauty and Virtue commanded every thing, many Precautions were needless which in this corrupted Age it is Madness to neglect. I can't tell how the Constitution of Mankind became thus alter'd, but it is very certain, that in this our Time, there is no such thing as living merely upon *Love*, no, not even for a few Days, without growing wonderful uneasy under it: One who try'd the Experiment, assures me, that he would have given his Mistress for a Beef-Stake in less than four and twenty Hours.

I HAVE now before me *Otway's* Play of *Venice preserv'd*, and recommend to Mr. RATTLE what *Jaffier* says

says to *Belvidera*, as a proper Speech to *CELIA* when next he sees her.

*Want, worldly Want, that hungry meagre Fiend,
Is at my Heels and chases me in View —
Canst Thou bear Cold and Hunger? — Can those Limbs,
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty?
When banish'd by our Miseries —
————— wilt Thou then,
When in a Bed of Straw we shrink together,
And the bleak Winds shall whistle round our Heads:
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? — wilt Thou then
Hush my Cares thus, and shelter me with Love?*

And again,

*Oh! — we must change the Scene
In which the past Delights of Love were tasted: —
The Poor sleep little: — We must learn to watch
Our Labours, late, and early every Morning;
Midst Winter Frosts, thin clad and fed with sparing,
Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.*

BUT, after all, I am not insinuating any thing in Prejudice of Love, founded upon what deserves it best, the Mind's endearing Charms, nor preferring Riches to Goodness. I agree no Man ought to marry a Woman he cannot love, had she the Wealth of Kingdoms: Yet, on the other Hand, I must say, it is equal Madness to rush headlong into Want and Misery, with the most amiable and deserving Creature living. — Love, that gentle Passion, requires Ease and Plenty; it flies away, and cannot bear the Frowns of rugged Poverty; or, could it stay, it would serve no other Purpose than to aggravate Unhappiness: For what can be severer Wretchedness, than to see the dearest Object of one's Soul in Distress for Life's common Conveniencies, and be unable to give Relief? What, I say, can add to this, but the Consideration of being one's self the fatal Cause of it? — Love without Money is as incapable to furnish out
Felicity,

Felicity, as Money without Love; nay, perhaps, even more so: Neither alone can do it; they are two Extreams equally to be avoided. People of large Fortunes may act generously, and chuse for Merit only: I shall commend them for it: But unless Merit could purchase good Food and Clothing, those in low Circumstances should look a little farther. —

A S to the particular Case before me, I would, methinks, propose Articles of Agreement between Mr. RATTLE and his Parents, and reconcile them upon this Foot: They shall compel him no more to court PLUTO-PHILA, and he likewise shall take leave of CELIA, until he becomes Master of a sufficient Fortune, both to maintain himself and her, above the Fears of Want.

M Y Dwarf, who has a tolerable Genius for Poetry, compos'd, on this Occasion, the following Lines on Love and Reason, which are at Mr. RATTLE's Service for what Use he pleases.

I.

LOVE bids me go: — But REASON bids me stay.
*Oh! why must LOVE and REASON disagree?
 LOVE racks my Soul when REASON I obey:
 If LOVE I follow, REASON tortures me.*

II.

*Unhappy Wretch! ——— and must I then endure
 This changing Pain for ever in my Mind?
 From this, or that, in vain I seek for Cure:
 Ah! could LOVE see, or was but REASON blind!*

III.

*Look down with Pity from your Thrones above,
 You Powers eternal! infinitely blest!
 And from me take my REASON or my LOVE,
 Or reconcile them both, and give me Rest.*



Oh! pity Human Woe,
'Tis what the Happy to th' Unhappy owe.

POPE'S HOMER.

From my House in the Minories.

IT is impossible to bear about one the common Sentiments of Humanity, and not be moved at the Distress of the *Unfortunate*: Of such, especially, as are unhappy from Causes intirely out of their own Power. The same generous Disposition of Soul which can rejoice at the Prosperity of others without Envy, must necessarily compassionate the Miserable, and endeavour at their Relief. — All Mankind are so nearly related, so dependent on each other, so much subject to the same Calamities, and are differenced from one another by Circumstances in themselves, so minute, so merely accidental, that even the *Greatest*, who reflects what himself is, cannot possibly despise the *Meanest*. — Being born in *this or that Country*, a little sooner or later, in *this or that Manner*, of *one or another Parent*, are generally the Causes why *some People* are flourishing, rich, and happy; *others* poor, neglected, and deplorable. — These Considerations, well attended to, would effectually check the Growth of Pride, a Passion in itself detestable, and very unsuitable to the Condition of an human Being, ever dependent and exposed to Accident, and would inspire that *Benevolence towards all*, which is the distinguishing Character of a *great and noble Soul*. — There is something *Godlike* in doing good to others, it affords a Satisfaction infinitely beyond the Reach of Sense, which it is impossible for selfish groveling Souls to attain or think of. To bestow *Happiness*, to raise up a wretched Creature from the Dust, and make that Life a Blessing whose Miseries were almost unsupportable, must surely give a Pleasure which nothing else can give: — And, methinks, it is one of the chief Advantages of
Wealth

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Wealth and *Power*, that the happy *Possessor* of them is thereby enabled to obtain this glorious Satisfaction. — But if so, what must we think of those who make a Sport of human Wretchedness? Of those whose Savage Breasts can be content, first to occasion Life, and then expose it to all the utmost Pains of Want and Woe?

THE following Letter will explain the Meaning of the foregoing Reflection.

To Henry Stonecastle, *Esq;*

S I R,

“ A S there are no greater Objects of Misery, and
“ consequently of Compassion, than those poor
“ abandon'd *Foundling-Children*, whose Cause their guilty
“ Parents are asham'd to espouse, and the World generally too ill-natur'd to regard, I hope you'll insert the following Story.

“ THE first ingenious Writer of the Paper under your Title, was so good to represent the Case of these *Unfortunates*, and set forth their Distress, in the justest and most pathetick manner.

“ A S the same Design of exciting the Pity of Mankind in their Behalf, is the only Reason of this weak Attempt, your communicating it to the Publick will be a Charity to them, and very particularly oblige,

Sir, yours,

T. M.

‘ GOING the other Day into the *Court of Requests*, there came about me a number of those dirty abject Creatures, who have taken up the Business of cleaning Shoes; each of them desiring to qualify my Feet, (as they term'd it) for entering that polite Place.

‘ BUT being upon Business, somewhat in haste, and too old withal to stand much upon Nicety, I took no Notice of their clamorous Solicitations; till One, about eighteen, of a much better Aspect than the rest, bowing

bowing very low and respectfully, surprized me with these Words : ——— Tho', *says he*, your Dress informs me, you are no Friend to Foppery, yet it likewise tells me you have some Regard for Decency : I therefore, humbly hope, since laying out one Halfpenny will be the means of your appearing like other People ; and likewise give Bread to one almost starv'd for want of it, you'll be prevail'd upon to employ me. — This unexpected Salutation struck me with much Amazement, and immediately beckoning the *Lad* to follow me into the *Coffee-House* adjoining, I view'd him with great Attention : And if his meager Looks had not sufficiently testify'd his Poverty to be real, I should have imagin'd, from his gentile Mien, and uncommon manner of Address, that he had been some young Gentleman of Fashion, who for the sake of a Frolick, had put on this dark Disguise.

THE Room being clear of Company, afforded me a favourable Opportunity, not only of observing thoroughly this *Wonder of Civility*, but of enquiring into his Birth, and the Reason of his unhappy Situation in an Employment seemingly so much unsuitable to himself. He answer'd all my Questions pertinently, and with a graceful Modesty ; and upon my urging him to speak more freely, and lay aside that Awe I perceived him under ; *he reply'd*, that though he was truly sensible of the Honour I did him, and was greatly encouraged by the Liberty I permitted ; yet it was impossible for him to shake off the Consideration of his own Meanness, and break through the Distance between himself and me. — In short, every Thing he said increas'd my Admiration, and excited my Curiosity, in such a manner, that bestowing Half a Crown on him for the Business he had perform'd, I very much pressed him to give me the whole Story of his Life. At this Demand, (which he could not well refuse, and yet appear'd unwilling to comply with,) he bow'd again submissively, and, with an expressive Look, seemed to tell me, that prying into other People's Secrets was an inexcusable Impertinence. My Story, Sir, *said he*, is too melancholy to be entertaining, and will not only hinder Time you can employ much better,

' better, but renew that Uneasiness which Reflection al-
 ' ways gives me; — however, I am obliged in Grati-
 ' tude to submit to any thing you shall think proper to
 ' command. Tho' this Reply was a Reproof, it only
 ' served to make me the more curious; in order, there-
 ' fore, to put him under a Necessity of giving me Satis-
 ' faction, *I told him*, that without doubt, some Wicked-
 ' ness or Extravagance must be the Cause he was re-
 ' duced to such an Ebb of Fortune. — Here conscious
 ' Virtue display'd itself, and warm'd the *Lad* with some
 ' Resentment, at my suspecting him of Guilt, without
 ' any real Ground for such Suspicion. You are mistaken,
 ' Sir, *answered he*, with great Earnestness, 'tis to the
 ' Commission of no Crime I owe my present Misfor-
 ' tunes: — And now I'm doubly bound to relate my
 ' unhappy Story, not only through a strong Desire of
 ' obliging you, but also to acquit myself of an Imputa-
 ' tion, I don't at all deserve.

' THE first Thing I can remember, is my living
 ' with a Woman they call a *Parish-Nurse*, with whom,
 ' in the tenderest Years of Infancy, I endur'd the most
 ' severe Effects of Poverty, reduc'd to the bitter Extrê-
 ' mities of *Hunger, Cold, and Nakedness*, and the Want
 ' of every common Necessary of Life. No *Friend* had
 ' I to complain to, for I was own'd by no body, and
 ' could only tell I had a Father, by the reproachful
 ' Taunts of my barbarous *Landlady*, who, upon my re-
 ' fusing sometimes any Sustenance, rather than the un-
 ' wholesome filthy Stuff she provided, us'd to call me
 ' *proud Brat*, and swear she would never again be trou-
 ' bled with a *Gentleman's Bastard*. This Name, which
 ' then I knew not what to make of, I found, after-
 ' wards, upon Enquiry, to mean a Person born out of
 ' the common course of Wedlock, and therefore expos'd
 ' to Infamy and Contempt; and what still added to my
 ' Surprize and Affliction, I also learn'd, that such a *mi-*
 ' *serable Creature*, tho' guilty of no Crime, is, by the
 ' Law, debarr'd of all Inheritance, and can claim no
 ' Right to any thing that is his Father's. I could not
 ' forbear reflecting often with myself, how unreasonable
 ' and unjust it is, that the Offence of a *sinful Parent*
 ' should be thus punished on the *poor barmless Child*,
 ' who

who as he is incapable of accounting for, ought not, I thought, to be reproach'd with the Transgression.

I endeavour'd, as much as possible, to make myself easy under this unhappy Circumstance, and being fully sensible that some Gentleman was my Father, I thought myself oblig'd in Duty to get all the Learning I was able at the *School* the *Parish* put me to, and avoid every vicious and guilty Action; that if Nature should ever exert itself in my Behalf, and make my *Parents* think of me, I might be found in some measure qualify'd for the Reception of their Favour. For this purpose, I used to follow Gentlemen in the Streets, and listen to their Discourse, to fit me for Conversation, and did every thing in my Power to improve my Knowledge. But no body making Enquiry after me, and being judg'd big enough to get my Bread, I was turned out into the wide World, to find it where I could. The many Hardships I underwent had almost cast me down, and being without Friends, or Money, or any Recommendation for a better Employment, Necessity forc'd me into this; wherein, for want of that Lewdness and pert Impudence which some Gentlemen think diverting Qualities in low Life, I am not only scoff'd at amongst my Fellows, but can hardly get sufficient to satisfy the Demands of Nature.

THIS moving Story much affected me, I consider'd him as a worthy Object of Compassion, and giving him some more Money, order'd him to come to me in a Week's Time, and promis'd him my Assistance to find out his *Parents*. — At the appointed Time he came: I went with him to the Place where he was nurs'd, and found every thing according to his Description. The *Woman* scarcely appear'd human, for her natural Perverseness, added to old Age, had so wrinkled and distorted her Countenance, that I ne'er beheld such a tremendous Figure. — There were several *Cradles* in the Room, each of which had in it a pair of *wretched Infants* gaping for Food in vain, which they had not sufficient Strength of Nature to cry for any longer. I saw other poor *Creatures*, somewhat advanc'd in Years, but not in Stature, thro' the
Want

‘ Want of common Nourishment, who as plain as their
 ‘ little Tongues could utter it, complain’d of *cruel*
 ‘ *Treatment*. Some again, still older, by their pale
 ‘ pinch’d-in Cheeks, and hollow Eyes, declar’d their mi-
 ‘ serable Condition, tho’ beat and terrify’d into Silence
 ‘ and Submission. But, what shock’d me most of all,
 ‘ was the sight of three or four stern ill-look’d Fellows,
 ‘ call’d *Parish-Bearers*, who came to fetch away her
 ‘ dead Children, and carry to their kinder Mother Earth
 ‘ the starv’d Carcasses of poor harmless Babes, whom
 ‘ Hunger and ill Usage had prepar’d for a dusty, but
 ‘ much less wretched Habitation.

‘ SO soon as I had recover’d the Surprize this Scene
 ‘ of Misery gave me, and reflected how great a Scandal
 ‘ it was to have Murder thus committed publicly, in a
 ‘ Christian Country, in Defiance of all the *Laws of*
 ‘ *God and Nature*, I proceeded to enquire after my new
 ‘ *Acquaintance*, and soon brought him to the *Woman’s*
 ‘ Remembrance. After learning what I could of her,
 ‘ I went to the *Church-wardens* who first receiv’d him,
 ‘ and, upon strict Examination, found, by many unde-
 ‘ niable Circumstances, that he deriv’d his Being from a
 ‘ *Man of high Distinction, and great Estate*: With whom
 ‘ having the Honour of being intimately acquainted, I
 ‘ shall take the earliest Opportunity to represent the Case
 ‘ of this unfortunate but deserving *Youth*, and in the best
 ‘ manner I am able recommend him to his Care and No-
 ‘ tice.

‘ FROM this true Relation one cannot help lament-
 ‘ ing the dismal Fate of those many poor unhappy
 ‘ Creatures, flung thus into the World, to feel the dread-
 ‘ ful Ills of Want and Woe, and be the Objects (with-
 ‘ out deserving it) of Infamy and Contempt. The
 ‘ *Child* is doom’d to suffer, whilst the guilty *Father*
 ‘ keeping his Shame secret, and disregarding all the
 ‘ Ties of Nature, lives unconcern’d at the Misery of his
 ‘ own *Offspring*; but, if such a Man should ever come to
 ‘ think, how terrible must the Reflection be! What
 ‘ Ease of Conscience can he find, till he has made all
 ‘ the Amends he is able, for that Wretchedness he has
 ‘ been the Cause of?

‘ SOME

‘ SOME have been compell’d by sad Necessity to expose their Children; but *the Man of Fortune* who abandons his own *Flesh*, and suffers a Creature whose Misfortunes he knows himself the Author of, to live in Want and Misery, without what Nature so loudly calls for, the common Comforts of Paternal Fondness, and the Necessaries of Life; such an one is without Excuse; and whatever Pardon he may hope from God’s divine Mercy for his first Crime, he can have little Reason to expect any for such *savage and unnatural Barbarity*?

‘ IT is strange to me, why the Children themselves should be such a disregarded Part of the Creation, for their Innocence cannot be charg’d with any Part of the Crime by which they were produced. God himself demonstrates his equal Notice of them with the rest of the *human Species*, by giving them the same Form, and endowing them with the same Faculties of Reason; and for Mankind to scorn and slight them is high Presumption and Injustice.

‘ I DO not think such Children should stand in the way of those born in *Wedlock*, yet, sure, no *Heir* of common Humanity and Good-nature, would be against their sharing some little Matter for Subsistence, which I could wish the Laws intitled them to. But, however, the *Law of Nature*, which commands every *Parent* to take care of his own *Offspring*, ought in all Cases to be obey’d: And as making some Provision for them, is the best Atonement with God for the Crime of begetting them, so is it the only Amends can be made to *them* for the Contempt and Infamy they will be sure to meet with.

‘ I WISH sincerely, for the Honour of my Country, as well as for the Sake of these *Unfortunates*, that a *Hospital* (as has long been talk’d of) might be erected for the Reception of them; where, as in that of *Paris*, those whose Miseries begin with Life, might find a Maintenance, and be protected from the Injuries and Reproaches of an ill-judging un pitying *World*: And I make no Question, many of them, thus taken care of, would become not only useful Members, but graceful Ornaments of the Commonwealth. * *

Amor



Amor et Melle et Felle est fecundissimus.

PLAUT.

*Of all the Passions, Love is the most productive both of
HAPPINESS and MISERY.*

From my House in the Minories.

THOUGH I myself am now arrived at a Time of Life unsusceptible of *Love's* soft Impressions, and secure against the Force of *Beauty's* Charms, I am not without Compassion for those who sigh with a sincere and honest Flame, which Fate has doom'd unfortunate. — It is very common for old Fellows to forget they have been young, and, without any Allowance, censure every Desire, which themselves are past the Relish of: They wonder People can be in Love, and right or wrong, condemn a Passion, which does not exactly suit the *Lover's* Interest and Conveniency, without at all regarding the Merit of its Object. But, I have taken pains to guard against this Error in myself, by considering *Love* as the most useful Passion Heaven has blended up in human Nature, the most capable of bestowing Happiness: A Passion which refines the Soul, expelling thence every mean and selfish Thought, and exalting it to a Pitch of Excellence it could not otherwise attain. Whenever, therefore, I observe it, pursuing its Object in a lawful and generous manner, it never fails of my Approbation, and every good Wish for its Success.

THIS way of thinking, I find at present Occasion to make use of, in Behalf of the Gentleman who wrote the following Letter, wherein there appears such an Air of Affection and Integrity, as speaks the Heart which dictated deserving all it can desire.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

MR. *Blunt's* Letter, which you lately published, hath raised my Indignation, as it tends to discourage you in your laudable Undertaking for the publick Good. But, I hope, it will have no such Effect upon you. No, Sir, go on with your useful Design to excite Mankind to virtuous and worthy Actions. The World hath a Notion of your Performances very different from what this ill-natur'd *Critick* would suggest: For you cook up your Entertainment with too great a Variety, as makes it agreeable to the Palates of all your Guests. The *Serious* and the *Comick*, the *Philosopher* and the *Divine*, may here find something suitable to their several Tastes. More especially the noble Sentiments which you exhibit upon the Subject of *Love* and *Gallantry*, charm the Attention of your Readers with infinite Satisfaction and Delight. And now I am upon this Topick, give me Leave, by your Means, to acquaint the *Beau Monde* with an Adventure of this Kind relating to myself.

YOU must know, Sir, that I have an inviolable Respect for the fair AURELIA; whose agreeable Person, and admirable Qualities, are capable of making an Impression upon an Heart much harder than that which Nature hath formed in me. And, although I have some Reason to believe that my Person is not altogether disagreeable to her, yet, the Streightness of my Fortune, at present, debars me the Enjoyment of what is most dear to me, since I do not think myself in a Condition to maintain her so well as I would do, and as she really deserves: For I am too generous a Lover to purchase an Happiness to myself at the Expence of my dear AURELIA's Satisfaction and Contentment.

UNDER this melancholy Circumstance, I am exercised with a Variety of Passions: My Life is uncomfortable without her, yet I can have no Thoughts of so valuable a Prize, unless Providence shall think fit to remove this Obstacle to my Happiness by a farther

• Extension of his Bounty, or by easing me of an Ex-
 • pence, which upon an unfortunate Occasion, I daily
 • sustain without the least Murmur or Repining. And,
 • if I had the Treasure of the *Indies*, I would, with
 • the greatest Joy imaginable, lay that and myself at the
 • Feet of my dear AURELIA, altho' it would still fall
 • infinitely short of her Merit: For I may justly say,
 • without being Guilty of an Hyperbole, that she is
 • Mistress of every Thing that is commendable and
 • praise-worthy: And if I was so happy as to be united
 • to her in Person as I am in Affection, I would not
 • envy the greatest Monarch upon Earth.

• I endeavour to bear up under my Misfortunes as
 • well as I can, and I call my Reason to my Assistance,
 • yet that is forced to submit to the Violence of my Pas-
 • sion. I am in a continual Suspence between Hopes
 • and Fears, and as often as I hear that *Hymen* hath
 • blest some happy Pair with those nuptial Joys, of
 • which, in my present Circumstances, I think myself
 • unworthy, a melancholy Tide of Grief flows to the
 • utmost Recesses of my Heart, and opens afresh those
 • Wounds which the fair AURELIA hath so deeply im-
 • printed there. I have only this Consolation still to
 • support me, that she is so obliging as to give me,
 • sometimes, the Pleasure of her agreeable Conversation,
 • which is perfectly innocent and virtuous: And was it
 • not for this great Goodness and Condescension in her,
 • I should immediately sink under the Pressure of my
 • Misfortunes.

• I DO assure you, Sir, this is no romantic Fiction,
 • but real Matter of Fact: And I desire you'll give this
 • *Specimen of Constancy and Self-Denial* a Place in your
 • *Journal* by the first Opportunity, to let the World
 • see, that, as bad as the Age is, there are some Persons
 • of both Sexes to be found, who in the Affair of Love
 • do act upon a Principle of *Honour* and *Virtue*. Your
 • speedy Compliance with my Request will very much
 • oblige

Your Humble Servant,

HONORIUS.

I CAN'T

I CAN'T tell how it happens, but without any Knowledge of *Honorius*, farther than what his Letter gives me, I am more than usually concerned on his Account: He relates his Story in such a moving Manner that, methinks, I feel it; his Sentiments seem to come directly from the Soul, and every Expression speaks the Gentleman and the Lover. Pity demands my Friendship for him, and the agreeable Stile and Manner of his Writing make me desirous of his farther Correspondence.

—As for AURELIA, posselt (as *Honorius* says she is) of every Thing praise-worthy, her Heart must surely melt at so refin'd a Flame, and make her watch every Occasion to reward a Generosity which prefers her Happiness before its own; and I dare be confident, that with such a Man as I believe *Honorius*, and a little Fortune to furnish the Conveniencies of Life, AURELIA may enjoy more true Felicity than all the Wealth and Grandeur of the World can give her.

HOW trifling soever some People imagine Love to be, it is most certainly a Matter of such high Importance in *human Life*, that, perhaps, there can be no sincere Felicity without it; and to hold an Argument in Opposition to it, is to contend both against *Nature* and *common Sense*. Providence evidently intended *Man* and *Woman* to contribute mutually to each other's Happiness, and inspir'd this *Passion* as the Means not only of continuing on the Species, but of keeping up that Harmony and Order which Society requires. I shall not, therefore, think it at all below the Dignity of my Office, to become its *Advocate* upon all Occasions, and interpose my Authority to regulate its Abuses and Irregularities. I shall always encourage the chaste, the pure, the honourable Flame, but reprove the gross and guilty Passion: I shall endeavour to restore a generous Regard for *Merit*, which is now so much neglected, and correct that *mean* and *sordid Littleness of Soul*, which makes *Gold* only the Object of its Adoration.—It is strange to hear some People assert the Usefulness of *Marriage*, and at the same Time make a Ridicule of *Love*: As if it was necessary Folks should be obliged to spend their Lives together, but of no Importance whether or not they can be agreeable to each other. This is certainly a monstrous Absur-

dity, tho' suitable to the common Practice; For as a late ingenious *Writer* justly says,

*Now Love is dwindled to Intrigue,
And Marriage made a Money-League.*

But it is intirely destructive of the Happiness which that State was design'd to give. — As for *Wealth*, which is now so universally sought after, so much of it is needful as may furnish out those Things which People's Rank and Station absolutely require; but whether the *Lower* or the *Mistress*, or both together, can supply those Wants, is a Matter not worth regarding: If there's but enough between them, it's of little Consequence which it is that brings it. — Notwithstanding all that can be said against it, *Love* is the only good Reason for *Marriage*, and to wed merely for the Sake of Riches, is little better than Prostitution.

O F all the Passions *Love* is the most perfective of human Nature: As *Dryden* says,

*It kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,
To make the Lover worthy his Desire:*

And such surprizing Changes have been effected by it as are almost incredible. Minds rough, savage, and intrac-table by Nature, have been hereby humaniz'd and soften'd: The Vicious have been reclaim'd, and made Examples of bright Virtue. Inspir'd by this Passion, the Clown becomes polite, and the Sordid generous: In short, the Earnestness of appearing perfect in the Eyes of the Person lov'd, never fails to better whatever Heart it fills.

N O R can any human Happiness equal that which this Passion gives, when *Sense*, *Good Nature*, *Virtue*, are its Cause, and it meets a kind Return. Where Heaven warms two Breasts with *virtuous Love*, with mutual Wishes to outdo each other in all the sweet Endearments of Affection, Marriage is a State of Bliss sincere and great. — To have a Person to whom one may impart one's inmost Thoughts; a *second dearer self* with whom to lose one's Cares, with whom to share each Joy, and double it by sharing: One on whom the Soul may deservedly stream

forth its Fondness.---Those who know what true *Friendship* is, may be in some Measure sensible of this Felicity, tho' the most exalted Friendship falls infinitely short of such a State as this. Such *Love* is what MILTON so beautifully describes :

*HAIL wedded Love !---mysterious Law ! true Source
Of human Offspring ! sole Propriety
In Paradise, of all Things common else ! ---
By thee adult'rous Lust was driven from Man
Among the bestial Herds to range : ---by thee
Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother, first were known.
Perpetual Fountain of Domestick Sweetness ! ---
Here Love his Golden Shafts employs : Here lights
His constant Lamp, and waves his Purple Wings :
Here reigns and revels ; ---not in the bought Smile
Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,
Casual Fruition ; ---nor in Court Amours,
Mix'd Dance, or wanton Masque, or Midnight Ball,
Or Serenade, which the starv'd Lover sings
To his proud Fair, ---best quitted with Disdain.*

I HAVE said thus much in Behalf of *Love*, to prevent my Readers being discourag'd from applying to me on any Occasion relating to it, by supposing me an *old Fellow* insensible and regardless of this Passion. But, tho' it has long been over, there was a Time when this Heart of mine languish'd for a *Fair one*, who shall be nameless ; which has impress'd a Tenderness for all in the like Circumstances that I believe will ever last ; and as I am now divested of the Passion, I think myself the better qualify'd to form a Judgment on the Case of those who feel it. ---In all my Determinations I shall impartially defend the *Innocent*, and condemn the *Guilty* : I shall brand *Villainy* with the Odium it deserves, and strive to moderate the Distress of the *Sincere* and *Virtuous* : But, in particular, I shall take under my Protection *that beautiful and lovely Part of the Creation*, which is most expos'd to Injury, and least capable of doing itself Justice.



— *Trifles light as Air,
Are to the Jealous Confirmations strong
As Proofs from Holy Writ.*

Shakesp.

From my House in the Minories.

I Don't know any Subject which has fallen oftner under the Consideration of Writers of the same Kind with myself than *Jealousy*: It has frequently furnished out a Paper to my illustrious Predecessors the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*; and indeed we seldom find any Author, moral or humourous, but what imagines it to fall within his Province, and treats it accordingly. It is generally represented by them as a Passion founded on idle Surmises, frivolous Conjectures, and unreasonable Suspicions; a Passion which torments the Soul which it possesses, with the most intolerable Anxiety, and frequently bursts out at last into some wild, extravagant, and it may be, some barbarous Action.

BUT there is one Thing I would remark to my Readers; that there is no Author, at least none that I have met with, who has attempted to direct us in our Behaviour, whenever these Suspicions are neither light nor trifling, or when they shall properly cease to be Suspicions at all, and the Fact comes to have a moral Certainty. It appeared probably to them a Point too nice and tender to be touched; and I believe it would be very hard to find a Man capable of reasoning or reflecting, who is convinced that the Wife of his Bosom, or the Woman that he loved, is corrupted or debauch'd, when he finds the Basis of his Happiness not shaken only, but irrecoverably overthrown, when he shall run over in his Mind the Greatness of the Injury, the Tenderness of the Part in which it is receiv'd: and to fill up the Measure of his Woes, that all this is from its very Nature irreparable.

I have been led into what I have been saying on this
Subj.

Subject, by reflecting on a very melancholy Story, which happen'd not very many Years ago, and of the Truth of which I am but too well ascertain'd.

DURING the War between the Confederates and France, there serv'd in the *British* Troops a young Officer, whose true Name I shall conceal under that of MARIUS. Besides his Commission, which was that of Captain of Foot, he had a small paternal Estate, that descended to him from a very antient and very honourable Family. His Person was what might be justly stil'd agreeable, and his Parts and Education seem'd exactly suited to his Birth, and to his Employment. He had joined to that Frankness of Behaviour which is observable in Gentlemen bred in the Army, a natural Sweetness and Affability of Temper, which render'd him universally belov'd by all that knew him. To a very good Voice he had added a competent Skill in Musick; and what rarely happens, though he sung very well, yet he did it with little Intreaty, and without the least Affectation. Thus qualify'd, it is not to be wonder'd that MARIUS kept the best Company: Was there a Meeting of Mirth, or Good-fellowship amongst the Men, MARIUS was sure to be a Guest: Was there a Ball, or other polite Assembly of both Sexes, MARIUS was sure to be invited.

AFTER having spent two or three Years entirely in *Flanders*, he at last, at the Close of a Campaign, obtain'd Leave to come over for the Winter, in order to take Care of his private Affairs in *England*. As soon as he arrived, he sets out immediately for that Part of the Country where his Estate lay; where, among the Visits which on this Occasion he paid the neighbouring Gentry, he happen'd at a distant Relation's of his own to see the fair LUCINDA. She was Niece to the Lady of MARIUS's Relation, who, on her Parents dying, and leaving her very young, and with but a very slender Fortune, had taken her into her House, and kept her ever since. LUCINDA was then about 18, exquisitely beautiful, and of a Temper far from being disagreeable: Her greatest Foible was a Love of mean Company, which was in some Measure owing to that Austerity with which she was treated by her Uncle and Aunt, which made her industriously shun their Company, and keep as much as she

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could

could among the Servants, where she enjoyed that Freedom of which young People are naturally fond. This, however, had a very bad Effect upon her, and was, indeed, the principal Cause of all her Misfortunes, since thereby she lost by Degrees the Relish of gentile Conversation, and hinder'd herself from having any Taste of politer Pleasures than such as were to be met with amongst them.

MARIUS was smitten at the first Sight of LUCINDA, and immediately made his Addresses to her: The Consent of her Relations being easily obtain'd, in about a Fortnight's Time he was put in Possession of what he thought he alone wanted to make him the happiest Man in the World. MARIUS behav'd himself in a Manner very different from most modern Husbands; he grew the fonder of LUCINDA for being his Wife; and there was not a Day pass'd in which he did not give her Marks of the most tender Affection; he bought her Cloaths, and every Thing else, much superior to those of Persons of the same Quality; nay, he even grew near in his own Expences that he might be profuse in her's. LUCINDA, for her Part, could not but be sensible of the Change, to the Indulgence of a fond Husband from the Humours of a peevish Aunt; and as she could not but consider MARIUS as the sole Author of her Happiness, she therefore seemed to treat him with the utmost Love and Esteem. In fine, they regarded themselves, and were regarded by every body else, as the happiest Couple in the World.

BUT alas! how uncertain is human Felicity! how fleeting is sublunary Bliss! Scarce had MARIUS been two Months marry'd, e'er he receiv'd Orders to repair to *Flanders*. On this, settling his Affairs, so as to make his Wife as easy as possible in his Absence, after taking a most affectionate Leave of LUCINDA, he sets out for the Army: but with that Heaviness of Soul which Words are unable to express, and of which those only can be sensible who have felt the parting Pangs of Love.

LUCINDA appear'd at first inconsolable; she shut herself up in her Apartment, saw no Company, and behav'd herself in such a Manner, that one would have thought the Loss of MARIUS would have broke her Heart. Time, however, quickly lessen'd her Grief:

The

The Violence of her Affliction was abated in a few Days, and by Degrees she resum'd her natural Gaiety and Easiness of Temper. There liv'd in the same Town, where MARIUS left LUCINDA, a Barber. This Fellow, who formerly had lived in *London* with some young Rakes, as a *Valet de Chambre*, by affecting their pert insolent Way of Behaviour, and singing Scraps of a few silly amorous Songs, which he had learnt in their Service, passed in the Country for a Wit, and a Person of fine Breeding. This Rascal, by some Means or other, found a Way to converse with LUCINDA, who by having a slender Education, and a natural Proneness to low Company, grew by Degrees fond of his nauseous flattery, and frequently admitted his Visits. At first, she was very cautious in the carrying on of this scandalous Amour; but as a Progress in Vice makes Persons of course the less sensible of Shame, so the Fellow likewise, proud of his Conquest, behav'd himself so, that it at last became a common Town-talk; all who heard it pitying MARIUS, and blaming LUCINDA.

TIME and Absence, on the contrary, made no Alteration in MARIUS; he collected, where-ever he came, the finest Laces, Linnens, and other Female Ornaments, as Presents for LUCINDA, who, on his Arrival, receiv'd him with all the Transports of Joy and Fondness. But he had not been long return'd e'er her imprudent Conduct in his Absence reach'd his Ears. Love and Resentment wrack'd him for a while; but at last his Passion for LUCINDA prevail'd. He reproach'd her in the most moving Terms with her Ingratitude, while she, throwing herself at his Feet, and embracing his Knees, acknowledged she had indeed committed some Indiscretions, but positively deny'd her having gone any farther; and then, with a thousand solemn Protestations, promis'd never to offend again. In fine, MARIUS not only forgave her, but seem'd to study to shew, by all his Actions, that he had entirely blotted it from his Memory. They passed in this Manner near three Months with much seeming Tranquility; when the Campaign approaching, MARIUS, in order to enjoy his LUCINDA's Company as long as possibly he could, carry'd her with him to a small Village within a few Miles of *Harwich*; where, after

taking a passionate Farewel, he left her. The Vessel, on board of which he embarked, after putting out to Sea, receiv'd so severe a Shock by a Tempest, that though they put back to *Harwich* as soon as possible, yet the Captain declared she was so much damaged, that it would be two Days at least before she could sail. On this, *MARIUS*, without refreshing himself after the Fatigue of the Storm, set out for the Village where he left *LUCINDA*. When he arriv'd, it was toward Evening, and *LUCINDA* was gone to take a Walk. *MARIUS* went up into her Chamber, and finding a Letter open on the Table, it appear'd to be an Answer to a passionate Billet she had writ the Barber almost the Moment of his Departure. In the Midst of that Agony of Soul which seiz'd him on this Occasion, *LUCINDA* enter'd. *MARIUS*, with a Sternness, which his Looks never knew before, commanded her to go to Bed: She trembled, and obeyed: but was scarcely cover'd with the Cloaths, e'er with one Pistol he kill'd her, and with the other dispatch'd himself. Thus fell the unhappy *MARIUS*; thus perish'd the perfidious *LUCINDA*.

Instead of any Remark of my own, I shall recommend, to my Female Readers especially, the following beautiful Lines from Major *Pack's* excellent Epilogue to the *Spartan Dame*.

*Let poor LUCINDA's Woes a Warning prove,
And teach the Fair with Dignity to love:
Let Wealth ne'er tempt you to abandon Sense,
Nor Knaves seduce you with a grave Pretence:
Be wile Prophaneness ever in Disgrace,
And Vice abhor'd as treacherous and base:
Revere yourselves, and conscious of your Charms,
Receive no Dæmon to an Angel's Arms.
Success can then alone your Vows attend,
When Worth's the Motive, Constancy the End.*



Verbaque dicuntur dictis contraria verbis.

Ovid.

*The self-same Words in Length of Time so vary,
As to imply a Meaning quite contrary.*

From my House in the Minories.

S I R,

I HAVE remarked among the fair Sex, that certain Words, like the Fashion of Cloaths, reign, and are for some Time particular Favourites; though they have their Periods, and are often supplanted by others, which again give Place to some new Darling. I remember about some fifteen Years ago, the Word *Poz* reign'd absolute, and gave a particular Grace both to the Fair, and to every Expression; for there was not a single one used by the Polite, to which this significant Word was not annex'd: *I am horridly out of Humour, Poz: There's not a better natur'd Soul, Poz: I'll go make such a one a Visit, Poz: Nothing's prettier, Poz.* In a Word, that Lady would have been esteemed very much underbred, who did not pay a Respect to *Poz*; and *Poz* had got such an Ascendant, that in the Opinion of a great many, and no ill-Judges, the Efforts made by any other Word to supplant it would prove ineffectual. But, *rerum vicissitudo!* *Poz* was banish'd without the least Crime laid to its Charge, and without being allow'd a Word to shew Reason for its Continuance; and *Charming* was taken into the Mouths of all our Ladies. Every Thing was *charming*. I remember a young Gentlewoman in the Country, told me, they had a *charming* Sow, which had farrow'd twelve *charming* Pigs, *charmingly* pretty, and she was a *charming* Nurse, and the *charming* Rogues were *charmingly* fat, and desired I would go with her, and see what a *charming* Stie she had. *Charming*, which for a Time was much caress'd as its Predecessor *Poz* had been, met with the same Fate, was discarded, and made Way for

in Life. The prettiest Ribbands *in Life*; the neatest Snuff-Box *in Life*; the most convenient House *in Life*; the finest Marrow Puddings *in Life*: In short, nothing founded well, without it was accompany'd with an *in Life*, and the Beauty of the Diction was an Excuse for the Absurdities it introduced in Discourse. But *in Life* was entirely undone by the following unlucky Accident.

Mrs. *Weathertime*, crossing the Parade in the *Park*, heard a Shoe-Boy say, he had the finest Blacking *in Life*. The unfortunate Expression having so little Regard to its Character as to become an Inmate with the *Black-Guard*, was, on a Representation made by the aforesaid young Lady, immediately cashier'd, and *Creature* rose on its Ruins. Every Thing was a *Creature*: Bring other Cards, these *Creatures* are not clean; *Laud*, how the *Creature* looks; Where has the *Creature* been? What a *Creature* of an Apron has she got on? No Utensil in a House, no Ornament of the Body, nothing of Dress, but what was a *Creature*: A Hood or a Frying-Pan, a Stone-Wall or a Prayer-Book, a Pair of Slippers or a Pair of Bellows, was a *Creature*: And the same Appellation served for the Lady and her Cook, the Gentleman and Footman. But *Creature* was thrown out of Favour, and truly I can't say without Reason; for it loved low Company, and was as often found in the Skillery, as at the Toilet. Lady *Drawlout's* Under-Cook saying, *What a Creature have I of a Dishclout!* Was the utter Ruin of the poor Word: and it was never after suffer'd in any House of Fashion, farther than the Servants Hall. *Vastly* came into Favour on the Downfal of *Creature*. How *vastly* little it is of the Price! how *vastly* narrow these Streets are! how *vastly* slow you walk! Oh! it's *vastly* ugly, *vastly* clean, *vastly* witty! But *vastly* did not continue long in Favour, before it was elbow'd out by *hideous*. There was a *hideous* full House, but no Wonder, for it was a *hideous* good Play, and the Author has a *hideous* deal of Wit. On the Exit of *hideous*, *yes to be sure* came on the Stage of *Life*; but as that, and *I can't chuse*; *Do you think so?* which had their Turns, served only in Responses, they were but of little Duration. *That's my Way of thinking* flourish'd a considerable Time; for it was both adapted for an Answer, and ended a Period with

with a very good Grace. *That's the Affair*, however, begins to dispute the Place; and it's believed the Novelty of the Expression, as it's altogether as significant, concise and emphatical, will make the Ladies decide in its Favour; though *that's my Way of thinking* seems to have a pretty strong Party of its side: For I was in Company with about a dozen Misses the other Evening, and the Pretensions of each side being fairly stated by 'Squire *Softhead*, Miss *Graveairs*, (as it's the Rule in this Assembly of Maiden Ladies, in Point of Debate, for the youngest to declare her Sentiments first) said, that in her Opinion *that's my Way of thinking* was an Expression of much more Complaisance, than *that's the Affair*, the former being a gentle Manner of assenting, the latter more abrupt; and indeed for these 35 Years last past, she had not met with any Phrase more useful in Discourse, or more becoming a young Lady, who ought, in regard of her Elders, ever to join in with their Experience, and submit to the Judgment they had form'd by a long course of Observation. ' *Laud*, Miss, replied Miss Weezle, how you talk, as if we were in the Days of good Queen *Bess*: I thank my Stars, we are not tied up to Forms and Ceremonies, but are allowed all the Gaiety of the *French*, and Freedoms of the *Dutch* Ladies. I am, I own, a Friend to *that's the Affair*, for the Reason you give of Dislike: It carries with it a *je ne scai quoi* Freedom, which is extremely graceful, gentle and engaging. *That's the Affair* has something in it so prettily blunt, so good-natur'dly unmannerly, and speaks such a friendly Abruptness, that I wonder it is not approv'd and receiv'd without the least Hesitation by all Ladies, who are not for being fetter'd down to Forms and Ceremonies, as if they were still under the Eye of their Tutress, and were accountable for every Look they cast." I cannot, said Miss Winter, but be absolutely of the Lady's Opinion who spoke last; for if the Expression which Miss *Graveairs* stands up in behalf of, speaks a Condescension, that very Reason which she alledged for its Support, is, in my Opinion, a very strong one for its being excluded from among the *Beau Monde*, since it's evident, that who condescends to the Opinion of another, is diffident of her own Judgment, than

‘ than which, I know nothing more unfashionable.” Miss *Florid* begg’d Leave to dissent from Miss *Winter*, and said, she had ever paid a great Deference to her superior Merit; but she hoped, without being impugn’d as guilty of a Sollecism in Good-manners, she might be so far indulged by the good Company, as to be favour’d with an Attention, while she should, with the utmost Brevity, lay down her Sentiments with that *Laconick Plainness* which ever added a Grace to Justice, leaving the delusive and fallacious Ornaments of Rhetorick to the Party which wanted the Tinsel Ornaments of Eloquence to cover the Imperfections of the Cause they would patronize; and therefore as Miss *Graveairs* had already exhausted the Subject, and had given irrefragable Reasons for her Opinion, she would not trouble the Assembly with Repetitions, and, as she hoped, it would be allowed extremely reasonable, *that was her Way of thinking*. Hardly had this young Lady replaced herself, but Miss *Roughler* rose with some Warmth, and said, ‘ Since *that’s the Affair*, I am obliged to assert Miss *Weezle* has spoke very much to the purpose; the more abrupt the Expression, the more it gives an Air of Superiority or Freedom. *Laud*, what was thought good Breeding in the last Age, is exploded now, and look’d upon as want of Education in those who practise it. Modesty, Silence, good Housewifery, frequenting Prayers, avoiding Company, and keeping none but of approved Reputation, would be fine Advice to give a young Lady, in an Age in which a refin’d Taste has prevail’d, Liberty been introduced, Censure laugh’d out of Doors, and the Example of the best Quality can be brought to justify our innocent Freedoms! Dear Miss *Graveairs*, leave these antiquated Notions; for all, but your Friends, will ridicule you. Miss *Loudly* spoke next, and said, she was on the same side of the Question; that what that Lady had said in behalf of *that’s the Affair*, was that which she herself should have said, but that the Words were taken out of her Mouth. For Example, ‘ What is look’d upon more gentile than what our Mothers would have called a *Horse-Laugh*, and have check’d us for? What more polite than what they would have called *Bawling*, and
‘ would

‘ would have brought on the trite Reprimand, *Were you*
 ‘ *born in a Paper-Mill?* What is more graceful than the
 ‘ careless Toss of a Leg cros the Knee; the indolent
 ‘ Loll in a great-arm’d Chair; the engaging Negligence
 ‘ of a Morning’s Undress, and the dear Freedom of cal-
 ‘ ling Men of Quality and Distinction *Fellows*: With a
 ‘ great many other innocent Liberties, which would
 ‘ have been condemn’d some time ago, as Indications
 ‘ of great Levity, if they had not been call’d downright
 ‘ immodest.” Miss *Splitpipe* said, she was always of
 Opinion, nothing spoke Quality more than the Freedoms
 Miss *Loudly* had enumerated: That for her part, she
 thought to speak loud shew’d a gentile Contempt of the
 Company, and a Prerogative of being heard, which was
 attended with a certain Air of Grandeur, that naturally
 caused Respect; and that in Regard of an audible Laugh,
 she could not but think, besides its having the same Ef-
 fect, it had this farther Advantage, that it spoke Quick-
 ness of Apprehension; for she always judg’d of a Per-
 son’s understanding a Jest, by the Note he or she laugh’d
 in. There were some others who pleaded in the behalf
 of the declining Diction, but the Majority fell on the
 side of *that’s the Affair*, and ‘Squire *Softhead* pass’d Sen-
 tence; by which it was banish’d this Assembly.

I am, &c.

K.



Beatus



*Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
 Ut prisca gens mortalium,
 Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
 Solutus omni Favore. ———
 Forumque vitat, et superba Civium
 Potentiorum Limina. ———* Hor. Epod. 2.

*Like the first Mortals blest is He,
 From Debts, and Mortgages, and Bus'ness free,
 With his own Team who plows the Soil,
 Which grateful once confess'd his Father's Toil.*
*The Sounds of War don't break his Sleep,
 Nor the rough Storm that harrows up the Deep :
 He shuns the Courtier's haughty Doors,
 And the loud Science of the Bar abjures.* Francis.

From my House in the Minorities.

IT hath been, and perhaps will ever be, the *Enquiry* of all Ages, by what Means, and in what Condition of human Life, *Happiness* can be attain'd. *Greatness* loudly cries, it is not to be found with me, and brings its *Votaries* to bear Witness, that they are not less superior in Care and *Wretchedness* than they are in *Wealth* and *Title*. ——— *Command*, *Attendance*, and the *Pomp of State*, which glare and dazzle in the Eyes of others, to them are but *Fatigue*, *Anxiety* and *Pain*. Among the servile Numbers cringing round them, they cannot find one Friend, but are alone even in the midst of Crowds ; inward they sigh their Cares, nor know with whom to trust them : full sure to be the hated Marks of *Envy*, watchful, and ever ready to pull them Headlong down. ——— On the other Side, that *Happiness* and *Poverty* are Strangers, the Groans of those declare who feel the Pangs of *sad Necessity* ; what *Ease*, what *Quiet* can the Mind enjoy, whilst the real Wants of Nature are craving and unsatisfy'd, under the severe Distress of *Hunger*, *Cold*, and *Nakedness* ? To be pitied is no desirable Condition ;

to be *despis'd*, much worse: But of these, either one or other must be the *poor Man's* Lot, and *Happiness* can ne'er be found with him. — Let us then seek after it in the *middle Part* of Life, where *Providence* seems to place it, and all Ages have agreed it can only be met with. To stand above *Contempt*, and below *Envy*, to have a *moderate Fortune*, without *Dependance* or the *Fear of Want*, join'd with *Prudence* to use discreetly, and a *contented easy Mind* to enjoy thankfully the Good that Heaven bestows, is the happiest State the Heart of Man can wish. — Great *Riches* and high *Rank* take from a Man the Power of living as himself would chuse; he must be a *Slave* to *Form* and *State*; his *Time* is not his own, but must be parcell'd out according to the Will of others, and every one of his numerous *Dependents* is able to discompose his Peace. Whereas, a small Estate, wherewith to furnish the needful Conveniencies of Life, enough to be an *Husband*, a *Parent*, or a *Friend*, with Decency, gives its *Possessor* what only with Justice can be called *Liberty*, and sets him above the World. — Not the Man with a *large Income*, can therefore be called *rich* and *happy*, but he whose *Desires* and *Expences* are bounded by his Circumstances: The *avaricious greedy Mind* would still be *poor* and *wretched* had it the Wealth of Kingdoms; and so would the *thoughtless Spendthrift*; but a wise *Oeconomy*, and a *contented Breast*, can find *Riches* and *Felicity* in a *little Fortune*, and make it answer all the Purposes of Life: An *Example* of which is agreeably represented in the following Letter.

To the Author of the Universal Spectator.

S I R,

THE last Summer, I was invited by my Friend PATRICIUS, to take the Diversion of the Season with him in the Country, at his House, which is about the Distance of a Day's Journey from London; where I spent the time with the greatest Satisfaction and Delight imaginable, and was so well pleased with my Friend's Way of Living, that I flatter myself an Account thereof cannot be unacceptable to the Publick.

PATRICIUS

' PATRICIUS is happy in an agreeable Wife, the fair
 ' ARDELIA, whose admirable Qualities both of Body
 ' and Mind make her acceptable to all that know her.
 ' His Estate is but barely three hundred Pounds a-Year;
 ' yet, with this moderate Fortune his Family enjoys
 ' more Content and Pleasure, than some others who have
 ' ten times his Income: And this, in a great measure,
 ' is owing to the Discretion of ARDELIA, who is re-
 ' markable for her good Economy in the prudent Ma-
 ' nagement of her domestick Affairs, as PATRICIUS is
 ' for his great Candour and Humanity in performing
 ' the becoming Parts of a *tender Husband*, an *indulgent*
 ' *Parent*, a *kind Master*, a *faithful Friend*, and a *good*
 ' *Neighbour*.

' This happy Family consists of himself, his Lady,
 ' one Son, three Daughters, two Maid-Servants, and
 ' one Man; who all in their several Stations discharge
 ' the Offices of Life with very great Order and Regula-
 ' rity. Their Time of Rising is at six o'Clock in the
 ' Summer, and seven in the Winter. Their first Hours
 ' are constantly employed in private Devotions; and then
 ' the Servants receive their Directions for the Business of
 ' the Day. About Eight the Bell rings for Breakfast,
 ' which is generally Tea, Chocolate, or Coffee, inter-
 ' mix'd with agreeable Discourses upon various Subjects.
 ' After this, if the Weather be inviting, they take their
 ' Walks in the Garden, which is adorn'd with a beau-
 ' tiful Variety of the choicest sorts of Fruit-Trees,
 ' Flowers, Ever-Greens, and other Curiosities, that yield
 ' both Profit and Delight: And in a piece of Ground,
 ' separated from the rest by an Hedge of gilded Holly,
 ' there is every thing growing for the Service of the
 ' Table. Sometimes they visit the neighbouring Fields
 ' at a small Distance from the House, which, in that part
 ' of the Country where they live, are diversified with
 ' different kinds of Grain, and afford an Entertainment
 ' both to the Eye and Mind; and this healthful Exercise
 ' produces an happy Constitution, without the Assistance
 ' of Doctors or Apothecaries, who are so great a Bur-
 ' den and Expence to many Families. If it be a Prayer-
 ' Day, (as *Wednesdays* and *Fridays* are) they very rarely
 ' are absent from the Service of the Church.

' After

• After their Morning-Walks, the Ladies employ
• themselves with their Needles, whilst PATRICIUS en-
• tertains them with a Lecture in some well-chosen
• Author, (of which he has a very fine and elegant Col-
• lection) explaining to them as he reads, and pointing
• out the most useful Passages to their Observation; by
• which Custom they have acquired a refin'd and uncom-
• mon Taste for polite Learning, together with a general
• and extended Knowledge in History, Philosophy, Mo-
• rality, Religion, and every thing besides that can bet-
• ter and instruct the Mind: And from hence this double
• Advantage rises, that they are never weary of them-
• selves alone, as many Ladies are, for want of knowing
• how to employ their Thoughts; and when in Company,
• never fail of being highly acceptable and improving
• to all with whom they converse. A little before Din-
• ner they go up to dress: And about Two the Bell calls
• them down to Dinner, which usually consists of plain
• Meat, but well dress'd. Their Drink is commonly
• Malt Liquor of their own brewing, which they have
• in very great Perfection. But to see the Pleasantness,
• the Good-humour, and smiling Satisfaction upon the
• Countenances of every one at the Table, gives the Be-
• holder an inexpressible Delight; the Parents, by every
• Word and Look, declare their utmost Tendernefs and
• Affection; whilst the Children emulate each other in
• Proofs of Duty, Respect, and Gratitude. After Dinner
• they sit a while, and if any Neighbours come in to visit
• them, they are receiv'd with a chearful gentile Free-
• dom, and over the Tea-table are entertained with a
• sprightly agreeable Conversation, without either Scan-
• dal or Impertinence. Sometimes they recreate them-
• selves with Dancing, Musick, and other innocent Di-
• versions, but they admit no such thing as Gaming, that
• epidemical Vice, which ruffles the Passions, making the
• Mind sordid and uneasy, and ruins so many Families.
• There is always a perfect Harmony and good Under-
• standing amongst them, all is Amity, Peace, and Love.
• About Seven they take their Evening-Walks, either in
• the Garden or Fields as before. At Eight the Bell rings
• for Supper, which is always something that is light, and
• easy of Digestion, for they eat Flesh only at Dinner-
time.

time. About Nine they are called to Prayers, after which the Doors are lock'd up, and PATRICIUS takes the Keys into his own Chamber; and so they retire to Rest.

Thus, Sir, I have given you a short Abstract or Diary of my Friend's Way of Living: But I must not forget to tell you, that whilst I was at his House, he was invited to Dinner by a neighbouring Gentleman whose Name is TRISTATIUS: And PATRICIUS would take me along with him. Our Entertainment consisted of Variety of Dishes, but serv'd up in a very ordinary Dress, with much Hurry and Confusion; and the awkward Complaisance and apparent Uneasiness with which TRISTATIUS and his Lady behaved towards us, put me into no little Pain for them. As we return'd home, I ask'd my Friend what Estate TRISTATIUS was Master of, and understood that he has about 1500 *l. per Ann.* but by imprudent Management runs in Debt every Year, and is perpetually tormented with Spungers and Dunces.

THIS naturally led me to that too common Observation, that great Estates do not always make Men happy; and that some, by good Management and a prudent OEconomy, with a moderate Fortune, enjoy the Comforts of Life in an higher Degree than others do with a much greater Income. TRISTATIUS with 1500 *l.* a Year, and no Charge of Children, makes his Guests uneasy at his Table by his own Uneasiness, and yearly runs in Debt; whilst PATRICIUS with but 300 *l.* maintains his Family chearfully, with all the decent Necessaries of Life, is respected by his Friends and Neighbours, and lays up something every Year for the Benefit of his Children.

THIS agreeable Landscape of rural Happiness may serve as a Pattern, for such Gentlemen to copy after, as are minded to quit the Noise and Hurry of the Town for a quiet Retirement in the Country: And if you think it deserves a Place among your weekly Lucubrations, you are at Liberty to publish it.

I am, Your Humble Servant,

RURICOLUS;



How strange, how curious is the Critick's Art!

Anon.

From my House in the Minories.

IN this *curious Age*, the following *Letter* can't fail of being an Entertainment to the *Publick*.

Mr. Spectator,

HAVING for twenty Years last past been very busily employed, I think it now incumbent on me to acquaint the *World* what I have been doing: For as every *private Man* takes the Liberty of examining the *publick Conduct*, most certainly the *Publick* has an equal Right to be inform'd how every *private Man* disposes of himself.

YOU must then know, that with infinite Labour and Assiduity, I have been turning over and examining whole Cart-loads of *Comments, Expositions, Vocabularies, explanatory Notes, and Indexes*, collating *Manuscripts*, and settling their *various Readings*; and all this with an Intent to improve the *noble Art of Criticism*, and clear up those *Obscurities* in *antient Authors*, which, either Length of *Time*, or the Negligence of *Transcribers*, has been the Cause of. Whereby I have attained such a perfect Knowledge in Things of this Nature, that I flatter myself no *Writer* can come amiss to me. And having most at Heart the Honour of my own Country, I have employed this Skill chiefly to restore such *old English Authors* as are neglected and almost lost for want of being duly understood; and send you as a *Specimen*, an *Essay* on a *little Poem*, which, our *Forefathers* esteem'd so highly, that they seldom fail'd to implant it in the Memory of their *Children* so soon as they could speak; though the *Bard*

‘ who wrote it, and the *Age* wherein he liv’d, cannot
 ‘ certainly be found out ; But there is good Reason to
 ‘ believe it must have been some Time between the
 ‘ *Conquest* and the *Reformation*.

‘ A S this Piece has never yet been attempted, though
 ‘ it may move the Envy of my *Brother Criticks*, it
 ‘ will, I doubt not, be greatly useful and entertaining to
 ‘ the *World*, and according to its Success, I shall sup-
 ‘ press or publish above 100 Volumes, which, with in-
 ‘ expressible *Pains* and equal *Candor*, I have compiled
 ‘ for the Service of my Country.

Once I was a Bachelor, and lived by myself,
 And all the *Wittuals* that I had I put upon a
 (Shelf :

But the Kats and the Mice they made such a Strife,
 I was forc’d to go to London to get me a Wife.

The Streets were so wide, and the Lanes were so
 (narrow,

I was fain to bring my Wife home in a Wheel-
 (barrow :

The Wheel-barrow broke, and my Wife had a
 (Fall ;

So,—the Devil take the Wheel-barrow, Wife and
 (all !

Once I was a Bachelor.] ‘ It is the general
 ‘ Opinion of all the *Commentators* I have yet seen, that
 ‘ the *ingenious Author* of this *Poem*, was, even at the
 ‘ Time he wrote, a *married Man* ; and indeed they
 ‘ bring some tolerable Reasons for that *Belief* from the
 ‘ last Line of the Piece itself ; as I shall shew in my Ob-
 ‘ servations on it. But, whether or no this important
 ‘ Point can be determin’d, two Things seem evident
 ‘ from the Passage now before us ; first, that he was a
 ‘ Man of Learning : And secondly, that he was an Ad-
 ‘ mirer of those Lines which were originally before the
 ‘ *Eneids* of VIRGIL, till taken away by VARIUS : For
 ‘ does he not exactly begin in the same Manner as *Ille*
 ‘ *ego qui quondam*.

And lived by myself.] ‘ THIS Phrase is very
 ‘ ambiguous, and has caused much Dispute. Some make

‘ it

it imply his *dwelling in a House all alone* without any Mortal in it but himself: Others again, insist, there is no Necessity to take the *literal Sense* so strictly; for say they, a Man may be said to *live by himself* who has only a Servant or two about him, which cannot be called Company. Another Sort, suppose it only means, his *living in a private Manner*, and perhaps in a *lonely House*, without paying or receiving Visits: And there are again others, who reject all the above Opinions intirely, and make *living by himself* to signify, that he *lived or subsisted*, or got a *Livelihood*, by his own Care and Industry; *id est*, without the Assistance of any body. — I shall not take upon me to determine in this nice Case, but leave it to the Judicious: However, I must not conceal that some Manuscripts have it differently, (*viz. and lay by myself*) which is indeed a much plainer Sense, could it be proved genuine; but as it appears in none of the *early Copies*, it was probably introduced into some *later ones*, with Design to get rid of the Difficulty abovementioned: And the *Text*, as I have given it, seems, according to my Judgment, much more coherent with what immediately comes after.

And all the *Viſuals* that I had I put upon a
[Shelf.

MUCH Time and Learning have been spent to explain the Meaning of the Word *Viſuals*. Some make it signify, *all Kinds of Food in general*; others, affix it to *Particulars*, such as, *Surloin of Beef, Westphalia Ham, Venison Pasty, Gammon of Bacon, &c.* according, I suppose, to every one's different Taste. But, for my own Part, I apprehend, that every Word is to be understood according to the *Subject* about which it is employed; as for Instance, in this before us. [*Viſuals*] when speaking of a *Country Squire's Table*, may signify *Buttock of Beef, Chine of Pork, &c.* when apply'd to a *fine Lady, Ortelan, or Leg of a Lark*; but when us'd in mentioning a *City Feast* must always mean *Fowls and Bacon, Haunch of Venison, powder'd Goose and Custard*. And this will shew us the true Explanation of it in this Place: For are we not speaking of a
Batchelor?

‘ *Batchelor* ? And will not every Child tell us, that
 ‘ *Bread and Cheese and Kisses* are the *Fare*, i. e. the
 ‘ *Viſuals* of a *Batchelor* : *Ergo*, it muſt ſignify *Bread*
 ‘ *and Cheese*, and nothing elſe ; for though *Kiſſes* were
 ‘ added by the *Way of Sauce*, they could not be put upon
 ‘ a *Shelf*, as we are told this was. And hereby may be
 ‘ ſeen how eaſily *Truth* is found out, when ſought after
 ‘ without *Pride* or *Prejudice*. — The *Diet* of our
 ‘ preſent *Batchelors* is indeed very different, for they
 ‘ make whole *Meals* of the *Sauce* only ; but in the early
 ‘ *Days of Simplicity* when our *Author* wrote, without
 ‘ Doubt his *Way of ſpeaking* was ſo intelligible that no
 ‘ one could miſtake his *Meaning*.

‘ A S to the *Shelf* here mention’d, the *Learned* are at
 ‘ a Loſs, whether it was an *Hanging-Self*, or a *Shelf*
 ‘ affix’d againſt the *Wall*. Some think *Hanging-Shelves*
 ‘ were a much later *Invention*, others maintain the con-
 ‘ trary : But both Sides urge their *Arguments* with more
 ‘ of *Fancy* than ſound *Reasoning*, and after all leave the
 ‘ *Matter* intirely in the *Dark*. Though was it poſſible
 ‘ to aſcertain this, the next *Line* would admit of no
 ‘ *Debate*, as it at preſent does.

**But the Rats and the Mice, they made ſuch a
 Strife,**

‘ A Doubt ariſes here, whether the *Rats and Mice*
 ‘ got at the *Viſuals*, and contended about the *Division*,
 ‘ or whether they made a *Noiſe* and *Disturbance*, be-
 ‘ cauſe they could not reach it : And this cannot be
 ‘ eaſily cleared up unleſs the *Kind of Shelf* whereon it
 ‘ ſtood was known. But one Thing appears evident,
 ‘ though none of the *Commentators* have noted it, viz.
 ‘ that the *Author* kept no *Cat* ; and we may reaſonably
 ‘ preſume had a natural *Averſion* to, and probably
 ‘ would have ſwooned at the *Sight* of that *Animal*. For
 ‘ otherwiſe, he might have ended all this *Strife* effectually,
 ‘ by the *Aſſiſtance* of that *uſeful Creature*, without
 ‘ giving himſelf any farther *Trouble*. — I take
 ‘ this to be one of thoſe *fine Paſſages*, where from an
 ‘ *Hint* given, much is left for the *Reader’s Imagination*
 ‘ to ſupply, which in *Writing* is the greateſt *Beauty*.

—A

‘ ——— A common *Scribler* can say every Thing upon
‘ a *Subject*, but to let the *Reader* have the Satisfaction of
‘ seeming to inform himself requires the Pen of an *able*
‘ *Master*.

I was forc'd to go to London to get me a *Wife*.

‘ HIS going to *London* proves his *Habitation* was not
‘ there, but whereabouts he dwelt in the *Country*, is, I
‘ fear, a Piece of Knowledge impossible to come at. The
‘ Necessity he lay under of getting a *Wife*, we were
‘ told in the *Line* before; it was the Vexation which
‘ the *Rats and Mice* gave him: *Ergo*, he wanted a
‘ *Wife* to drive away the *Rats and Mice*. This is, in-
‘ deed, a very odd Reason; and yet, perhaps, as good an
‘ one as many marry for even now-a-days; and we may
‘ guess his going to *London* rather than any other Place,
‘ was, because he imagin'd *Women* in a great *City* might
‘ be cunninger and better-skilled in making *Mouse-Traps*
‘ than silly *Country Girls*. — But, now, here's a *va-*
‘ *rious Reading*, which is a Bone of Contention amongst
‘ the *Learned*, for several *MANUSCRIPTS* give the
‘ above *Line* thus, *I was forc'd to go to London to buy*
‘ *me a Wife*: And Numbers of *Commentators, Criticks,*
‘ &c. insist that this is the true and genuine *Text*, and
‘ that *get* instead of *buy* is a scandalous Corruption will-
‘ fully and wickedly introduced in Prejudice to *Woman-*
‘ *kind*: And they even charge the *Fact* on some *Fortune-*
‘ *Hunters* of a neighbouring Nation. The *Female Cri-*
‘ *ticks* are all of this Opinion, and pretend to prove, that
‘ instead of receiving *Portions with*, Men heretofore
‘ us'd to pay Money for their *Wives*, as an Acknow-
‘ ledgment to their Parents for the Care and Expence of
‘ their Education. They bring likewise a Piece of
‘ Scripture, which says, *Children are great Riches*, and in-
‘ terpret it to serve their own Purpose, as is done too
‘ frequently on many other Occasions. They likewise
‘ argue with great Earnestness, that this reasonable Cu-
‘ stom (as they are pleas'd to call it) ought again to be
‘ the general Practice. But, notwithstanding all their
‘ Warmth, I must on this Point beg Leave to differ
‘ from them; for I can't find such a *Custom* ever was
‘ VOL. I. D establish'd

‘ establish’d in this *Island*, nor do I believe it ever will,
 ‘ unless *Wives* would be contented to feed on *Mice* of
 ‘ their own catching, and cloath themselves with the
 ‘ *Skins*. I must therefore insist upon the *Authentickness*
 ‘ of the Word *get*, nor can I see any Damage the *Wo-*
 ‘ *men* suffer by it; for was there even an *Act* of *Par-*
 ‘ *liament* that no Man should marry unless he’d *buy a*
 ‘ *Wife*, the Consequence would be so terrible, that in
 ‘ one Year’s Time, I make no Doubt, the whole Sex
 ‘ would join in a Petition to have such an *Act* repealed.
 ‘ OUR *Author* judiciously passes over the *Courtship*,
 ‘ the *Wedding*, &c. which would have furnish’d out a
 ‘ Volume to some Writers, and hastens on to shew the
 ‘ Difficulties he met with immediately after Marriage.

The Streets were so wide, and the Lanes were so
 (narrow,
 I was fain to bring my Wife home in a Wheel-
 (barrow.

‘ THIS Passage is not so clear as I could wish : We
 ‘ may learn from it, however, that *Streets* and *Lanes*
 ‘ were in those Days just as they are at present ; but I
 ‘ can’t conceive the Reason (for it seems to be made a
 ‘ Reason) why therefore he was obliged to bring his
 ‘ *Wife* home in the above Manner. Yet this may put
 ‘ an End to the long Dispute about the greater Antiquity
 ‘ of *Wheel-barrows* and *Coaches*, in Favour of the for-
 ‘ mer, for what Man alive would carry his *Bride* home
 ‘ in a *Wheel-barrow*, if there was any *Coach* to put her
 ‘ in ? Ergo, *Wheel-barrows* were before *Coaches*.

The Wheel-barrow broke, and my Wife had a Fall :
 So,—the Devil take Wheel-barrow, Wife and all.

‘ WE may here learn the Instability of mortal Things.
 ‘ Though we set out with the fairest Hopes imaginable,
 ‘ Accidents one upon the Neck of another oftentimes in-
 ‘ tervene, and make that our Misfortune, which we pur-
 ‘ sued as our greatest Happiness ! Such are the Terms of
 ‘ Living ! We therefore ought to fortify the Mind to
 ‘ bear them with Resignation.

W H E.

‘ WHETHER the Heaviness of the *Wife*, the Ruggedness of the Way, the Oldness of the *Wheel-barrow*, or all these together, occasion’d it to break, I am unable to determine: But break it did, that’s certain: and probably Mrs. *Bride* was thrown into the Dirt in all her gay *Apparel*, which put the Husband in such a Passion as made him wish both *her* and the *Wheel-barrow* at the *Devil*. This *Wish* (as I said before) some Commentators bring to prove the *Author* was a marry’d Man; for, say they, he writes in the true Spirit of an Husband, and certainly felt the Vexation he represents. Nay, some pretend to maintain, no single Man could curse a *Wife* so heartily. But, leaving these Conjectures, I must take Notice of this Phrase, [and all.] which is so beautifully added, and shews sufficiently the Learning of our *Author*; for herein he plainly imitates that great Master OVID, who abounds every where with these *Pleonasias*, or Redundances of Expression; whereof I could give a Thousand Instances, though one may serve at present, viz. *Omnia Pontus erant, deerant quoque Littora Ponto*. It likewise proves his understanding the *French Language*; for was a Man to wish his *Wife* and her *Equipage* at the *Devil* in that Tongue, and had a Mind still to enforce his *Wish*, could he do it better than by the Phrase *Et tous les deux*? though indeed the Meaning of our *Author* has a double Strength by using only half the Words; which, (by the Way) is generally the Difference between the *French* and *English Language*.

‘ NOW having gone through my Observations, I will not conceal, that some *Writers* believe this *Poem* to be merely *allegorical*: For, say they, it evidently means, that when a Man finds some little Inconveniences by living single, such as *careless*, *unruly*, or *wasteful Servants*, implied by *Rats* and *Mice*, and seeks a *Wife* to set his Affairs in Order: Immediately a Thousand unforeseen Difficulties arise from the *Contrariety of their Tempers*, signify’d by *wide Streets* and *narrow Lanes*; and he is forc’d to make Use of a *Wheel-barrow*, whereby they represent *Conjugal Affection*; till, at last, that *breaking*, or being quite destroy’d by frequent *Quarrels*, the *Wife* gets a *Fall*,

‘ or loses all her Power, and becomes hated, and then *he*
 ‘ *wishes her, and every Thing about him, at the Devil.*

‘ I AM well aware, my *cotemporary Criticks* will
 ‘ cavil at this *Essay*, and be very angry that I depart
 ‘ from their establish’d Method of Reading in order only
 ‘ to find Fault. I expect they’ll fall upon me without
 ‘ Mercy; but no Fear of them shall ever deter me from
 ‘ giving *Praise* where I believe it due, or make me sa-
 ‘ crifice the *Reputation* of any *Author* to *Envy* and *Ill-*
 ‘ *Nature.*

I am, S I R,

Yours, &c.

ARISTOTLE.



—— *Solare inopem, & succurre relictæ.*

Virg.

To comfort the Poor, and succour the Widow.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

‘ I HAVE read with Pleasure all your Papers, and
 ‘ think they set the Affairs of Life in so true a
 ‘ Light, that I am going to acquaint you with my present
 ‘ odd Condition——I came into the World in those
 ‘ gay Days when nothing but Joy and Mirth went
 ‘ round, which was about the Year 1661; and by my
 ‘ Writing now, you find I have lived ever since. My
 ‘ Father, who was a Man of a considerable Family in
 ‘ S——shire, marry’d me, about Twenty, to a Gentle-
 ‘ man of a moderate Estate, in a neighbouring County,
 ‘ and gave me a Fortune suitable. I was soon the happy
 ‘ Mother of an hopeful Son; who for several Years paid
 ‘ me the Duty that is owing to a Parent: But for some
 ‘ Time past, growing perhaps wiser as his Days are
 ‘ more numerous, he has look’d upon me as one that
 ‘ cheats him yearly of one Part of his Estate, and con-
 ‘ siders the little Jointure that supports me in the Necessi-
 ‘ ties

• faries of Life, as a defrauding him of the Superfluities
 • of it. Which has so abated his usual filial Affection for
 • me, that his constant Phrase now is upon all Occa-
 • sions, *he wonders what I mean by living.* ———— *Good*
 • Sir, I desire to know, whether I am in Conscience
 • obliged to die, and leave this *dear World* and all my
 • *Quadrille* Friends behind me at Sixty-Eight, for the
 • Sake of my Boy, who is now almost Fifty; or whe-
 • ther I may justify Breathing Twenty Years longer.
 • ———— Your Opinion in this Affair will be esteemed
 • a Favour, by one of

Your most humble Servants,

ARABELLA HATCHET.

THOUGH this *good Lady* relates her Misfortune with a Kind of Pleasantry, it is most certainly an Evil that deserves to be consider'd in a serious Manner.

THE Care and Tenderneſs of a *Parent*, for a *Child*, in the State of *Infancy*, when it is unable to support or help *itself*, lays it under an *Obligation of the highest Nature*, which ought to be discharg'd through its whole Course of Life, by a sincere Return of *Duty, Respect, and Love*. Was there no Consideration of the Ties of Blood, common *Gratitude* would exact this, whose eternal *Maxim* is, *that the Acknowledgment should be in Proportion to the Benefit and the Intention of the Bestower.*

——— But what Benefit can be equal to that of assisting us when we are intirely destitute, and must unavoidably perish without such Support? And can any Intention of the Mind be more evidently for our good, than that which proves itself by such repeated Acts of Kindness, by its Fondness, by its Careſſes, by its Fears; in a Word, by its continual Solitude for our Happiness, which it so plainly makes essential to its own? — These Reflections one would apprehend sufficient to keep up *filial Piety*, and that it would be impossible to find a *Wretch* so deprav'd, so lost to Reason, and every Sense of Goodness, as to forget these *Obligations*; much less, to despise or injure the Person to whom he owes them. But the Age is so corrupted, that I am afraid Mrs. Hatchet's Case is

but too common, and that there are very many, whose Children wish their Deaths, and grudge the common Conveniencies of Life to those by whose Means themselves enjoy every Thing. — As it is the *Will* that makes the *Guilt*, a *Wish* like this is little less than *Paricide*: a Crime of such an horrid Nature, so inconsistent with Humanity, that it was a long Time e'er the *Roman People* made a Law against it, believing it never could be perpetrated: 'till a cruel Instance convinc'd them, that such a Wickedness indeed was possible. — We are told, (though it is scarcely credible) that somewhere in the *Eastern Part of the World*, it is the Custom of a certain *Nation* to destroy their *Parents* when they reach an allotted Age, with much Feasting and great Rejoicing. But was this Story true, these *Barbarians* are much more justifiable than those I am now speaking of: For whatever the *Act* may be, the *Intent* in them is pious, since thereby they design to free them from the Miseries of *Old Age*; and only take *Life* from them, when they judge it would burden them with a Load of Evils. Whereas our *Savages* with their *Parents* dead, for no other Reason, but that of getting what they have: A *for-did Avarice* which would be ungenerous, base and detestable towards the worst of Enemies; what then shall I say of it towards the best of Friends?

THERE is somewhat sacred and awful, but yet endearing, in the Name of either *Parent*, commanding *Reverence and Affection*. Our great Creator himself is pleased to accept our Addresses to him by the Title of *Father*, to make us mindful that we as *Children* owe him *Thankfulness, Resignation and Obedience*: And our earthly *Parents*, as next to him, they are the Cause of our Existence and well doing, so ought they, next to him, to have our greatest *Respect and Love*.

UNDER the Law of *Moses* this Duty is enforc'd in the strongest Manner possible: A long Continuance of *Life and Happiness* is made the sure Reward of those who observe it, and the Punishment of the Disobedient is very remarkable. Deut. xxi. 18, 19, 20.—If a Man have a stubborn and rebellious Son, which will not obey the Voice of his Father, or the Voice of his Mother.—Then shall his Father and his Mother lay hold of him, and bring him

him out unto the Elders of his City. — And they shall say unto the Elders of his City, this our Son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our Voice. — And all the Men of his City shall stone him with Stones that he die. — It is worth taking Notice, that the Punishment of this Crime is the very same which that Law inflicted for blaspheming even God himself, viz. to be stoned to Death.

BUT to return directly to my Subject. He that can forget all his Obligations to those who gave him Life and brought him up, and infringing all the Laws of God, of Nature, and of Reason, instead of cherishing, supporting, and doing every Thing in his Power to testify his *Thankfulness and Affection*, can be so strangely vile as to think *they live too long*, is a Wretch not to be tied down by any *Principles of Morality*, and therefore ought to be driven out from amongst Mankind. — To wish a *Parent's Death*, in the most secret Recesses of the Soul, upon any Account whatsoever, is a surprising Degree of Wickedness: But publickly to talk of, and openly avow it, merely for the Sake of *Lucre*, proves a Man intirely lost to every Sense of *Shame, Humanity, and Goodness*. — Can a Creature be call'd a *Gentleman*, or be suppos'd qualify'd for the *Acts of Friendship*, or the common *Converse and Dealings* among Men, who is capable of such horrid *Baseness and Ingratitude*? No: He is the *Disgrace of Human Nature*, and ought to be the Hate and Scorn of his whole Species.

IF a Person of such a *brutish Disposition* has any Reason left, I would desire him only to suppose himself a Parent, and then imagine how agreeable it would be to find his own Children grudging him the very Bread he eats, and envying him the Air he breathes. This Reflection (as sordid Self-regard is his strongest Principle) is most likely to work upon him: As it happen'd in the following Instance.

' MIRABEL, a Gentleman of 1200*l.* a Year, in a neighbouring County, was left a Widower, about the Age of Thirty-five, with one Son, an only Child, whom I shall call VALENTINE. His Affection for this Boy made him resolve never again to marry. He

bred him up with all imaginable Tendernefs: Kept
 Masters in the Houfe, becaufe he could not bear him
 from his Sight; and gave him an Education fuitable to
 his Expectations. The Father's Fondnefs increas'd with
 the Son's Years; and the only Wifh he had at Heart
 was to make him rich and happy. — About the Age
 of Twenty-two, either Love or Ambition made
 VALENTINE fix his Eyes upon the Daughter of a
 noble Family, with a Fortune answerable. And now
 MIRABEL was the moft uneasy Man alive left his Son
 fhould be difappointed. He negotiated the whole Af-
 fair: He feem'd himfelf the Lover; and with the ut-
 moft Readinefs gave up his whole Eftate to VALEN-
 TINE, referving for himfelf only a scanty Mainte-
 nance. — The Son was marry'd according to his
 Wifh, and the Father became a Lodger in the Houfe
 which had been his own. For the two or three firft
 Years, MIRABEL was treated by his Son and Daugh-
 ter with all poffible Marks of Affection and Refpect;
 but, by Degrees, the Lady began to think him an In-
 cumbrance; the Smoke of his Tobacco became un-
 fufferable, he was always fputting about her Parlour,
 dirtying her clean Rooms, mifbehaving to her: In
 fhort, the Husband was continually made uneasy by
 her Complaints againft the Father; infomuch, that at
 laft he contriv'd a civil Way of getting rid of him, in
 fome Meafure, by building an Apartment at fome little
 Diftnce from the Houfe, where MIRABEL might
 fpend his Time as he pleas'd, and only come into the
 Family at Meals. — This Alteration occafion'd MI-
 RABEL feveral fevere Reflections: However, he kept
 them in his own Breaft, fince they could only ferve to
 aggravate the Evil; and the fame paternal Affection
 which had before given all to VALENTINE, made
 him fubmit to this Unkindnefs, without once upbraid-
 ing him, or fhewing any vifible Difcontent. — Work-
 men were employ'd, and the Building almoft finifh'd,
 when VALENTINE going one Morning to give fome
 needful Directions, his little Boy about four Years old,
 ran after him, enquiring what that new Houfe was
 for. — *My Dear*, fays VALENTINE, *it's for your*
Grandpapa to live in. — *And why*, replies the Child,
 ' *muft*

‘ must he not live with us, as he us’d to do, in the great
 ‘ House yonder?—Because, says VALENTINE, he is
 ‘ now an old Man, and smoakes a great deal, and the
 ‘ Smell of the Tobacco is Troublesome to other People.—
 ‘ Well then, Papa, cries the smiling Innocent very
 ‘ earnestly, when I’m a Man, and you’re grown old and
 ‘ troublesome, I’m resolv’d I’ll build a little House for
 ‘ you to smoke in.—This unexpected Speech, like a
 ‘ Voice from Heaven, waked VALENTINE to Reflec-
 ‘ tion: He even wept with Shame and Confusion, and
 ‘ embrac’d his pretty Instructor with more than usual
 ‘ Fondness.—The first Thing he did, was, to seek his
 ‘ Father, and with sincere Contrition beg Pardon for his
 ‘ Ingratitude; then he commanded the Building to be
 ‘ pull’d down; and going afterwards to his Wife, told
 ‘ her the whole Story, intreating her to regulate her
 ‘ own Conduct, for he was now fully determin’d, no
 ‘ Consideration in the World should ever induce him to
 ‘ turn his Father out of Doors.

I chuse here to insert the following Epistle, because
 the foregoing Reflections may be a proper Answer.

Mr. SPECTATOR.

‘ I AM just Sixteen. My Grandmother dy’d a Year
 ‘ ago, and left me a Fortune, so that I need care for
 ‘ Nobody: And I see no Reason why I should nothave
 ‘ my own Will in every Thing. But I’ve got a queer
 ‘ Sort of a Mother, who is continually contradicting
 ‘ me; and when I object to her Authority, twits me in
 ‘ the Teeth with my excessive Obligations to her, for
 ‘ bearing me, for bringing me into the World, for main-
 ‘ taining me; and the Lord knows what besides. T’other
 ‘ Day she teased me to such a Degree, that I had no
 ‘ more Patience: So plucking up a Spirit, I plainly told
 ‘ her, that she got me for her Pleasure, brought me
 ‘ forth for her Ease, and had maintain’d me for her own
 ‘ Credit, and I did not think myself at all beholding to
 ‘ her.

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‘ P R A Y, Sir, publish this, for the Reproof of those
 ‘ Parents that insult their Children in this preposterous
 ‘ Manner, and you will highly oblige

Your Humble Servant,

GIDDY FLIRT.



	————— <i>Sapientia prima</i> —————	
<i>Stultitia casuisse</i> —————		HOR. EPIST.
<i>Free from Folly, we to Wisdom rise.</i>		Francis.

From my House in the Minorities.

‘ I THINK I need make no Apology for inserting
 ‘ the following Letter, since the Subject of it is
 ‘ a Folly with which Mankind are but too often in-
 ‘ fested.

To Henry Stonecastle, Esq;

S I R,

‘ I AM a Person in Business in the City ; and having
 ‘ had the Happiness of a liberal Education, I make
 ‘ it my chief Amusement to go of an Evening, when
 ‘ the Affairs of the Day are over, to a neighbouring
 ‘ Coffee-House, where there meets a Set of very polite,
 ‘ as well as eminent Traders. They are all Men who
 ‘ have some Taste of Letters, and have been besides most
 ‘ of them abroad ; so that their Conversation appears (to
 ‘ me at least) equally diverting and improving : For
 ‘ which Reason I generally spend some Hours with
 ‘ them every Night, in a Manner as agreeable as I can
 ‘ wish. But our Tranquillity has been of late disturb’d
 ‘ by a certain elderly Gentleman, who breaks in upon
 ‘ us, for no other Reason, but because he has taken it into
 ‘ his Head, that we are (as he phrases it) People of some
 ‘ Understanding. He is reputed worth an hundred thou-
 ‘ sand Pounds, which hinders him from having one true
 ‘ Friend

Friend that will acquaint him with his Failing, and
 that tedious Stories in Company are but tiresome, in-
 stead of being entertaining. He resided, it seems, in
 his Youth, for some Years in the *English* Factory at
Aleppo; from whence, in Company with some other
 Merchants, he made (what he calls) an Excursion into
 the remoter Parts of the Country; an Account of
 which, that usually takes up two Hours, he gives us
 constantly whenever he comes. In it he always dwells
 on the most trivial Accidents imaginable; such as the
 Lameness of a Camel, the Death of a Servant, or his
 own catching Cold; while, for the more material
 Passages, he either hurries them over, or totally omits
 them. As soon as he has finish'd this Relation, instead
 of giving any body else Leave to speak in their Turn,
 he proceeds immediately to acquaint us with his Do-
 mestick Concerns. He entertains us with the various
 Symptoms which attended his Daughter in her
 late Illness; and what different Opinions they created
 in her Physician, her Apothecary, and her Nurse.
 He goes on next to tell us what bad Luck he has in
 Horse-Flesh; and then declares, that for such and such
 Reasons, that he believes himself the most unhappy
 Man living in Servants. During the last Quarter of
 an Hour, he interrupts himself at least ten Times, in
 looking up at the Clock, enquiring of the Master of
 the House if it goes right, and wondering, since it is
 so near Eight, *John* does not bring a Lanthorn, or
 the Chariot. Well, at last he takes his Leave, but sel-
 dom without telling us, that if Supper did not stay for
 him at Home, he would willingly give us more of his
 Company; when in Truth those few who have had
 Patience enough to sit all this while, are well nigh out
 of their Wits already.

IF this Letter can induce you to publish a *Spectator*
 on this Head, I don't doubt but it will deliver many
 other select Companies, besides ours, from this Griev-
 ance, and prevail on these long-winded Orators either
 to tell their *Canterbury* Tales only to their Children,
 Servants, or such as depend entirely upon them; or,

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if they cannot forbear them in other Company, to be at least a little more concise in their Narrations.

I am yours, &c.

PHILO.

THO' the Art of pleasing in Conversation be a Thing very difficult to describe, and is yet much harder to be attained, there are, however, some such remarkable Sollecifms in Behaviour, as one would think might be easily observed to render a Person who is guilty of them always disagreeable in Company. Amongst the foremost of these may be reckon'd Prolixity in Discourse: People regard one another as Partners in the Pleasures of Conversation, and will not therefore bear that any single Person should attempt to engross it all to himself. Every one expects to have his Share in the Discourse, and looks on him that speaks more than his Due, as one who encroaches on his Right. From whence, I think, may be drawn this Observation, which generally holds good, That a Man is the better lik'd in Company for being readier to hear than to speak. This Intemperance of Speech is very handsomely expos'd in *Theophrastus's Ethick Characters*; that Author having, with his usual Vivacity and Humour, described such a Person as my Correspondent complains of, concludes thus: 'If you see such a one coming towards you, run for your Life: One had better be visited by a Fever, so painful is it to be fasten'd on by one of this Make, who always takes it for granted, that you have nothing else to do but to give him the Hearing.'

NEXT to this incessant Itch of Talking, there is nothing renders a Man more ridiculous in Conversation, than an insipid Manner of telling a Story. There is an Art, or rather a Knack of doing this, which ought to be born with a Man; and if it is not, can hardly, even by the greatest Industry, be attained. There are very few that are endued with this Faculty, nay, scarce one in an hundred can do it with any tolerable Grace; and yet one cannot fall into any mix'd Company, without ob-

serving,

serving, that almost every body attempts it. But this is
 not all: There are some People, who, in their relating
 of a Story, are so far from embellishing it, that, on the
 contrary, they never fail of rendering the most sprightly
 Thing in the World dull and insipid, by their heavy
 Manner of telling it. Such should always, after
 murdering a Story, make the same Excuse to their
 Hearers, as a certain Vice-Chancellor of *Cambridge* did,
 who had Wit enough to take a Jest, though he could
 never repeat it. 'It happen'd one Day that he met a
 ' Youth in the University, who had a Gown on which
 ' was grown very much too short for him: *How comes*
 ' *it, Sir,* says the Vice-Chancellor, *that you wear so*
 ' *short a Gown?* Sir, says the Lad, *I hope you'll excuse*
 ' *it; for it will be long enough before I get another.*
 ' The Vice-Chancellor was so pleas'd with the Pun, that
 ' he could not forbear smiling to himself as he walk'd. A
 ' Friend of his meeting him, ask'd him what made him
 ' so merry? *I met,* says he, *the archest young Rogue just*
 ' *now, who, on my questioning him for wearing so short*
 ' *a Gown, told me that it would be a great while before*
 ' *he got another.* Pray, Sir, says the Gentleman, *where*
 ' *lies the Wit of that?* Why really, reply'd the Vice-
 ' Chancellor, *whatever it may be now, I am sure it was*
 ' *a very good Jest when I heard it.*

S I R,

' THE following Pieces of Poetry were written by
 ' a young Gentleman who chuses this Method of
 ' exposing them to the Publick, resolving either to pub-
 ' lish or suppress a large Number of the same Kind,
 ' that he has by him, according as these are received
 ' by the World. The first is a Translation of a cele-
 ' brated Ode of *Horace*, of which there are many Ver-
 ' sions already. The second is an Imitation of *Hierony-*
 ' *mus Angerianus*, a *Neapolitan* Poet, who flourish'd
 ' many Years ago, and from whom *Dr. Atterbury* bor-
 ' row'd the two last Lines of his celebrated Epigram on
 ' a Fan.

I am, S I R, yours, &c.

J. C.

The

The RECONCILEMENT: A Dialogue.

Hor. **W**HILE with no Youth more lov'd than I,
*Clasp'd in his Arms you'd fondly toy,
 Not the great Monarch of the East,
 Midst all his Pomp, could be more blest.*

Lyd. *While I alone possess'd your Heart,
 Nor Thracian Chloe claim'd a Part,
 Not with the noblest Roman Dame,
 Would Lydia have chang'd her Name.*

Hor. *Me now 'tis true, that Fair-one sways,
 Who sweetly sings, and softly plays,
 With Joy I'd yield my latest Breath,
 To save the much-lov'd Maid from Death.*

Lyd. *My Bosom lovely Callais warms,
 And he too doats upon my Charms:
 Twice! twice! would Lydia die with Joy,
 To save from Death the blooming Boy.*

Hor. *Say, should my former Flames return,
 And with their wonted Fierceness burn:
 Say, Thracian Chloe dispossess,
 I'd take back Lydia to my Breast.*

Lyd. *Though he's by Nature form'd to please,
 Thon light as Cork, and rough as Seas,
 Yet to thy Arms again I'd fly,
 And with thee live, and with thee die.*

De Seipso & Cœlia:
 Ut movit crines ventoso Cœlia flabro
 Accessore ipsi frigora, flamma mihi:
 Hoc mirum!

With

*With Cælia's Locks, while wanton Zephyrs play,
Pleas'd with the cooling Breeze, the Nymph is gay:
Bar'd by the Winds, her beauteous Neck inspires
My burning Breast with Loves tumultuous Fires.
From the same Cause th' Effects should be the same,
Why then is Cælia cool, and I on Flame?*

C.



*Donec eris felix multos numerabis Amicos :
Nullus ad amissas ibit Amicus Ope.*

*Friends in abundance crowd the rich Man's Door,
But all desert him when they find he's poor.*

From my House in the Minories.

THOUGH all Mankind agree in the Praise of *Friendship*, and the Condemnation of *Ingratitude*, yet sincere *Friendship* and real *Gratitude* are very seldom found. Nothing is sooner forgot than an *Obligation*, or more avoided than a *Friend that wants Assistance*.

WE seem to make a *Traffick of our Services*, and never offer them but where we think we shall be *Gainers*: We pay our Compliments to *Fortune* not to *Merit*, and when *she* spreads her Wings, immediately prepare to follow.

WAS it possible to discern the Hearts of those obsequious *Crowds* that cringe about a *Man in Power*, we should be surpriz'd at the Depravity of human Nature, to find amongst them all, nothing but *Disguise* and *Artifice*, *Hypocrisy* and *Disimulation*, without the least Spark of *Honesty* or *Sincerity*. *INTEREST* is the only Point in View, and at the very Time they are paying servile *Professions* of unlimited *Devotion*, *he* is envied by them *all*, despis'd by *most*, hated by *many*, and belov'd by *none*.

— Though now, his Praise is all their Theme, and his Nod their Law, let him but lose his *Post*, every one of them will fly from him as if he was infected, and nine in ten become his *Enemies*. No Remembrance will be left of any *Favours* receiv'd from him; his *Successor*

in

in Power inherits their Attendance, and becomes immediately the Idol of their Adoration.

WE are grossly mistaken, when we imagine it is for our *Merit*, and to do us *Service*, that People seem so fond of us ;—No : It is wholly owing to their own Expectations from us : and so soon as we have done them all the Good we can, we must not wonder at their forsaking us :—It is well if they don't reproach and injure us. This is the Temper of Mankind, and he's deceiv'd who judges otherwise : We love ourselves preferably to all the World, and nothing is besides regarded but as it suits with this first Principle.

BUT, lest I should be thought too severe, I'll give my *Readers* an Example of the present State of *Gratitude* and *Friendship*.

ROGER SMART, Esq; was descended of an antient Family, and when very young came to the full Possession of 2000 *l.* a Year : He was good-natur'd, liberal, and unsuspecting, fond of being admir'd and prais'd, and consequently open to Flattery and Design. His gentile unthinking Temper leading him through too many Courses of Politeness, there soon became a very great Disorder in his Affairs ; insomuch, that he could no longer appear in Publick secure from Arrests and Duns. The Cringes and Bows of Tradesmen were turn'd into Insults and Reproaches, nor were Locks and Bolts sufficient to exclude the Clamour of his noisy Creditors. He whose rich Liveries and glittering Chariot, whose costly Laces and Embroidery us'd to pain the envious Breast, and draw the Eyes of whole Streets after him, was now look'd upon with Pity or Contempt. No more were his Ears tickled with Compliments and fine Speeches ; he met with Rudeness every where ; and those who had partaken most largely of his extravagant Bounty were the readiest to revile him. Thus miserably circumstanc'd, he was driven almost to Despair, and had but just Courage enough to struggle with his Misfortunes, and scorn that cowardly and impious Gallantry of destroying Life, and affronting the Power who gave it.

UNABLE to sell his Estate, because it was entail'd ; and the yearly Income of it being seiz'd on by his Creditors, he was soon reduc'd to very great Necessity and Distress :

Distress : Every body forsook him : And to complete his Misery, the common Side of a Goal became his Habitation. — Here he found Time in Abundance to reflect on his past unhappy Conduct ; and (having nothing left to save) was making continual Resolutions against Vanity and Extravagance ; but Wisdom came too late, and served now only to encrease his Misery. In a Year or two, however, his chief Creditors being satisfy'd with the Security in their own Hands, and some trifling Debts only remaining to be discharg'd : he flatter'd himself, that amongst those who had shar'd his good Fortune, (was it possible to come at them,) he could collect more than would answer that Purpose, and put an End to his Confinement. Transported with this Imagination, he breathed nothing but the pleasing Hopes of Liberty, and obtained Leave, in the Company of his *Goaler*, to put this promising Scheme in Execution.

HE expected nothing from his own *Relations*, though rich and flourishing ; for long before, he had worn out their little Charity, and receiv'd repeated Slights from each of them : But his other Friends, he made no Doubt, would readily assist him, and he had even drawn a List of Names, and computed how much every one of them would probably bestow on him.

THE first he waited on, was a *Nobleman*, great in Power and Fortune, whose intimate Acquaintance and Friendship he formerly had been honour'd with ; who had always express'd for him the utmost Esteem, and given him innumerable Promises of all the Services in his Power, whenever he should command them. — He found the *Porter* had forgot him, which seemed a little ominous ; but, however, by a Bribe, soon refreshing the *Fellow's* Memory, he obtain'd Leave to stand the foremost among the Crowd that waited in his *Lordship's* Antichamber. — As my Lord pass'd along to his Chariot, Mr. SMART, in the most submissive Manner, whisper'd his unhappy Condition, and begg'd Relief. His *Lordship* with a low Bow, but a very cold Look, told him, he was sorry for his Misfortune, but there was nothing he could do for him at present ; that he was in great Haste to wait upon his Majesty, and must therefore beg his Pardon : — And so pulling up his Chariot.

Chariot-Glass, the Coachman drove away. — The next he apply'd to, was a rich *Clergyman*, a Dignitary of the Church, who had been almost a constant Guest at his Table : but more inclin'd to preach the Duty of Charity to others than practise it himself. From him he only got a Reproof, for his past Extravagance, some Advice about good OEconomy, and a few pious Ejaculations.

THESE Disappointments were very mortifying, but hoping better Success elsewhere, he next proceeded to a famous *Inn of Court*, where he had several Years been himself a Student, and where having abundance of Acquaintance, whom his generous Spirit had laid under great Obligations, he made no Doubt of meeting a kind Reception. — But, alas ! he found that Money was a Commodity few there were troubled with, and those who had it, had likewise a retentive Faculty, and would not part with it ; so that no better Success attended him in this Seat of his Hopes than in other Places. Many he could not gain Admission to, (for the Fear of Duns and Beggars had dispers'd itself in most Staircases, and those who could not possibly avoid him, evidently expressed in their Behaviour an Uneasiness at the Sight of him, and pretended, in order to get rid of him, either to be very busy, or just going abroad : — But from none of them could he obtain so much as Half a Crown.

NOT to recite the many Disappointments he met with in his other Attempts : moneyless and spiritless he returned to the Place of his Captivity, exclaiming against the Ingratitude of Mankind, and their unmeaning Professions of Friendship and Esteem : and without any more Heart to pursue farther his fruitless Project. But the *Goal*er, who had attended him, expecting to be rewarded ; and (as such Fellows have little Compassion) growing abusive, and insulting his Distress, Mr. SMART in order to pacify and soften him to Civility, resolved to make one more Trial ; and by a trusty *Messenger* sent the following Letter to a *Milliner*, who by the Contents you'll find had been much oblig'd to him.

To Mrs. DIANA FRIPPERY.

Dear Dy,

‘ **A**S you can’t be ignorant that my Circumstances are
‘ strangely alter’d, I take the Liberty of desiring
‘ you to favour me with a Guinea. I don’t demand it
‘ as a Debt, nor would mention the 100 *l*. I lent to set
‘ you up, was I not in extreme Necessity. Your immediate Answer, and kind Compliance with this Request,
‘ will be greatly serviceable to

Your Friend and Servant,

ROGER SMART,

THIS Letter was deliver’d to Mrs. *Frippery* gallant-
ing behind her Counter with several *Toupees* ogling her,
and attended by a Number of young *Girls* under the De-
nomination of ‘Prentices: to whom, for a small Gra-
tuity, she was so obliging to teach the Art and Mystery
of working for their Bread. Upon her opening it, she
immediately burst out into a loud Laugh, and exposing
it ungratefully to all the Company, endeavour’d, in an
affected Manner, to divert them with the Story of this
poor unfortunate Gentleman. Then calling for Pen and
Paper, she wrote the following Answer.

Mr. SMART,

‘ **I**AM surpriz’d at your Assurance in sending to me:
‘ As for the 100 *l*. I think it is Amends little enough
‘ for the Scandal I underwent, in suffering you to be in
‘ my Bed-Chamber with Miss *Fanny*—for two Hours
‘ together:—with several Favours of the like Sort. I
‘ confess I have taken your Money, for which you
‘ have had my Goods, and I am sure you can’t complain
‘ that you had not your Pennyworth for your Penny.
‘ As you are so poor, I would have sent the Guinea;
‘ but my Riches at present consist only in Notes of Hand
‘ from

‘ from young Fellows, which I can get Nobody to dis-
 ‘ count. Pray trouble no more,

Yours,

D. F.

THE *Servant Maid* who was order'd to give the Messenger this Letter, having more Compassion and Generosity than her Mistress, and remembering poor *Smart* in his gay Time, when now and then she got a Shilling from him, pull'd a Nutmeg and Silver Grater out of her Pocket, and slipping them into the Fellow's Hand, desired he would give them with her humble Duty to the Gentleman.

Mr. SMART was not more disappointed and chagrin'd at the Mistress's unkind Denial, than surpriz'd and pleas'd with the Present of the Maid; and could not help reflecting, how exceeding strange it was, that among the Multitude of those his Liberality had obliged, this poor Creature only had any Sense of Gratitude.

* * *



*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
 Corpora.*

Ovid. Met.

Of Bodies chang'd into new Forms I sing.

I CAN'T but think the Invention of Masquerades was with a moral Design to insinuate to us, that nothing ought to be valued or esteem'd by an Outside Appearance; for we have in these Assemblies the World painted in Miniature; and as the ingenious Dresses of the Company, on one Hand, are a Satire on the Vanity of valuing ourselves on the Glory of our supposed Ancestors, so on the other, the witty Conversation, (more here than in any other publick Meetings,) shews us the Strength of Genius in the Generality of our People of Figure; for I suppose few frequent the Theatre in the Hay-Market, but who either have, or pretend to have the Power of making one. Beside, these Meetings re-
 move

move a very great Scandal from the Places of Worship, as they are much better adapted for the making of Assignations, and the carrying on Intrigues, than the Churches: which, in Roman Catholick Countries, where Masquerades are not heard of but in one Season of the Year, to the End the Penitents may be furnished with Matter for Confession, all Appointments are made at Mass.

I WAS led, by a Friend's Persuasions, and my own Curiosity, to the last Masquerade, and the Remarks I made gave Birth to the above Reflections, and brought forth the present Paper, which I was delivered of at four in the Morning, after my Return Home; for my Rest being broke, I had no Inclination to Sleep. The first Person my Friend singled out for my Notice, is one of the greatest Rakes in Town; whose Wit is often shewn in breaking Windows; his Humour in pulling down Barbers Poles, or Lamps, and wrenching off Knockers; his Judgment, in his Taste of Wines; his Courage in the caning of Drawers; his Strength, by the emptying six Flasks; and his OEconomy, in being the Bubble of half the Bawds in Town, who impose the stalest Ware upon him, and make him pay the Price of a Mercer's Wife; for he never descends lower: and I am told, never boasted of an Intrigue hitherto with any Lady above a Countess;—but he may not be always thus unfortunate. This Spark was dress'd like a Friar Minor: I was close by him, and heard him accost a Female in a Harlequin Habit, and with much Eloquence, squeak out, *I know you.* The Lady (for I was after told it was the old Countess *Dawbrel*) answer'd with as much Wit, and in the same Tone, *No but you don't, and I am sure you don't: Yes but I do,* reply'd the Gallant, *and will be better acquainted with you: That's as it happens,* said the old Lady, and took to her Heels, flying, no doubt, to be pursu'd; but the Hobble in her Pace, for she has one Leg considerably longer than the other, discover'd her, and robb'd her of the Lover, who no sooner saw her Badger's Flight, but rapp'd out a round Oath, *He knew her too well to desire any farther Acquaintance. I know you,* and *no, but you don't,* I remark'd, was the greater Part of the Conversation; the former, the general Accost; the

the latter almost the constant Answer. As I had no Inclination to Lying, and did not care to be particular in the making Use of any unfashionable Phrase, I was mute for the better Part of the Time; sometimes quite absent from the Diversions, and buried in the Reflections they gave Rise to. I was thus withdrawn to a Bench, and almost lost in Thought, when a brisk Lady rapp'd me on the Shoulder with her Fan, and repeated the following Couplet, which, or something like it, is in *Farquhar's Recruiting Officer*.

*Spleen, thou worst Enemy we Mortals know,
Fly, I conjure thee, at this Magick Blow.*

Then added, *I know you*, I replied, it's more than (I fear'd) she could say of herself. 'Your Dress, said she, (for I had a Fool's Patchwork Coat on, that I might some Way be taken for one of the Company) which is an Antithesis to your Character, first made me guess at you; for, you must know, every one here wears a Habit which speaks him the Reverse of what he is: Whether this is by Chance, or by the Influence of some Planet, I shan't take upon me to determine; though I will make you sensible of it before I leave you, that your Answer has convinced me I am right. And, pray Madam, whom do you take me for? A Spy, reply'd the Lady. I own my Blood ran cold at this Answer: I was told some of the Royal Family were at the Masquerade; and I did not know the Consequence of being mistaken; for I saw an Officer of the Guards in his Regimentals, who was there, it seems, to preserve Order and Decency, looked very hard at me, just before I was accosted by this Female Stranger. This sudden Reflection made me offer to get up, with a Design to find my Friend, tell him the Danger he had expos'd me to, and steal out unobserv'd. But the Lady held me, and said I should be her *Telemachus*, she would be a *Mentor* to me. 'Sit still, continued she, you are in the Pursuit of Folly. but you'll find it like hunting in a Hare-Warren: There is such Variety in this Place, that you'll not be able to single out and run down any one particular. Give me Leave to pin myself upon you

' you for a Deputy. Yon tall Thing in a Shroud coming
' towards us, is a young *Templer*, who has a great deal
' of Wit, but very little Sense; I'll speak to him:
' Ghost! Ghost! The Day draws on, and it's Time you
' were in your Church-yard.'

Ghost. *I'm not confin'd to any Local Hell,
Nor bound t' obey each Wizzard's Magick Spell;
I court the Light, though by the Light undone;
Scorch in its Rays, yet sigh without the Sun.
You see me now a wand'ring Ghost, but wou'd
One fair Enchantress wave her pow'rful Wand,
She'd make me rise substantial Flesh and Blood,
And leave my Shroud upon the Stygian Strand.*

The Ghost left us, and my *Mentor* pointing to a noble
Venetian, said, ' Yon Fellow is a Gentleman of Yester-
' day; the running Footman he is talking to, is a Lord,
' who is making Haste to bring his Descendants to take
' that Dress for Bread: That Bishop is an Atheist, and
' professes himself such, to get the Reputation of a Wit;
' though, by his Success, he might have still pro-
' fessed the Religion he was brought up in. That Spark
' dress'd like an Alderman, is a young Spendthrift,
' who, pinch'd by his Necessities, is become *Pandar* to
' his Wife and Sisters. *Scaramouch* there, is a Statesman;
' he is the only one in the Company makes an Exception
' to my Observation of Dress; for Nobody knows what
' to make of him; and he's as little in Disguise now, as
' when he's seen in his Chariot: Nay, I may say, that
' Liveliness you may remark is natural to him, and his
' every-Day Gravity a Dress of Formality; he shews
' himself at a Masquerade, and every where else wears
' a Vizard. The Quaker you see was one of the *Mo-
bocs* in your Predecessor's Time, and is still a very
' great Bully, though much less afraid of Soul than
' Carcase, excepting in Time of Illness, when he's as
' noted a Penitent, and as earnest in his Prayers to Hea-
' ven, as he's frequent in denying its Providence on Re-
' covery. The Milk-Maid he is talking to, is the
' Standard of all new Fashions; all the well-dress'd
' Ladies copy from, and all the well-dress'd Men make
' Love

' Love to her. She's as proud, as her present Dress is
 ' humble; yet has she a Soul as mean, as the poor
 ' Wretches who wear no other. That Man in Buff, is
 ' a Magistrate; his Dress is, indeed, the Reverse of
 ' that his Post obliges him to, but it has some Affinity
 ' with his Actions; for who sells Justice is a greater
 ' Plunderer than the most licentious Soldier. That *Per-*
 ' *sian* Monarch was a Corn-Cutter; but by the laudable
 ' Profession of Pimping, he got into the Favour of a
 ' *Quondam* great Man, is grown rich, and Nobody
 ' thinks it a Disgrace to be seen in his Company. Mo-
 ' ney ever elbow'd out Contempt, which flies for Refuge
 ' to the Poor and Honest: But I must beg Leave to speak
 ' to this Philosopher who is coming to us. Excuse me,
 ' I must talk to his Understanding.' *I know you, Phi-*
 ' *losopher.* To which the Sage made the Reply of the
 ' Place; and my Tuterefs asked him, *where he was*
going? He did not know. Whom he look'd for? He could
not tell; but he wanted somebody to talk to. Why, what
had he to say to 'em? Nothing. Then stay with us, you'll
be agreeable Company. No, he had Business on the other
Side the Room. ' This Gentleman, *said my Companion,*
 ' was Favourite to his Lady Mother, who would not
 ' let him learn to read, for fear it should hurt his Eyes,
 ' or make his Head ach. He lay with his Nurse till
 ' he was Nineteen, was then sent to be shewn in Fo-
 ' reign Courts, return'd at Twenty-two, set up a fine
 ' Equipage, has run out best Part of his Estate, and
 ' would mortgage the Remainder to have the Liberty of
 ' wearing a Coronet on his Plate and Chariot. The *In-*
 ' *dian* Queen who now dances with a Miller, is a Wi-
 ' dow with three Children almost Women grown, whom
 ' she still keeps in the Nursery, for fear, by their appear-
 ' ing in the World, she should lose the flattering Epithet
 ' of young: Her Estate is considerable, but not suffi-
 ' cient for her Vanity; to feed which, she starves her
 ' Family. There is not a greater Paradox than this
 ' Lady; for she's at the same Time extremely saving, and
 ' vastly lavish. She aims at being what we term Grand,
 ' yet never had the Heart to do a generous Action: will
 ' save a Candle's End, and throw away a hundred Pound
 ' on a Bauble that takes her Fancy. If she's at a Friend's
 ' House

' House for a Month, no Servant ever sees a Penny of
' her Money at leaving it; but let her be one Quarter
' of an Hour with a Caster of Coffee-Grounds, who
' knows her blind Side, and can offer her agreeable In-
' cense, she'll reward like the *Macedonian* Conqueror,
' She who is the richest dress'd next to her, in the Ha-
' bit of a *Roman* Lady, to my Knowledge, pawn'd her
' Watch last Night, to purchase a Ticket and hire
' Cloaths. You may, perhaps, *continued my unknown*
' *Companion*, be curious to learn who I am, and how I
' know so many People: To satisfy in some Measure
' your Curiosity, I will give you a short Account of
' myself. I am neither Prude nor Coquet, very easy in
' my Fortune, above Want, but not abounding; I keep
' the best Company, but am very seldom seen, or con-
' versant with Quality; I am a Friend to Virtue in Rags,
' and pity the vicious; I frequent all publick Places,
' not to copy after, but create a greater Abhorrence of
' Vice; I hate Detraction and Flattery alike, and as I
' gave you the Characters of others without Envy or
' Rancour, so I give you my own without Vanity, since
' you don't know me, nor will, if this Description don't
' inform you.' Saying this, she slipp'd into a Croud,
' and I lost her.

K.



— *Variam semper dant Otia mentem,*

Lucan.

Various are the Inclinations of an idle Life.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

' **A**S you have taken up the Office of *Spectator*, all
' *Indecencies* and *Indecorums* regularly come be-
' fore you; and, therefore, without any farther Ce-
' remony, to you I apply, and from you I expect Re-
' drefs.

VOL. I.

E

I AM

‘ I AM an old Maid, nor do I care who knows it :
 ‘ For I an’t so because I ne’er was ask’d, but purely out
 ‘ of Choice and Inclination. I assure you, several hand-
 ‘ some young Fellows would have made a Wife of me ;
 ‘ but Husbands have such odd Humours, which they ex-
 ‘ pect a body should submit to ; and besides, there’s such
 ‘ a Train of Inconveniencies attends the marry’d State,
 ‘ that I was frighted at the Thoughts of it, as most
 ‘ considerate Women are now-a-days. I’m not com-
 ‘ plaining however against the Men, or Matrimony ; that
 ‘ I leave to the neglected Virgins : But, my present Bu-
 ‘ siness is, to expose your *gigling Girls*, your *forward*
 ‘ *Fruit*, who in all Companies are railing against old
 ‘ Maids, talking of Apes in Hell, and abundance of
 ‘ such-like Trumpery : your *pert Hussies*, that say Wo-
 ‘ men have nothing in the World to do when young but
 ‘ dress, and go abroad, and enjoy the innocent Diver-
 ‘ sions of Life, (as they are pleas’d to call them :) under
 ‘ which Name they include all the fashionable Extrava-
 ‘ gances and Liberties of the Age. Such *Flirts* as in
 ‘ spite of Nature pretend, forsooth, to be witty at our
 ‘ Expence : and then, truly, the *high Stays* were con-
 ‘ triv’d by us to hide our wrinkled Necks, and we, it
 ‘ it seems, brought *short Petticoats* into Fashion, that we
 ‘ might shew the Men our Feet, because we have nothing
 ‘ else left, worth their seeing. — Now, Mr. *Spectator*,
 ‘ I think we ought not to endure this Usage : Age is
 ‘ honourable, and though we don’t join in their *Mid-*
 ‘ *night Gambols*, I hope you won’t suffer us to be in-
 ‘ sulted by those *giddy Creatures*, whose whole Business
 ‘ in Life may be reduced to the Articles of *Dress*, *Visit-*
 ‘ *ing*, *Gaming* and *Impertinence*, without either Thought
 ‘ or Shame. And to prove I don’t talk at Random, I’ll
 ‘ present you with an Account how one of these *pretty*
 ‘ *Things* spent a Day and a Night too, as I had it from
 ‘ her own Mouth.

The DIARY.

Wak’d at Nine.

Dos’d, and consider’d how to spend the Day ’till Ten.

Rose. Read the Play-Bills, and receiv’d a Letter from
 Mr. *Airy*, with a Ticket for the Masquerade To-mor-
 row Night.

Drank

Drank my Tea at Eleven.

Hurry'd to my Toilet, hearing the Clock strike Twelve,
Put on and pull'd off my *French Head* till Two. Quar-
rell'd with *Lettice*, and very much out of Humour
with the Sitting of my Hair.

Chang'd my Mind several Times. — Dress'd charmingly
in my *Dutch Cap*, and pretty well compos'd by Three.
Call'd to Dinner : And *Papa* only being at Home din'd
in my *Disfhabile*.

Lac'd at Five : But presently unlac'd, being too tight :
Spent almost an Hour to adjust a *Patch*. Lac'd again
and easy.

By Eight compleatly dress'd.

At Nine went in a Chair to Lady *Spendthrift's* Assembly.
Lost seventeen Guineas at *Quadrille* by Eleven. Came
home to *Papa*, and got of him ten Pieces, only to go
try my Luck.

Went back again at Twelve.

Quite broke before One.

Borrow'd ten Guineas more of Miss *Spadille*, and lost
them all by Two.

Look'd on till Four : With a firm Belief that if I had
but five Pieces I should break the Table ; but having
only a single Crown, called a Chair, went home, and
got to Bed by Five.

Dream'd I won two hundred Guineas, and lent Lady
Spendthrift an hundred more.

Wak'd at Twelve.

'Rose at one, and found but three Shillings in my Pocket.

' NOW, Sir, such as these are the Creatures which
' ridicule *old Maids*, though their own Behaviour is
' enough to scare a Man from the very Thoughts of
' Marriage : And I verily believe 'tis owing to their
' irregular Doings, that the other Sex are become so
' fond of living Batchelors. — In my Remembrance,
' Girls were educated in quite another Manner : Instead
' of their present *Pertness*, they never were allow'd to
' speak before their Betters, unless they were ask'd a
' Question ; and so far from gadding to *Masquerades*
' and *Opera's*, they seldom left the Nursery till they
' were Twenty-one, and thought themselves happy if

‘ one of us would condescend to visit them. But now,
 ‘ the World’s turn’d upside down ; a *Girl in Hanging*
 ‘ *Sleeves*, pretends to know as much as a marry’d Wo-
 ‘ man formerly, and talks with more Assurance than an
 ‘ *Orange Wench*.——I beg the Favour, therefore, that
 ‘ you’ll reprove those *thoughtless Gossips*, and teach them
 ‘ better Manners ; whereby, amongst great Numbers,
 ‘ you’ll particularly oblige

Your constant Reader,

And Humble Servant,

SARAH SLY.

THE foregoing Epistle naturally leads me into some Reflections on *Female Education*, which, at present, stands in Need of great Amendment ; since, from the Defects therein, evidently rise the many Errors chargeable on *Womankind*.

I NEED not go about to prove that the Soul is of neither Sex, but has a Capacity, in *both*, of equal Improvement and Perfection. Why, then, are the *Girls* neglected, as if they had none at all, or such as are only fit to be employed in Trifles ?——To be *dress’d*, to be *flatter’d*, to be *diverted*, is almost the whole Business of those early Years wherein they ought to be instructed : And then, no Wonder, if ever after they are pleased with *Flattery*, and imagine *Dress* and *Diversion* to be the most important Affairs of Life. The Mind, which is all a Blank at first, soon becomes, hereby, like a School-Boy’s Blotting-Paper, cover’d all over with unmeaning Scrawls or useless Flourishes.

IF Parents wish to match their *Daughters* with Men of Sense, they ought so to qualify them, that such *Husbands* may not be ashamed of them in Company, or weary of them alone.——I don’t mean that *Girls* should be taught the Languages and be made deeply learned, so much is not needful ; but, I would have them understand their Mother Tongue, well enough to speak, and read, and write it perfectly. Their Minds likewise should be
 furnish’d

furnish'd with a general Knowledge of Things, from such Books on every Subject as are most plain and easy : For which Study some Hours of every Day should particularly be set apart. And, withal, they should be directed to transcribe the most remarkable and useful Passages in their Reading, which would be wonderfully advantageous, not only to impress them on the Memory, but, at the same Time, to improve their Writing, make them spell truly, and give them a good Style : In all which my pretty Countrywomen are exceedingly defective. They should also learn Arithmetick sufficient to keep the Accounts and regulate the Expences, of a Family : the Want whereof is oftentimes apparently the fatal Cause of Extravagance and Ruin.

AS the Advice here given is plainly intended for those of easy Fortunes, they will find Time enough to spare for Needle-work, Dancing, Musick, Painting, Company, and every other proper Accomplishment or Amusement : And a *young Lady* thus brought up, will, I dare be confident, not only become much *wiser* and *better*, not only make (without Compare) a more valuable *Wife*, and eligible *Companion*, but will be infinitely happier too, than those possibly can be that are educated in the modern Way. For, hereby, the Mind will soon be stor'd with useful Knowledge, and able to entertain itself with reflecting on its own Ideas, without being oppress'd with Spleen, or obliged to seek Relief from Trifles.

WAS this Method once establish'd, there would soon follow a surprizing Alteration in the Female World. Instead of *idle Tales*, *Scandal*, and *Impertinence*, which now debauch the *Tea Table*, it would constantly be furnished with reasonable Discourses on polite and useful Subjects, the Faculties of the Soul would become enlarg'd by being us'd to think : and to spend an Evening with an ingenious Author would be judg'd an Entertainment preferable to a *Masquerade*, or a *Partie at Quadrille*.

I SHALL only add one Observation, and recommend it to the Consideration of my *fair Readers* ; which is, that however beauteous they may be in Person, adorn'd with every Charm that Womankind can boast, in Form all Angel, — yet, if their Minds are left uncultivated

and over-run with Folly, nothing can preserve their Empire: Enjoyment ends their Reign:——For, no Love can e'er be lasting which is not founded on just Esteem.

LET every Woman, therefore, think she hears the Sentiments of all Mankind express'd in those fine Lines of Mr. Addison.

*'Tis not a Set of Features or Completion,
The Tincture of a Skin that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the Sense.*

CATO.

TO which, asking Pardon for the Presumption, I beg Leave to add,

*But the divine Perfections of the Soul,
Good-Nature, Wisdom, Virtue, bright and pure,
For ever Bloom, unconscious of Decay,
Charm without cloying, in Possession new.*

* *



Vanescitque absens, & novus intrat Amor.

Ovid.

*When Absence doth one Love efface,
Soon does another take its Place.*

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

‘ **L** Abouring at present under very great Difficulties,
‘ I know not whom to apply to for Advice but
‘ you: And upon considering the unhappy Circum-
‘ stances of my perplexed Condition, you'll be fully
‘ sensible, that I have need of more than common Pru-
‘ dence, to extricate me from those Embarrassments in
‘ which a too thoughtless Conduct has involv'd me. But,
‘ without any farther previous Reflection on what is
‘ past,

‘ past, and consequently impossible to be amended, I beg
‘ Leave to lay my Case as it now is before you, and hope
‘ the Favour of your Direction for the Time to come.

‘ MY Age is Twenty-five, and my Business the
‘ Law. A liberal Education improv’d by good Ac-
‘ quaintance, and a considerable Knowledge of the World,
‘ has made me what they call an *agreeable Fellow* :
‘ whereby I am not only welcome among the Men, but
‘ have frequent Access to the *Tea-Tables* of the Fair.
‘ Being naturally of an amorous Disposition, I have
‘ been always fond of *Women’s Company*, but without
‘ any ill Designs upon them : And from my general
‘ Observation of both Sexes, I have gain’d this Advan-
‘ tage, not easily to be prejudic’d by Custom, or led
‘ away by Folly.

‘ ABOUT six Years ago, I became acquainted with
‘ a young Lady, whom I’ll call CLARISSA ; I loved
‘ her ; I visited her continually, and watched every
‘ Opportunity of proving the Greatness of my Affection
‘ for her, though never in a servile Manner. She in
‘ Return, (as far as Modesty would give Leave) express’d
‘ the kindest Acknowledgments : Received me always
‘ with an apparent Satisfaction : Was pleas’d with all I
‘ said or did ; And by a Thousand other endearing
‘ Ways let me see that she preferred me before all Man-
‘ kind. Thus happily we went on, mutually obliging
‘ each other, for about four Years ; in all which Time,
‘ a Week never passed without being in her Company,
‘ or writing to and receiving Letters from her. All
‘ our Acquaintance imagin’d that I intended very soon to
‘ make her my Wife, which probably I had done, but
‘ ——— she had no Fortune : A Circumstance by no
‘ Means agreeable to a Relation whom I lived with and
‘ depended on, nor at all consistent with the State of my
‘ own Affairs.

‘ IT so happen’d, that upon some little Difference
‘ with my CLARISSA, about two Years ago, I waited
‘ on her much seldomer, and indeed thought her less
‘ lovely than before : Though she retain’d the same Re-
‘ gard for me, and was continually sending to desire my
‘ Company. Common Civility obliged me to visit her
‘ sometimes ; but when I did, my Behaviour was re-

‘ serv’d and cold, my inward Pride a long while preventing an hearty Reconcilement with her.

‘ THE Summer before last, while Matters were in this Posture, I went into G——shire, and there met with a young Lady, whose well-accomplish’d Mind, and lovely Person, charmed me exceedingly; her Name BELINDA. After several Visits, I begg’d Leave to pay my Addresses, which she not refusing, I asked her Father’s Consent likewise, and desired to know her Fortune. He and I had several Meetings, and always on his Side appear’d much Artifice and Disguise. At first, he told me, that he would give her much more than (as I found afterwards) was in his Power, and represented every Thing in the fairest and most agreeable Manner possible to tempt me on. All this while I had free Admission to BELINDA, and grew enamour’d of her more and more; for surely no Woman was ever endued with more amiable Qualifications. However, being obliged, by some Affairs I was engaged in, to be sometimes at *London*, and sometimes in the *Country*, I visited by Turns both CLARISSA (with whom I was again reconciled) and BELINDA, neither of them knowing any Thing of the other. But in short, BELINDA’s old Father believing our Hearts were too closely united to get asunder, very gravely told me, there was some Alteration in his Circumstances, and therefore he could give his Daughter but half what he had first propos’d. If I approv’d of this, he desired to know when I design’d to marry her. But finding I would not accept it, he forbid his Daughter thinking of me more. I love her beyond Expression, but what can I do?—Shall I bear to be thus impos’d on? —I never propos’d Marriage to her, but upon a Supposition that her Father would make good his Promises. If I might continue still to visit her, she seems very well contented, but often has declared, that from the Moment I forsake her, she shall be the most wretched Creature breathing: So, here a Scruple of Conscience disturbs my Quiet.

‘ I OWN I love CLARISSA, and think her capable of making me very happy: But then I should entirely disoblige my Friends by marrying one without a For-

‘ tune:

‘ tune : Besides the shocking Consideration of what will
‘ become of BELINDA

‘ SUPPOSE I leave them both, and endeavour to
‘ find out some other agreeable Woman with a Portion
‘ suitable ; That, indeed, would please my Family ;—
‘ but would that be honest ?—I think not. — Thus
‘ strangely am I circumstanc’d ! If I leave CLARISSA.
‘ I’m sure she’ll be miserable ; and if I forsake BELINDA,
‘ she will likewise be unhappy. How to turn myself I
‘ know not, but your Advice shall be punctually ob-
‘ served, by,

S I R, Your constant Reader,

And Humble Servant,

CHARLES FICKLE.

I MUST confess, Mr. FICKLE’s Affairs are in a very whimsical Situation ; and I fear, the best Advice I can give will be of little Service to him ; for all his Disorders seem to rise from a *Rottiness of the Heart*, which is a Distemper I don’t pretend to cure.—Here are two *Ladies*, both which, he says, he *loves extremely*, but of that I’ll leave the World to judge : However, he has gain’d the *Affection* of them *both*, and as *one* can only be his *Wife*, the *other* must consequently be unhappy. This is the best that can happen ; but by what I find, he seems inclinable to marry *neither*, and then, according to his own Confession, both of them must be miserable.——As for CLARISSA, did he not know her Want of Fortune before he had courted her four Years ? ——I suppose he did ; and if so, his objecting to her afterwards upon that Account deserves a Name he will not like to hear : But, if not, which is scarcely possible, his Case is not much the better ; for it was his Business to make all proper Enquiries long before that Time, and such Omission will in no wise justify his forsaking her. —— But should he have Excuses ready for all this, can he find any for addressing them *both* at the same Time, *one* in *London*, and the *other* in the *Country*, as
E 5 he

he did by his own Acknowledgment? — Could he then be sincere to *both*, or *either*? — And is such a Conduct reconcileable with what he says at the Beginning of his Letter, that he never had any *ill Designs* upon the *Women*? unless he'll pretend that basely to abuse their Confidence in him is not an ill Design. — I will not vindicate BELINDA's Father: His Behaviour is ungenerous and vile: But for Mr. FICKLE to complain against him, is like a *Pick-Pocket* reproaching an *Highwayman* for the Want of Honesty. — Upon the Whole, though I think him little worth contending for, CLARISSA undoubtedly has the fairest Right to him: For he was engaged to her, and therefore not at his own Disposal, long before he knew BELINDA: Besides, the Knavery of BELINDA's Father gives him an Opportunity of quitting her with much less Dishonour. — I pity both the Ladies, and wish I could bring them over to my Opinion, which is, that she will be much the happiest Woman who has least to do with him, for a *faithless Lover* seldom makes a *faithful Husband*.

HAVING, in a former Paper, made some Attempts towards introducing *Sincerity in Courtship*, and improving the Happiness of the *marry'd State*; I shall here, as my Subject leads me, add a few Words in Behalf of my *fair Readers*, in whose Cause I have before inlisted myself a Champion.

NO *Man*, certainly ought to make his Pretensions to a *Lady*, till he is fully satisfied that her *Person*, her *Temper*, and her *Fortune*, are perfectly agreeable to his *own Circumstances* and *Way of Thinking*: For, without such previous Knowledge, he undertakes at Random the *most important Affair of Life*, and then no Wonder if he involves himself in Difficulty and Uneasiness. *Love* (whatever some may think of it) is not a Passion to be sported with, nor the Affection of a *Lady* to be attempted, till a *Man* is well assured that *his own* is founded on a lasting Principle. — All imaginable Caution is necessary and adviseable beforehand; but after his Professions of Regard, his Services, his Solicitations have won the Heart and made him dear to her, *Reason*, *Honour*, *Justice*, all oblige him to make good his Engagements, and be careful of her Peace. Then there is no retreating, nor can any
Thing

Thing but her *Loss of Virtue* justify his leaving her. And whether or no he has really promis'd *Marriage* makes very little Difference: For surely, if he has courted her Affection, and gain'd it too, upon the reasonable Supposition that he intended making her his Wife, the *Contract*, in the Sight of Heaven, is of equal Force.

HE who basely imposes upon the honest Heart of an unsuspecting *Girl*, and after winning her Affection and Esteem by the soft and prevailing Rhetorick of *Courtship* and *Persuasion*, can ungenerously leave her to Sorrow and Complaining, is more detestable than a *common Robber*, in the same Proportion, as private Treachery is more villainous than open Force, and Money of less Concern than Happiness.

I SHALL end this Discourse with a *Quotation* from the MARCHIONESS DE LAMBERT's *Advice to her Son and Daughter*, a Book lately translated. 'The
' greatest Part of Mankind, *says she*, believe they owe
' neither Probity nor Fidelity to our Sex: It looks as
' if it was permitted to deceive us without Blemish to
' their Glory. — He that will be impartial enough to
' examine the Motives of such a Conduct, will find
' them very shameful. — They are faithful to one
' another, because they know they must make Satisfaction if otherwise; but they impose on the Women
' basely, and without Remorse. Their Probity therefore is only forc'd: It is more the Effect of Fear than
' the Love of Justice. — Moreover, those who
' make a Trade of Gallantry, are generally Persons of
' bad Characters: Who have contracted ill Habits: Corrupted their Morals: Banished the Love of Truth,
' and accusom'd themselves to regard neither Words nor
' Oaths. — How vile the Traffick! where the least
' Crime is to seduce Women from their Duty, to dishonour some, to drive others to Despair, and where often a certain Misfortune is all the Recompence of a
' constant and sincere Attachment.

* * *



*Why must strong Youths unmarried pine away?
 They find no Woman disengag'd ——— from Play.
 Why pine the Married? ——— O severer Fate!
 They find from Play no disengag'd ——— Estate.*
 Universal Passion.

From my House in the Minorities.

NO Creature is so much a Paradox, so inconsistent with itself as *Man*: his Conduct and his Reason are for ever Contradictory, he acts in Opposition to Knowledge and Conviction, and almost every Word he says is a Condemnation of himself.

HE continually is complaining of the Shortness of human Life, how unequal it is to the Business to be performed; and yet, at the same Time, squanders it away as if he was to live a thousand Years, and had nothing at all to do. — How little of it is employed to any useful Purposes, either in the Improvement of his own Mind, or for the Benefit of his Fellow-Creatures? And how much is either wholly lost in Idleness, or spent in such a Manner as must be the sure Occasion of Shame, Anxiety, and Repentance?

NOT how to use, but to get rid of Time, seems to be our chiefest Study: And when the *Soul*, which is an active Principle, calls loudly for Employment, and will not be at Quiet, we seek by mean and trifling Diversions to amuse and still its Clamour, instead of directing its Application to what alone deserves it, *the Discovery of Truth, and the Amendment of human Nature.*

HOW many are there whose Lives are wholly wasted in sauntering from Place to Place, from Diversion to Diversion, *stretching, yawning, and uneasy, sick of Pleasure, and disqualify'd for Business*, to whom a *Soul* is useless, and in whom the Power of thinking seems a Punishment and not a Blessing.

BUT

BUT the present Discourse is intended for a Kind of People who are far from being idle, though perhaps they had better be so : Such as make a Business of what they call Diversion, and are indefatigable in the Ways of Destruction ; who don't neglect but murder *Time*, and sacrifice their Peace and Reason to the *insatiable Lust of Gaming*. ——— In short, I should ill discharge the Office I have assumed, should I not reprove this *reigning Vice*, which has spread itself to such a Degree, and particularly among the *Women*, that not the *Court* only and the whole *City* is infected by it, but it has stretch'd its Mischief even to my Neighbourhood in the *Minories*. — The *Butcher* I deal with, was the other Day complaining, that his *Dame* would ruin him, at *that devilish new Game*, as he call'd it : And the poor Fellow who mends my Shoes, was last Week sent to Prison, because his Wife had lost the Money he laid by to pay the Year's Rent of his Stall, at *Quadrille*, with Mrs. *Crab* the Oyster-Woman.

THE *Love of Gaming* is not only pernicious in its Consequence, but abominable in its Principle : which is a sordid and greedy Desire of what belongs to others. It soon corrupts and spoils whatever Breast it enters, destroying every Regard for *Justice, Honour, Humanity, and Truth* : and in their Stead supplying it with *Craft, Dissimulation, craving Solitude and Envy*. — Many of my *fair Readers* who might otherwise be themselves the happiest People in the World, and make all they have to do with happy, are by this Vice depriv'd of all the Joys of Life, and spread Destruction round them. Their *Husbands, Children, Quiet, Health, Fame, Beauty, Fortune*, all are sacrificed to this bewitching Passion ; and like those habituated to strong Liquors, they will still go on, though certain Ruin stares them in the Face.

IT is unaccountable how this Madness has in a few Years overspread the Kingdom, and with what surprising Eagerness *Women of all Ages and Conditions* indulge the growing Evil. All other Amusements are given up for this ; even *Scandal* and *Invective* seem insipid, and the *Tea-Table* is almost banish'd, because it interrupts their Play. The very Time of taking natu-
ral

ral Refreshment they think mispent and lost, and forget that Night was made for Rest. — As the *ingenious Author* says, from whom I take my Motto ;

———— *The Fair long Vigils keep ;
They sleep no more ! — Quadrille has murder'd Sleep.*

I SHALL be answer'd that a *Game at Cards* is a very innocent Diversion ; and so, perhaps, it is, abstracted from its Consequences : But, whenever People play for more than their Circumstances can well afford to lose ; for more than they can lose with Patience ; or spend Time that Way, which ought otherwise to be employed, it becomes a Vice, and brings on innumerable Mischiefs. And whatever those may pretend whose large Fortunes raise them above the Necessity of continually inspecting their Family Affairs, People of lower Rank, by having their Minds diverted from the Education of their Children, and the Direction of their Servants, lay the Foundation of Irregularity and Ruin. — Without Economy no Family can be happy ; and there must be little of that, where the Mistress is continually engaged at Play, and thinks of nothing else.

WHAT mean and wretched Stratagems do many *Women of Birth and Figure* continually submit to practise, for the Support of this darling Vice ! — Their *Families* are neglected, their *Tradesmen's* Bills unpaid, their Jewels pawn'd upon the most exorbitant Terms, or sold for half their Worth : Nay, so shameless have some been made, so debas'd by this sordid Passion, as to borrow even from their own *Servants*. — And where must all this end ? — Why, the *Tradesman*, who finds his Money will not soon be got, helps himself by double Prices, and in a little Time grows clamorous and impatient : For want of Inspection the *Family Affairs* are all in Confusion and Disorder : The *Servants* become insolent and ungovernable ; and thus Things grow worse and worse, till the *Husband*, who is kept ignorant as long as possible, finds himself undone before he is aware of it.

THIS, I must own, is a reasonable Cause why our *Batchelors* should be afraid of marrying, and therefore I affectionately advise all my *Fair Readers* who have no
extra-

extraordinary Inclination to become *old Maids*, immediately to leave off this pernicious Practice, which occasions so many Inconveniencies in whatsoever State of Life.

HOW ridiculous is it for reasonable Creatures to spend their Lives in cutting and shuffling a Pack of Cards: To neglect the Pleasures and Advantages of Conversation, and despise all Company but such as is void of all Merit, except that of desiring to prey upon them. It is, methinks, an odd Society, where *all* are wishing and endeavouring, by every Means possible, to *deceive, and cheat, and rob each other.*

BUT what is most unhappy, this Mischief seems to be intailed upon us: For our *Girls* of 10 or 12 Years old, are as fond of it as their Mothers and their Grandmothers; whereby their *young Minds* are early practis'd in those mean Arts which the base Desire of Gain inspires: All generous and honest Sentiments are destroy'd: Avarice sways the Soul, and they become Sharpers e'er they are old enough for Husbands:—And then, let any one consider how great the Hazard is to venture on them.

IN my Paper, (No. III.) I gave an Example of the melancholy Effects of Gaming; and the following Picture, is drawn with so much Force and Spirit, as makes it well worth the Attention of all those who are infected by this epidemical Distemper.

*O Scene of Horror, and of wild Despair!
Why is the rich Atrides' splendid Heir
Constrain'd to quit his antient lordly Seat,
And hide his Glories in a mean Retreat?—
Why that drawn Sword?—and whence that dismal
Cry?—
Why pale Distraction thro' the Family?
See my Lord threaten, and my Lady weep,
And trembling Servants from the Tempest creep.
Why that gay Son to distant Regions sent?
What Fiends that Daughter's destin'd Match prevent?
Why the whole House in sudden Ruin laid?
O nothing, but last Night—my Lady play'd.
Universal Passion.*

THESE

THESE Reflections, if the *Fair Ones* can yet spare Time from *Quadrille* to read my Paper, may, I hope, incline them to use that Reason Heaven has given them, to a nobler Purpose, than that of sporting with their own Destruction. — If they would be happy, if they would be esteem'd and lov'd, let them avoid a *Vice* which will tarnish and destroy their Charms both of Body and Mind. For the best Temper in the World by the eager Desire of Gain, and the continual Agitation of Hope and Fear, will grow uneasy, morose, and passionate: And the Features become craving, fierce, and disagreeable. — I myself have seen a *Set of Beauties* divested of all their Charms, and in half an Hour, transformed into *Furies*; their Eyes starting with Rage and Anger, their Cheeks glowing, and every Muscle swelling and distorted in such a Manner, as would not easily be compos'd. — When this happens often, it not only destroys Health, and spoils the Temper, but the ruffled Features remain fix'd, settled, and immoveable, in this furious and frightful Posture, and lose every Trace that is soft, serene, and placid. — I leave this to the Consideration of my *Fair Readers*: only adding, that when a Woman loses both Beauty and good Nature, she has nothing left wherewith to please.

I SHALL conclude this Subject with a few more Lines from the *Author* before quoted.

*The Love of Gaming is the worst of Ills :
With ceaseless Storms the blacken'd Soul it fills ;
Inveighs at Heav'n, neglects the Ties of Blood ;
Destroys the Power and Will of doing Good :
Kills Health, pawns Honour, plunges in Disgrace,
And,—what is still more dreadful—spoils your
Face.*



Ex tota rerum natura damnosissimum mare est; tot modis, tot mensis, tot piscium Saporibus, quibus pretia capientium periculo sunt.

Plin. Hist. Nat.

All Nature does not produce any thing so expensive as the Sea, considering at how many Tables Fish are serv'd up, their Variety of Sauces, and the different Ways of dressing them.

From my House in the Minories.

CALIGULA never suffer'd any Thing at his Table but what was procured with the utmost Difficulty and Expencc: Therefore when he was at the greatest Distance from the Sea, he always made Lenten Feasts.

The same ill Taste prevailing among the *English* Quality, no Doubt, gave Rise to the trite Proverb, *far fetch'd and dear bought, is Food for Ladies*. To us the familiar Practice of esteeming Things by the Length of Time required, and the Hazards run to import them, and not by their intrinsick Value, has made our Wonder cease: But were a Man of good Sense (a Stranger to this common Vanity) to see a Person pay 50 Guineas for as many *Indian* Birds Nests, dissolv'd in a Soop not sufficient to satisfy the Appetite of a hungry Peasant, and know the same Person had 50 Duns at his Levee every Morning, who, while he threw away their Substance, were wanting necessary Support for their Families: would he not deem such a one more criminal than the poor half-starv'd Wretch, who, by endeavouring to prolong a miserable Life, is deprived of it by the Sentence of the Law, which gives him up to the Executioner, to be suspended as unworthy of either Heaven or Earth? But the most favourable Sentence he could pass on such a thoughtless and unjust Procedure, must be Confinement and a dark Room, till the Offender had recover'd the Use of his Reason; and the investing his Estate, till he was himself capable of acting, in the Hands of Trustees, for the Preservation of his Family, and the doing Justice to his

his Creditors. How much below the Dignity of a reasonable Being does he act, who studies nothing but the gratifying his Palate? Who ransacks Earth and Sea to please his Taste, lavishes his Estate to have the Reputation of keeping an elegant Table; not only swallows his own Fortune, but the Fortunes of his Creditors? By his Delicacies brings his Children to the Want of Necessaries, as the *English* Proverb says, *to leap at a Crust*; and thus by his Luxury, entails Want and Misery on his Posterity?

EPICURUS, who never admitted any Thing at his Table but when it was first in Season, or brought from some other Clime; who had no Relish for *Pease* which did not cost a Guinea a Plate; was sick at the Sight of a *Mackerel* under five Half-Crowns; could not taste any but *Virgin Pullets*; has sent 150 Miles for a Dish of *fresh Sturgeon*, and whose Gard'ner has rode Post 120 with a Couple of *Cucumbers*; lives now three Parts of the Year on *Sheeps Hearts*, and the *Refuse* of the Markets. EPICURUS was not so vain of his fine Equipage, as of his elegant Taste, and his great Skill in knowing the critical Seasons for all Viands; and he was as much overjoyed at an Opportunity of speaking on this Topick, as *Archimedes* was at the finding out the Hydrostatick Balance; nay, the Wretchedness of his Condition has not yet had Strength to banish this Vanity, and he comforts himself in the Want of every Thing, with the Reflection, that no body understands good Eating better, or kept a more polite Table than himself. I was one Day desired by an Acquaintance of mine, who knew the Straights he was in, to leave a Guinea (he gave me for him) at his Lodgings, it being in the Way to the Place I was going to. I found him with a Pair of Compasses in his Hand, drawing Circles on a Paper. I ask'd him if he was studying the Mathematicks? 'No, said he; 'but as I was alone, I diverted myself with my own 'Thoughts: I was thinking of the Absurdities I remarked once at a High Sheriff's Feast, where there was 'Abundance of good Meat spoiled in the Dressing, and 'placed on the Table without the least Symetry. At 'the Head were set all Sorts of *Jellies*, which claim 'the Center; and in the Center were set *Mushrooms*,
' *Sweetbreads*,

• *Sweetbreads, Pease, fat Livers, and Pupton of Quinces,*
 • without the least Regard to Order or Decency; and
 • every one knows, these regularly disposed, arrogate to
 • themselves the upper End of the Board. As I remem-
 • ber the Dishes perfectly well, I was disposing of them
 • in their proper Stations: I have made these Circles to
 • represent the different *Plates*: I have *poxed* the last
 • mentioned at (as I have already said they have just Pre-
 • tensions to claim) the Head of the Table: As *Squires*
 • on each Hand, I have raised five *Turkey Pouts*, with
 • a larded one in the Center. On the Right and on the
 • Left I have set down three Brace of *Partridges* swim-
 • ming in *Gravy*, which the absurd Fool, who had the
 • ordering of this Table, had set as Supporters to the
 • Pyramid of Sweetmeats.' He proceeded to shew me
 how he had marshal'd about forty other Dishes, and the
 Blunders he had rectified. But telling him, I was an
 entire Novice in the Art of Cookery, with some Emo-
 tion, he threw aside his Paper, and said, 'He wonder'd
 • a Gentleman who had travell'd should be ignorant of
 • what the *French* allowed a necessary, nay, an essential
 • Qualification for a Man of Rank and Fortune. Sir,
 • continued he, my teaching the Marshal *Villeroy* to grill a
 • Beef-Stake a l' *Angloise*, gave me a greater Reputation
 • at the Court of *France*, than the most artful Minister
 • ever gained by his Negotiations. In Return, the Mar-
 • shal engaged the Cardinal — to let me into the Se-
 • cret of farcing *Sturgeon* with *Vipers Tails*, and to
 • teach me the Method of making a Sauce of *Sparrows*
 • Brains to a Dish of *flaminge Tongues*. The Genius of a
 • Nation is known by its Taste in Cookery. I conclude
 • the *Dutch* to be a phlegmatick People, from their Wa-
 • ter Zooties. The *Spaniards* are revengeful; and their
 • great Use of *Garlick* and *Spices* speaks them so: And
 • if you can but tell me the favourite Viands of a People,
 • I will immediately tell you their Propensity; so that
 • to be an able Statesman, it is absolutely necessary to be
 • a perfect Cook, Nothing, as Mr. *Lamb* says in his
 • Preface to the *Treatise of Royal Cookery*, has given the
 • *English* so great a Character abroad, as the Elegance of
 • their Tables at home. I will quote his own Words:
 • I may venture to say, that our Credit and Esteem with
 • Foreign

' Foreign Ministers, has (in a great Measure) been built
 ' and supported on this Foundation; for those whose Short-
 ' ness of Parts, or perhaps Residence among us, would not
 ' qualify them to remark upon the nicer Part of our Con-
 ' stitution, have yet gone away with such a Relish of our
 ' Magnificence, as to lament their own Barrenness, when-
 ' ever they reflected on the Flesh Pots they left behind them.
 ' Where you see he judiciously makes good Eating Part
 ' of our Constitution; and a little before this, he sets
 ' our publick Entertainments on a Foot with the Roman
 ' Triumphs and Ovations, I was at Dinner once at Car-
 ' thagene with the Governor; the Serjeant-Major was
 ' at Table; he had been in *England*, and entertain'd me
 ' all Dinner-time with the Excellencies of *English* Roast-
 ' Beef: he thought it Tautology to mention the Intre-
 ' pidity of the *English*, their Generosity, and other re-
 ' markable Virtues; for he very justly thought they
 ' were all included in Roast Beef. Were I in the Mini-
 ' stry, I would endeavour at an Act of Parliament,
 ' which should forbid any young Gentleman's travelling
 ' till he had pass'd his Examination in the King's
 ' Kitchen, as a Lieutenant does at the Admiralty.
 When he had ended, I discharg'd my Trust: and EPI-
 CURUS, on the Receipt of the Gold, begg'd I would do
 him the Honour to take Part of a Couple of *boil'd Mul-
 lets*, and a *Plate of Ruffs*, which were in their Prime in
March. He was sorry the Guinea would not hold out
 to accompany them with a *Batelio Pye*, and a *Pottage
 Sante*. The Recital of this Gentleman's inveterate Folly;
 and his inviting me to be a Witness how well he em-
 ploy'd my Friend's Charity, put me in Mind of Part of
 the Eleventh Satire of *Juvenal*.

*But when poor Rutilus spends all his Worth,
 In hopes of setting one good Dinner forth,
 'Tis downright Madness; for what greater Jest,
 Than begging Gluttons, or than Beggars Feasts.*

Dryden's Translation.

K

Her



*Her Cheeks still red'ning, but their Colour dead,
Faded her Eyes, and fix'd within her Head.
No more her pliant Tongue its Motion keeps,
But stands congealed within her frozen Lips.
Stagnate and dull within her purple Veins,
Its Current stopp'd the lifeless Blood remains.
Her Feet their usual Offices refuse,
Her Arms and Neck their usual Gestures lose:
Action and Life from ev'ry Part are gone,
And e'en her Entrails turn'd to solid Stone.* Croxall.

From my House in the Minories.

A FRIEND came Yesterday Evening to visit me, very firm in the Belief of that *Stone City* whereof a certain *Ambassador* has lately given an Account to the *Virtuosi*. — I told him, that I had read a *Story* somewhat like it in the *Arabian Tales* formerly, and was mightily surpriz'd to find what had all along been judg'd a *Fable* should be so easily received for Truth; and that too in an Age of Scepticism, and at the same Time, when the Miracles of *Christ* himself, which, for many Centuries, had been held as unquestion'd Truths, were boldly charg'd with being fabulous. — He answer'd, that the Book I mention'd was no Objection, but rather might be made an Argument in his Favour, since it seem'd to prove that the *Author* had heard something of this *Story*, though for want of learning the Particulars, he might perhaps himself believe it to be a Fiction, as all his *Readers* hitherto had done: But, that now the Matter was clear'd up, and would scarce admit a Doubt. — He began to be so positive, I did not think it proper to dispute with him; and he went on to tell me, that many Ages past, the People of this City, (who were all Pagans,) as a Punishment for their Sins, had suffer'd a general *Petresaction*, in the same Manner as *Lot's Wife* did formerly, and still remain'd in the same Place and Posture as they were when this Judgment fell upon them. That not the human Species only, but likewise the Animals, the Trees, the

the Houses, and the very Cloaths upon their Backs, were turn'd to Stone. That the *Ambassador* had several of these *Curiosities* brought from thence, and in particular a *Dog*, which being open'd, to prevent any Cheat or Impostition, the Heart, the Lungs, the Blood-Vessels, and all the Bowels, were found in their exact Order and true Colour: That he had likewise some of the Fruits and Plants, and also several Pieces of their Coin, with strange Characters thereon not to be understood. He assur'd me, this City is not above 14 Days Journey from *Tripoli*, but in a sandy Desert now, though formerly it was the Metropolis of a populous and fruitful Country: That the Difficulty and Danger of coming at it makes it so little known; but however, several People had been there at different Times, who all agree in their Account, and that the Members of our *Royal Society* intend to collect a handsome Purse among themselves, to be employ'd in making a full Discovery.—Withal, he told me, that at *Tripoli* the Truth of it was never doubted: That it is generally believed, a Time will come, when their former State shall be restor'd, when the Stone will in an Instant soften and be Flesh again, the Blood flow through its Vessels as before, new Life return, and all the People go on to finish whatever they were about when first they became Statues: But whatever Injuries they receive during this Petrefaction, by cutting or defacing them, will remain when they live again: and those who are maimed or wounded in such a Manner as would be mortal in a living Body, at the general *Thaw* will be found dead Carcasses.

I TOLD my Friend, that if the People of *Tripoli* were of this Opinion, I thought, out of common Humanity, the Government ought to place a Guard, and prevent any body's going thither; lest much Mischief, and even Murder might be committed by unthinking People. For *Example*, it would be an irreparable Damage to a beautiful Lady, when she lives again, to see a deep Scar in her Forehead, by the Scratch of a Rustick's Stick, while he was awkwardly admiring her in her petrify'd Condition: And how unhappy must others be, to find themselves deprived of Legs and Arms, who have no Way of getting a Subsistence but by the Use of them;
nor

nor would others be better satisfy'd to have the Beauty and Gracefulness of their Persons spoil'd and destroy'd by Blows. Not to mention, that every hollow Place, every Break in any Part of the Body, must, when they breath again, be painful Gashes and ragged Wounds.

MY Friend was pleas'd with thinking me brought over to his Opinion, and took his Leave. He had not long been gone, e'er I went to Bed, ruminating on his Discourse. I clos'd my Eyes, Fancy began to operate, and I dream'd as follows.

I thought myself travelling in Search of this strange City, and that I saw it just before me: I found the Avenues all guarded: But, applying to the chief Commander, I obtain'd Permission to take a View of it, and had an Officer appointed to conduct me, and interpret all its Wonders. — — When we had pass'd the Gates, along the high Street, I saw every Thing that answer'd the Hurry of a great Town, but Motion. People seem'd ready to throng and pass by each other, although they stood stock still. The Haste of Business appear'd in most of them, and People of all Ages and Conditions express'd in their Faces their different Cares and Manners: which, methought, I observ'd with the same Pleasure as I often have from a Window in *Cheapside*. It's impossible to tell the different Postures of the *Statues*: I took Notice of two particularly, very earnest, the one speaking, the other attending. He that spoke stretch'd his Beard with one Hand: which, as my *Guide* inform'd me, was to signify the great Truth of what he said, according to the Custom of that Country. Several of the poorer Sort were carrying Burdens, which they are doom'd to labour under till the instantaneous Thaw of this hard State, when the Blood again will circulate, and they may go unload themselves.

BEING desirous to see what was in the Houses, we enter'd one, and I found it far'd within Doors as in the Streets, and that every Thing remain'd just as the petrifying Quality found it; for my *Guide* told me, the whole City was metamorphos'd thus all at once, and did not stiffen by Degrees as Water hardens into Ice. — We came into a publick Room where a Crowd of People was got together, like as at our Coffee-Houses; here I observ'd,

observed, that all the Company had cast their Eyes on one that stood at the upper End: He was tall, broad fac'd and lusty, his Right Arm was extended, it seemed as if he was making a great Bustle by his Talk, and by his Habit he was known to be a Priest of that Country. In his Features was an exceeding Vehemence: His Mouth remain'd in such a Manner open, as when a Man is speaking loud and earnest, and he must continue to be the Figure of one making a Noise, until he shuts it at the general Change.

FROM hence we went through a long Alley into an open Area. The Statues here were not so thick, nor seemed so full of Business. A stately Building fronted us, of which we took a View. It was the Temple of their God. Descending a few Steps, we came into a spacious Isle, on each Side whereof there ran a Row of Pillars, exceeding beautiful, though very different from any Order I had ever seen. At the East End, a square Place, into which we went down several more Steps, was separated from the rest by a Partition finely wrought. Here stood the Image of their Deity, formed of white Stone, naked in several Parts of the Body, and in others gilded and diversly colour'd. It had many Heads, all of them very frightful, though each seemed to intend something of a human Countenance. Its Hands I could not number, there were so many of them, and every one held somewhat; this a Sword, that a Pouring-Bottle, one a Battle-Ax, another forked Thunder: but all denoting Wrath and Terror.——The Temple was full of People, standing all upright: Their Countenances were serene and placid, which I imputed to the Musick playing at their Ceremonies, for I observed the religious Officers with their uplifted Trumpets and other Instruments, in the Posture the Petrefaction found them.

AS we came from the Temple, in a Bye-Corner, we saw two Persons richly habited, stabbing at each other with a kind of Weapons something like the Swords of our Horse-Guards, but longer: The History of their Quarrel is not guessed; but the Passion against his Enemy, and the Defence of himself, is wonderful in both. Tradition says, one of them is a Person of great Merit, which makes People under great Concern for him. The
Weapon

Weapon of his Enemy is now but half way its Push, although it touches his Belly, and the Fear is, that upon the instant Return of Life and Sensation, it will rush on-wards, and go quite through the Body. —I would have broke the Weapons, to put them both out of Danger: But my Guide inform'd me, that as this Judgment came on them from above, altering any thing would be impi-ously to oppose God's Will: And therefore, said he, tho' you may pity this noble Person, yet, if thus you should save his Life, I must immediately destroy yours.

IN the upper Part of the Town, that Way which leads from the Temple, we found but few People, ex-cepting some on the Tops of Houses, leaning over a kind of Rails, and others looking out of the Windows. At the Turning of a Street, we met a Funeral; and a Fa-ther's Grief (which, in the Picture of *Agamemnon* fol-lowing his Daughter to be sacrificed, the famous *Painter* unable to draw, cover'd with a Veil) was here express'd in Statuary. The Mother and Relations of the deceas'd *African Maid*, whom they surrounded, appear'd like real *Niobes* turn'd to Stone with Weeping.

From this Place, in a little time, we came to the great Square before the Palace, where I had the Pleasure to see a whole Troop of Horse in Stone: Every Soldier had his particular martial Countenance, and seem'd in-trepid. Just at the Palace-Gate, was a great Crowd of Statues; and as we made up to them, I observ'd some Foot-Soldiers placed as Centinels on every Side: One made a Compliment with his Weapon, which was like a Battle-Ax, I turn'd my Eye, and perceived an Officer in Stone just by. When we came nearer, I found a number rais'd above the rest, in Seats in a circular Position; here was the King himself distributing Justice, and many learned Statues in the Law assisting him: His Countenance was majestick, but not terrible, and he seem'd about the Middle Part of Life. The Grandeur of this Assembly, and the Silence here, struck me with much Regard: The *Gauls* stopp'd not with greater Reverence when they found the *Elders of Rome* sitting with all the Dignity and De-corum becoming that august Senate. — It scarce ever rains in this Country, which made them have an open Court.

MY Curiosity would fain have led me into the King's Palace, and the Houses of the great Men: (for to look all over the City I thought would be an endless Task :) But my Guide told me, that in those Places many Things were doing which it was not proper for me to see. This Answer did not, however, satisfy me, and with pressing him too eagerly, I lost my Dream, and found I had been no farther than the *Minories*.

* *
*



Ridendo corrigit Mores.

Sant.

He reforms Manners by Ridicule.

From my House in the Minories.

THOUGH I can't boast my Predecessor's Taciturnity, yet I may venture to say, and that without Vanity, I come no way short of him in my Vigilance to correct the Follies and Vices of the Town, and have an equal Zeal for the Good of my Fellow-Creatures: This I hope to demonstrate, by letting nothing which merits Censure escape my Animadversions. I shall expose the Vice in general, but spare the Person; for I have no Ill-nature to gratify, no Self-interest to pursue, and aim at nothing more than the being some way an useful Member of the Society. As on the one Hand I shall take Notice of the little inadvertent Follies we are all subject to, and paint Vice in its proper Colours, so shall I, on the other, lay hold on all Opportunities to shew the Beauty of, and give due Praise to Virtue and Prudence.

I HAVE, among other Things, which the *French* call *Niaiseries*, observed, there are few which render People more ridiculous, than an aukward Imitation. There are some of my Acquaintance who are so over-run with this Folly, that, should they have the Misfortune to lose their Eyes, they would become mere Statues; and others, who, by Deafness would lose the Use of their Tongues; the Actions of the one, and the Discourse of the

the other, being every Day borrowed from the Company they frequent; and as that is different, so are they various; which is the Reason they are by those who know least of them, called the *Unaccountables*, by others, *Mimicks*. I ever distinguish them by the Epithet of *Wrongheads*; for they expect the same Effect from quite different Causes. Because a Pair of Silver-clock'd Stockings give some Advantage to *Will. Spindle's* Legs, my Friend *Jack Millpost* (whose Supporters are as thick as Mr. *Spindle's* Body, and as even as a turn'd Pillar) immediately gets a Pair richly embroider'd, which make his Legs look as if the Calves were placed at his Ankles. Miss *Sprightly* is very pretty, and a Black-Head is to her a becoming Dress; therefore Miss *Goosekin*, who is in her grand Climacterick, who has not fewer Wrinkles in her Face than Infirmities in her Body, nor fewer Infirmities than Vanities, which are only to be equalled by the grey Hairs she disguises with her Black-Lead Comb, will, by an Imitation of this young Lady's Dress, expose herself to the Ridicule of all who see her; not considering the Difference of their Age, and that the former has, in effect, all that Beauty she would persuade you the Cares of the World have taken from her. My Friend *James Wheedle* is a soft, good-natur'd Fellow, and may be cajoled into any thing; his Wife has found the blind Side of the poor Man, and by a pretended Submission to his Will, fawning, lisping, and fondling, makes him no better than a Slave to her Humour, while he thinks he is the most despotick Husband in *Europe*. She calls him her *Zimmy*; and when she has any Design on him, talks in the Strain of a Child of four Years old; a Charm which binds up all his Faculties, and makes him condescend in the same Tone and Nonsense to whatever demands his *now dear Puffy Muffy* can at that time think of making. Every one of her Acquaintance sees through her Management, and her Husband only is blind to, and fond of, what is nauseous to all of common Sense. *Sacharissa*, who had just Wit enough to see that this Management of Mrs. *Wheedle* was what gave her an Ascendant over her Husband; without reflecting that he was a weak Man, resolved to pursue the same Method with her own Spouse, who is a Man of solid Sense, and an excellent Judge of

Mankind, hoping the same Effect. She began to lisp, then call him *now dear Jacob*, and bid him *kiss his poor Zacky*. My Friend *Jacob* found her Malady, and without saying a Word in Reply, sent for a Surgeon to bleed, and an Apothecary to blister her, who, he affirmed, was delirious with a Fever in her Head. The poor Lady, as he positively insisted upon it, was forc'd to undergo the Operation, which has had surprizing Effects; for she has recover'd the Use of her Tongue, can pronounce *Jacob* as plain as e'er a Magpye in the Parish, and talks as rationally as ever she did in her Life. I have seen a Man of great Distinction, who kept up to the Dignity of his Post, and was at the same time both reserv'd and complaisant, awkwardly imitated by a knighted Oil-man, who imagin'd he copy'd this great Man by being reserv'd, sententious, and hard of Access, without Distinction; by which he became despicable to his Superiors, and hated and reviled by his Equals. 'Squire *Shrimp* is one of the least Men in *England*; Colonel *Cochade* six Foot high, and a fine Figure of a Man; he was bred up in the Army from a Boy, and has acquired a martial Air, which in him is natural and easy: This Gentleman has bought a House near the 'Squire's Seat, who, ever since their Acquaintance has worn a black Ribband in his Hat, a black Silk round his Neck, cut his Sleeves into close Cuffs, walked in Pumps, shaped the Beard of his upper Lip into smart Whiskers, put on a fighting Face with all his Friends, and looked angrily upon every Stranger. These Airs, his diminutive Figure, and his Character, have made him the Jest of all the County, though he was esteemed before as an honest hospitable Country Gentleman. Most, I may say, all these *Wrongheads*, over-act themselves; they ever outdo what they would imitate. How many young Fellows, such as the *French* call *petits Maitres*, have I seen the Jest of the Company, by aping the Men of Quality! The affected Half-bows, the forced Smile, the Shrug, the little Nod of Protection, the being seemingly lost in Thought, and the sudden Recovery from it, with an Apology to the Company; the dogmatical Decision; the Half-Words; the Caution of entering into political Discourses, fearing they might inadvertently let some Secret escape, which they would have you suppose entrusted

entrusted to them; their Familiarity with great Men, whom they know by Name only; the Advice they had given in private, and an hundred more Fopperies of the same nature; and their being in the next Company chang'd from Politicians to Rakes: their Conversation running entirely on Masquerades, Plays, Opera's, Intrigues, and their Acquaintance, only all the Women of Quality in Town, seem Indications of their being under Apprehensions the World should mistake them, and entertain a Thought of their deviating into Truth or Sense by a decent Behaviour. What other Reason can be given for the Pains they take to confirm the Opinion of their being Coxcombs, by a Procedure which no other can be capable of. I have remarked in the City another Class of *Wrongheads*, Men who are constantly at *'Change*, in the Alley, at the great Coffee-Houses, always in a Hurry: Care and Business painted in their Faces, looking into the List of Ships arrived, enquiring how Stocks go, and assuming according to the Answer they receive, an Air of Disgust or Satisfaction, though they never were in any Business, have not the least Concern in Shipping, and not a Penny in the Stocks, or hardly any where else. I asked one of these *Wrongheads* of my Acquaintance, why he seem'd dejected at the Fall of Stock, and what made him so busy in the City? *Why*, said he, *you know I have nothing to do, it's an Amusement, it gives me an Air of Consequence; I am taken for a money'd Man, and it furnishes me with Matter for Discourse: Beside, my looking dejected when I hear Stocks fall, gives the By-standers Reason to believe I am deeply concerned.* He concluded with asking where I dined: I told him, with a Friend: *Why then*, said he, *lend me Six-pence, and I will dine at the Chop-house.*



To the Author of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

IN answering the following Queries, you will oblige

Your, &c.

Inquisitive Queer.

Is it requisite that an Author, to write well, should live in a Garret?

Does Want of Necessaries improve his Genius?

Why do great Men neglect them while living, and lay out considerable Sums in their Funerals and Monuments, to do them Honour when dead?

‘ THE Reason of my Enquiry is, I have a Mind to
‘ turn Author, but would do nothing rashly, or, as the
‘ Proverb says, *Hand over Head: I would look before I*
‘ *leap.*

Yours, ut supra.

Mr. Inquisitive Queer,

AN Author in a Garret has no body over his Head to disturb him; and as Silence is the Friend to Meditation, a Garret is the most proper Lodging for an Author, *ergo*, it is necessary he should be there situated.

II. WANT is the Mother of Invention, *ergo*, it improves his Genius; beside, the Fumes of a full Stomach cloud the Brain.

III. GREAT Men neglect them equally dead and living; while living, that Plenty may not make them saucy, and too full of themselves; when dead, the pompous Funerals they prepare, and the marble Monuments they raise, are to do themselves, and not the Authors Honour.

Yours, &c.

S I R,

S I R,

‘ **T**HOUGH nothing is more common than the
‘ Words *Kickshaws* and *in Petto*, yet as I do not
‘ know the Etymology of the former, and fear misap-
‘ plying the latter, I beg you will inform me, both in
‘ the one and the other.

*Sir, Your most Devoted,
Most Obedient, and
Most Humble Servant,
Reader, and Admirer,
Dorothea Circumspect.*

MADAM,

Kickshaws is a corrupted Word, from the *French*
quelque chose. In *Petto* signifies *in Reserve*, and is
an *Italian* Word for *Breast*.

*I am, Madam,
Your most Devoted,
Most Obedient,
Most Humble, and
Most Obliged Servant.*

S I R,

‘ **I** Like your Writing, and will recommend your Pa-
‘ pers, as I am

Yours,

Tim. Laconick.

S I R,

I Acknowledge the Favour, and admire your Brevity,
as I am

Yours,

K

Harry, &c.



Quis Legem det Amantibus?

Major Lex Amor est sibi.

Boeth.

*Can any Law or Precept Lovers bind,
Whose Love is their superior Law, tho' blind?*

From my House in the Minories.

A *Passion*, which in my Youth took full Possession of me, has impress'd such a Tenderneſs on my Mind, that I can never hear the Diſtreſs of *Virtuous Love*, without being ſenſibly affected by it, and wiſhing it ſucceſſful. And, therefore, all *Lovers* of either Sex, whoſe Pretenſions are *ſincere* and *honourable*, may be ſure of my Aſſiſtance: But, in particular, I take the *Women* under my Protection, becauſe I think they want it moſt: — and this I judge convenient to acquaint my *Fair Readers*, leſt they ſhould ſuppoſe me one of thoſe crabbed and ſevere *old Fellows*, whoſe own *Paſſions* being deſtroy'd by Age, will make no Allowance for them in ſuch at whoſe Time of Life they are natural and commendable.

ALL the *Paſſions* are of Uſe under the Government of *Reaſon*: but *Love* beyond the reſt, is neceſſary, not only for the Continuation of the *Species*, but even to make Life agreeable: And thoſe who ſet themſelves againſt it, might, as prudently, oppoſe either *Breathing*, *Speaking*, or *Eating*: It is, as the *Poet* ſays,

*The Cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous Draught of Life go down.*

BUT, I muſt not be underſtood hereby, to vindicate the Folly of thoſe, who to gratify this *Paſſion*, run head-long into Ruin. It can never be juſtify'd, but when *Virtue* and *Prudence* lead it on: For, to purſue it at all Adventures, without regard either to *Merit* in the Object, or *Diſcretion* in the Means of attaining it, is downright *Madneſs*.

The

The following Letter, which I lay before my *Readers*, occasion'd these Reflections.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

Gloucester, Mar. 25, 1729.

' SINCE you have declared yourself a Friend to
' *Love*, and have treated that Subject with great
' Tenderness and Compassion in regard to some of your
' *Male-Correspondents*, you will not sure refuse some In-
' struction and Advice, to a poor innocent *Virgin*, who
' humbly implores it of you. I'll give you a faithful
' Account of the Situation I am in, and how far I have
' proceeded in an Affair which makes me very uneasy,
' though I cannot in my own Mind condemn myself
' about it. But I would willingly have the Opinion of
' some one who better understands the World than I can
' pretend to do: For I have too just a Sense of the Weak-
' ness of my own Sex, to think it's always safe for a
' *Woman* to rely on the Innocence of her own Intentions.
' But such are the unhappy Circumstances I am involv'd
' in, that I dare not apply to my *Friends*; because they
' would either be insensible of my Case, or one Way or
' other prejudic'd in it. I resolv'd, therefore, to have
' Recourse to your Judgment, and I beg (if you have that
' Humanity in your Nature which you profess) that you
' will consider my Condition with the Tenderness of a
' *Parent*. — Tell me, if I have acted wrong, and in-
' struct me how I shall guide my Behaviour for the fu-
' ture. Talk to me with the Authority of a *Father*, free
' from that Severity I dread from my real one. —
' My Story is as follows:

' I'm a Gentleman's Daughter of good Repute in this
' City: He is of a gentle Profession, but not likely to
' enrich his Family by it; which being numerous, and
' his Estate small, I can expect but a very moderate Por-
' tion. PHILANDER (so I shall call the Person who has
' made Application to me) has his Fortune intirely to
' make: He has no immediate Expectations, only is in
' a Way of getting Preferment one time or other, but,

' in all Likelihood, he must wait some Years for it. Under these disadvantageous Circumstances, 'tis impossible to entertain any Thoughts of marrying; but I own to you, we are engaged in such a close Friendship, as will, I'm afraid, cause great Uneasiness, if it should end otherwise. However, PHILANDER has assur'd me, he will never desire any thing farther than the Esteem of a Friend, 'till his Affairs can embolden him to demand my Father's Consent; neither will he oppose any other Match that may offer to my Advantage. — Now, *Sir*, I intreat you to tell me, whether or no I have transgress'd in my Duty, by going thus far without my Father's Knowledge, though I'm determin'd never to marry without his Approbation. Ought we to lay it down as an indispensable Rule, that we never hearken to any Thing of this Kind but from our Parents? Or, may we not, (since we have the Faculty of discerning what we like,) in some sort, follow our own Inclinations, provided they are regulated by Honour and Virtue? — PHILANDER has Learning, Wit and Good-nature, enough to make him esteem'd amongst those of his own Sex, nor can I think my Father would make any Objection to him, excepting that of his Circumstances; but, indeed, that one is sufficient to make me dread acquainting him with our Affair; for I know he would reject such a hazardous Proposal with Disdain and Anger. This, perhaps, you'll say would be Prudence in my Father, and the Effect of Knowledge and Experience: I don't deny but that it might; and yet, *Sir*, give me leave to observe, that when Age and Experience make People thus cautious and prudent, they are generally past these Enjoyments, and their Passions almost extinguish'd, which renders them unactive, and fond only of Ease. Now, Youth is bold and enterprising: And to what end is this vigorous Principle implanted in us, but to enable us to combat with Difficulties? And why should not I hope that it may in time (under the Guidance of Providence) enable PHILANDER to surmount those Obstacles which at present oppose, whereby my Duty may at length fall in with my Inclinations? — I'll ask but one Question more: — 'Tis, whether or no I am obliged to comply

with

‘ with whatever Proposal my Father shall approve of,
 ‘ without his absolute Command? — That I’ll never dis-
 ‘ obey. — But, suppose I withstand all other Matches,
 ‘ and PHILANDER should not succeed in the World ac-
 ‘ cording to his Merit and Expectation : — though I
 ‘ know nothing of Grandeur, I shall never venture upon
 ‘ Matrimony join’d with Poverty, nor am I frighted at
 ‘ the Thought that I shall then die an *old Maid*.

‘ DEAR Sir, your Direction in this Affair will be
 ‘ greatly useful to

Your perplexed humble Servant,

SYLVIA.

P. S. ‘ If you think fit to insert *this*, I beg you
 ‘ would do it speedily. — Good Sir, let your Answers
 ‘ be full, and particular upon every Circumstance; don’t
 ‘ make a Jest of it, be serious, — and *speedy*, I beg
 ‘ once more: Consider I am a *Woman*, and naturally
 ‘ *impatient*, and that even wise Men are so in Cases of
 ‘ this Nature.

IN answer to my *Fair Correspondent*, the best Advice
 I can give is, to arm herself with *Patience*: since, in all
 Likelihood, she will find abundant Occasion to make use
 of it in the Course of this Affair. There seems to lie
 before her a Scene of *Trouble* and *Uneasiness*, which I
 can’t pretend to see the End of: And as she’s entered too
 far to make an honourable Retreat, she must summon up
 all her *Courage* to support her through it. — I would
 not have her deceive herself: The Engagement she lies
 under, which she calls *Friendship*, is most assuredly *Love*:
 There can be no *Love* without *Desire*, and *Desire* unsatis-
 fied is *Unhappiness*, which *Unhappiness* must subsist till
 the *Desire* which occasions it is either satisfy’d or de-
 stroyed; but, neither *one* nor *other* is likely soon to hap-
 pen in her Case, and consequently she must be long *un-*
happy, and that in Proportion to her *Love*.

HER going this Length without her Father’s Privity,
 was certainly imprudent: though now, perhaps, it may
 be most adviseable to keep it from his Knowledge, till some
 favourable

favourable Occasion offers. — I shall not pretend to fix Limits either to a *Child's Duty*, or the *Authority of a Parent*, in Matters of this Sort: It is happy when they both agree: Only this Rule I think may be safely laid down; that if, on one hand, a *Child* ought not without the *Parent's* Consent to marry, so, on the other, no *Parent* has a Right to force a *Child* against its Inclination: And then, SYLVIA is not in Duty bound to accept any other Person her Father may propose, no, even though he should command her; as, without his Leave, she ought not to bestow herself on PHILANDER.

OUR *Inclinations* are not in our own Power, though in some Measure the Regulation of them is so. Could we like because a *Parent* bids us, no doubt *Obedience* would be our *Duty*; but since we cannot, and therefore to comply must make us miserable, the *Law of Nature*, which makes Happiness our laudable Pursuit, and its Contrary our reasonable Aversion, will justify a *Refusal*. All human *Power* is intended for the Happiness of those under it, and when exercis'd with any other View, becomes *Tyranny and Oppression*, and may lawfully be opposed: *Reason* acknowledges neither unlimited *Authority*, nor unlimited *Obedience*.

THE Sentiments of *Parents* and *Children* are usually widely different on the Point of Choice in Marriage. The *first* are apt to value *Wealth* too much, the *last* too little: *These* regard nothing but the *Person*, *those* the *Fortune* only; and *both* are equally in the Wrong. ----- Without *Love*, that State cannot be happy; but it can yet less be so without Money; enough, I mean, to furnish such Conveniencies of Life as the *Parties* have usually enjoy'd. The *Luxury* of the Age has introduced *artificial Necessities*, which are much more numerous, and as pressing as our natural ones. Our *Refinements* have brought forth imaginary *Wants*, and they too must be satisfy'd, or they will continually torment us. We must be clothed and fed, and conduct ourselves, in Compliance to Custom, like other People in our Station: Otherwise, we forfeit that *Respect* without which our *Pride* will not suffer us to be at Ease; and for this Reason *Money* is become even essential to our Happiness.

I desire

I desire SYLVIA to consider this, and as her Letter speaks her a *Lady* of good Sense, I leave herself to make the Application.

* * *



*Bix Sex Cœlestes, medio Jove, sedibus altis
Augusta gravitate sedent, sua quemque Deorum
Inscribit facies; Jovis est regalis imago.
Stare Deum Pelagi, longoque ferire tridente
Aspera Saxa facit medioque a vulnere Saxi
Exfluissè ferum; quo pignore vendicet urbem.* Ovid Met.

*On lofty Thrones twice six Cœlestials sate,
Jove in the midst, and held their grave Debate;
Each God by proper Features was express'd,
But Jove's majestic Mien excell'd the rest.
His three-fork'd Mace the dewy Sea-God shook,
And, looking sternly, smote the ragged Rock.
When from the Stone leap'd forth a sprightly Steed,
And Neptune claims the City for the Deed.*

To the Author of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

I READ over some few Days since a Lease and Release for *Miss Ubiquity*, a young Lady of about Thirty-nine. She gave me to understand, that the Title of *Spinster* did not please her by any Manner of Means. I told her it was a Term the Law had appropriated to Maiden Ladies, as one which did them Honour; for our Forefathers esteem'd a Woman for no acquired Quality so much as her Housewifery; and therefore you see, that in all Deeds a Lady of Title is called *Dame*, a Word in Use at this Day among the Country People, to signify the Mistress of a Family. *Miss Hyems*, born in the Year 73, who accompany'd *Miss Ubiquity* to my Chambers, answer'd, That she could not say what Reason was to be found in the Law; but she thought it did not abound in good Breeding. For Example; A. B. of such a Place, Esquire, and Mary his Wife, &c. Again, Mary Brush, of such a Place, Widow. How unpolite

is this Manner of Expression? I wonder that among so many pretty Gentlemen to be met with in the Inns of Court, none of them has aimed at polishing the Style of the Law, and expunging these uncouth Terms. I reply'd, that the Law had too much Regard for Truth to admit of Ceremonies, which would introduce equivocal Terms, and put all in Confusion. I am sure, *said Miss Ubiquity*, it has as little Regard to Truth as good Manners, when it applies the Title of *Spinster* to a modern Maiden Lady. It once might be well adapted, when Parents knew no better than to bring up their Children to Spinning, Knitting, managing a Dairy, and raising Paste; when they were kept in the Country like so many Servants, employed all the Week in the perfecting themselves in these gentle Qualifications; never went out but to Church, and were as much fatigued with Lessons and Homilies at their Return home, as they had been all the foregoing Week with the Drudgery of Family Affairs; when they were Slaves to their Parents till fit to be so to a Husband, which was never esteem'd by Age or Inclination, but by the Girl's being capable of managing a Family of her own, and having given Proofs of her Œconomy, gained the Reputation of a notable Housewife: But as the World is grown wiser, and that this uncouth Education is exploded, I think the Law ought to have some Complaisance for the refin'd Taste of the Age, and soften these rustick Terms.

INDEED the Customs of our Ancestors approach'd much nearer that of the Antients (in Regard to the Fair Sex) than that of the Moderns. The former seem'd calculated for the Preservation of their Names and Families, by bringing up their Children in an Habit of Frugality, which continued their Estates to their Posterity, till the new-fashion'd Breeding introduc'd Idleness and Profusion: I know a Gentleman in the Country, whose Daughters are the Jest of all the polite Ladies ten Miles round his Seat; for he is so very whimsical in his Humour, and so out of the Way in his Notions, that he thinks a Woman ought to be good for something more than to be look'd at, and had rather see his Children at Church than at the Opera; nay, he is so odd in his Way of Thinking, that he has taken great Care to have them well grounded

grounded in their Religion; and they have been brought up after such an antiquated Manner, that they really think the Adoration of the Divine Being so just and necessary, that the first Thing they do in a Morning, after they have washed, is retiring into their Closets, to beg a Protection for the following Day, and return their Thanks and Praise for that of the Night past: and they are as punctual in this Exercise of Prayer and Praise at their going to Bed. In a Word, they are strangely ill-bred: but are very good Housewives: and will make excellent Wives. My Friend has gotten this ill Taste by his conversing more with the Antients than with his Contemporaries. These old Gentlemen esteemed Housewifery so great an Ornament of the Fair Sex, that they not only speak their Queens and Princesses, but even their Goddesses, working at the Loom, embroidering, or making some advantageous Use of their Time. The *Persian* Quality had indeed a more refined Taste; for *Quintus Curtius* tells us, they were strangely shock'd at *Alexander's* mentioning their spending their Time as his Sisters did, in Work. He was with the *Persians* as much out, in point of good Breeding, as he would be, who should ask a modern Lady, *if she spun her own Linen*. I was one Day walking with my unpolish'd Friend, and he happen'd to fall upon this Subject. 'I wonder, said he, what a modern Lady, under the Persecution of *Pene-*
'*lope*, would have done to have amus'd such a Number of
' importunate Lovers; she could have had no Resource
' but that of Knotting, and I fear her gentile Education
' would not have suffer'd her to waste the Night in
' loosing the Knots she had cast in the Day-time. My
' Wife was very unfashionable; she could not sing one
' *Italian* Song, was seldom at the Theatre, had no farther learned to Dance than what was necessary to a
' gentile Carriage; knew no other than her Mother-
' Tongue, and, I believe, never read a Romance in her
' Life: But, to make amends for her Want of Breeding,
' and her unrefin'd Taste, she never run me out a Shilling,
' was a prudent Manager, had good Sense, and my Estate
' is, by her Economy, (with a large Family, and 30
' Years wear) in a more flourishing Condition than when
' I was first marry'd. My Neighbour *Feltwell* had a
better

' better Taste in the Choice of a Wife: His Lady has
 ' all the modern Perfections: She has learned *French*,
 ' *Italian*, Dancing, Singing, Dressing, Musick, &c. But
 ' these Advantages are, in regard of her Husband, like
 ' his fine Equipage, to entertain others; for if there is
 ' no Company at his House, or if she's not in Town,
 ' they are never produced; and you find her here in the
 ' Country always undress'd, ever chiding with her Ser-
 ' vants, and never in Humour but when some antient
 ' Oak prostrates his leafy Head, and hides his Glories in
 ' the Purse for Cards: or when some dirty Acres are
 ' transmuted into shining Liveries, to cloath lazy Fel-
 ' lows, of no Use but to break the Hearts of her Coach-
 ' Horses. I cannot imagine whence our fine Ladies
 ' have learn'd so false a Manner of Thinking, as to ima-
 ' gine, that the being ignorant, and the Bubble of all
 ' who deal with them, carries with it an Air of Gran-
 ' deur; that Idleness, and an entire Neglect of their Af-
 ' fairs, which must necessarily bring upon them Ruin
 ' and Contempt, speak a Greatness of Soul, and prove
 ' them above the Inspection of little Things: though the
 ' doing the very meanest is a necessary Consequence of
 ' Want of Economy, and obliges them to court the
 ' Smiles of the Tradesman, to whom their Imprudence has
 ' indebted them; apprehend his being out of Humour;
 ' be terrified at every Rap at the Door: and be as careful
 ' to conceal their being at home, as they had formerly
 ' been vain in making a Parade with their Equipage.
 ' O *Economy itself*, Cicero says, *is a good Estate*; and he's
 ' *a richer Man*, whose Prudence enables him to lay up
 ' *something out of a small Revenue*, than he who runs
 ' *out, and has a large Income*. The late Queen ANNE
 ' did not think it below her to look into the Affairs of
 ' her Family; and the present QUEEN, doubtless
 ' from a Design of publick Good, thinks they merit her
 ' Inspection. Her Majesty knows the Foible of our
 ' *English Ladies*, and no Doubt sets this Example, to
 ' shame them into a necessary Economy.' Thus far my
 Country Friend.

I believe I may appeal to Numbers, whose Experience
 can evince the Truth of what he advanced; for we seem
 more anxious for Shades than Essentials; nay, we quit
 the

the Substance for the Shadow ; and to deceive the World, deceive ourselves. We part with an Estate, to gain the Character of being rich ; and become Beggars, to be thought wealthy : But, that I may not be tiresome by the Length of my Letter, I shall make this imprudent Management, and an Enquiry into the Reasons of it, the Subject of another, and I am,

Sir, Your's, &c.

K.



——— *Felix, quicunque dolore
Alterius discas posse carere tuo.*

Tibullus.

*Happy that Man who learns from others Grief
Not to subject himself to want Relief.*

From my House in the Minorities.

GOOD-Nature is the Subject of my Discourse To-day: wherein I shall distinguish between that *active Kind* of it, which is the Result of *Choice* and *Reason*, and speaks a noble Generosity of Soul that delights in doing Good, and that *passive Sort* which enslaves a Man to the *Will* and *Humour* of other People, making him a mere Tool ; and which rather should be called a *Cowardice of the Mind*. — The first of these deserves *Respect* and *Praise*, the latter *Ridicule* and *Pity* : But to set this Matter in as clear a Light as may be, I shall give my Readers an Instance of them both.

FRANK THOUGHTLESS is one of the best natur'd Fellows living ; he's a Friend to every Body, and thinks every Body his Friend : Being honest, and without any Design, he judges of others by himself, and from that mistaken Principle is unable to deny any Thing you ask of him, however inconvenient or unreasonable.

HE was bred up under an eminent *Merchant*, and though his Parents made him a very handsome yearly Allowance, yet, during his whole Apprenticeship the very Cloaths he wore were unpaid for, and his Pocket (the greatest Part of every Quarter) without a Cross: And yet,

yet, himself all this while was guilty of no Extravagance, but only had not a Power of refusing whoever asked to borrow.

IT so happen'd, that within a few Months of the Time he was to serve, his Fellow-Prentice having an Affair with the Servant Maid that waited on the Merchant's Wife, and wanting to disengage himself, FRANK THOUGHTLESS was easily led into a new Intrigue with her, (though he dislik'd her Person) by being told she was in Love with him; the Consequence of which was, that she persuaded him to own a Child she was brought to Bed of seven Weeks after the Beginning of their Amour; and shortly after, lest the poor Creature should be uneasy, his *Good-Nature* made him marry her.

THIS unlucky Step embroiled him with his Relations; his Father would not see him, nor could he prevail'd on to continue his Allowance; his Creditors came upon him, and he was thrown into Prison. Here some Time he lay, until his Mother, whose Favourite he had always been, privately found Means to pay his Debts, and set him again at Liberty: And then the Merchant with whom he before had liv'd, out of Pity and Compassion took him to be his *Book-Keeper*. In this Condition he might have gone on very happily, but his dear Wife very much affecting Finery, without any Consideration of his Circumstances, and he being able to deny her nothing, new Creditors became troublesome, and daily threaten'd him with a Gaol; to prevent which, his kind *Master* sent him Abroad to be his Agent.

BUT though he chang'd his Climate, he still carry'd the same *Good-Nature* along with him, and falling into Acquaintance with a petty Trader where he resided, was induc'd to lend him a Sum of Money, with which he soon went off: And giving Credit to any body that desired it of him, without having a Heart to make People uneasy about the Payment, in two Years Time he brought his Master's Affairs into a very bad Condition, insomuch that he was obliged to command him home again. I can't say what Treatment he would have met with for his Mismanagement; in all Likelihood his Master would have us'd him with some Severity; but it so fell out, that while he was on his Voyage homewards, his

his Father dy'd suddenly without having Time to make a Will, and his elder Brother being killed by Accident some little Time before, at his Landing, he received the unexpected and welcome News, of coming to an Estate of 1200 *l.* a Year, with a great deal of Ready Money.

THE first Thing he did, was, to make up his Master's Losses, with all due Acknowledgments for his many Favours: He paid his Debts, and had nothing now to do but to enjoy the Happiness Heaven put into his own Power. So soon as his Equipage could be made ready, his Spouse and he set out for his paternal Seat, and were met by the Gentlemen of the Country and his Tenants on Horseback with all imaginable Rejoicing. Here a new Scene of Life began, but honest FRANK continued just the same good-natur'd Man he was before: Though he hated Drinking, and his Constitution would not bear it, yet, to oblige his Neighbours, he was very seldom sober; his House was like an Inn, and himself the Slave of all the Company. He kept fine Horses for other People to ride, and a Pack of Dogs though he took no Delight in Hunting. Rather than disoblige his *Steward* he pass'd his Accounts without examining: He let Leases upon whatever Terms they were desired, and lent Money to all the needy People in the Country. In short, he could refuse nothing that he had a Power to grant. But, however useful this Disposition might prove to others, it soon became very prejudicial to himself, and involv'd him in a thousand Difficulties. His Ready Money was all spent, and his Estate pretty much incumber'd, when in Compliance with the inconsiderate Desire of a few Friends, he stood Candidate for a neighbouring *Borough*, and at a vast Expence procured himself a Seat in Parliament. This brought him to *London*, where his *Good-Nature* gathered about him a Crew of *Parasites* and *Sharpers*: His Affairs grew daily worse and worse, his Estate was sold by Piecemeal, but his Temper was not alter'd; for he never disagreed with any body. Whatever Diversion was propos'd, he still made one: Was it to an Opera, or to the Gaming-Table, to Church, or to a Bawdy-House, 'twas all the same to him. When going about Affairs of the greatest Consequence, if you press'd him but to take the Air with you, he was not able to refuse:
And

And though uneasy all the Time, and in Pain to get away, he had not Fortitude enough to tell you so. If you importun'd him to lend you Money, he would rather borrow it at high Interest, than deny you. Though Play was what he neither lov'd, nor understood; he had more Complaisance than not to oblige the Company he fell into, and thereby lost great Sums: By which Means, and his many other unhappy Proofs of *Good-Nature*, he was forced to sell the last 400*l. per Annum*.

AFTER his Debts were cleared, there remained about 2000*l.* with which (having no Child, and his Wife dead) he purchased an Annuity, and intended to retire into the Country, and there pass away quietly the Residue of his Days. Every Thing was pack'd up, and a Place taken in the Stage-Coach, when the Evening before his Journey, a Letter came to beg the Favour of his Company immediately at a Tavern not far off. He found a Friend there, under Arrest, for a Debt of 4000*l.* and though many Times he had been a Sufferer on the like Occasions, he was soon persuaded to enter into a Bond jointly with him for the Payment of that Sum. The Consequence of this was, that his Friend in a few Weeks got over with his Effects to *Holland*, and poor FRANK was clapp'd in Prison, where he at present lies, in Expectation of being releas'd by an Act of Grace.

Good-Nature in Excess is *Folly*, and makes a Man the Property of every one that has to do with him. To be friendly, generous, and beneficent, is commendable: But our Kindnesses ever ought to be guided by *Discretion*, and consistent with our own *Welfare*; for it is preposterous to think of doing Good to any body in such a Manner as must bring on our own Ruin. We owe much to others, but much more to ourselves; and he who is not his own Friend, how far soever he may be brought to serve another, can, properly, be a true Friend to no body: His Compliance is a *Weakness of the Mind*, and what he does is not an Act of *Friendship*, but of *Foolishness*.

NOTHING can really deserve our Thanks which is not voluntary; and therefore, he who is unable to refuse, merits little by complying. He yields to our Importunities but for his own Quiet, and is our Friend for
this

this one only Reason, because he has not Resolution to be otherwise.

WE ought always to carry about us a general *Good-Will* towards all Mankind: Every kind Office in our Power, consistent with our own Happiness, we ought to do them: We should excuse and overlook their Failings, and be ever ready to oblige and please. But our Favours should be distributed with a due Regard for *Merit*, and those who deserve *best* should share the most of them.

SOME People are of such a *timorous*, or such a *lazy Disposition*, that they presume not to chuse for themselves in any Thing, but are always guided by the Opinions and Inclinations of those they converse with; they never dare dissent, and are as various as the Company they fall into. If they are virtuous, they are so by Accident.

IT is a great Misfortune to be of this unhappy Temper, so widely different from that *Good-Nature* which is the Result of Prudence. HONORIUS is remarkable for this. There is ever a courteous, affable, and chearful Serenity in his Countenance, and an obliging Turn in every Thing he says or does. Though he cannot comply with your Request, he gives such good Reasons for his Refusal, that it is impossible to be disgusted. When he mentions the Faults of others, it's with Tenderness and Concern: When he praises, 'tis with an apparent Satisfaction. When he can serve or please another, he does it readily, without waiting to be solicited. If he hears of *Merit* in Distress, it never fails to find a Friend in him; but he's no less an Enemy to every Kind of *Vice*. Though he's never in a Passion, he can resent an Injury; and while his Generosity of Soul induces him to Pardon, his Reason makes him avoid the Person that has once abus'd him. He judges for himself in all Things, and gives into the Sentiments of other People but just so far as he thinks them reasonable: And yet, when he differs from them, it is without Warmth or Prejudice. He advises without assuming, not to shew his own Wisdom or Superiority, but to advantage those whom he regards; and is not in the least offended if they don't think fit to follow it. He keeps close to Truth in all his Words, and to Virtue in all his Actions. He flatters none, and yet obliges all. His Mind is without Pride, Envy, or Hypocrisy.

He

He rejoices at the Happiness of others, and is the Friend of all Mankind.

* * *



— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis*
Auri Sacra fames. —

VIRG.

O sacred Hunger of pernicious Gold,
What Bands of Faith can impious Lucre hold!

From my House in the Minories.

‘ **I** T is to me astonishing, says that immortal Prince,
‘ that Christian Heathen MARCUS ANTONINUS,
‘ that Man, (allowing Mercy to be the most aimable
‘ Attribute of the Gods, and having daily Instances of
‘ their Forbearance, notwithstanding the repeated Af-
‘ fronts offer’d), can have the Heart to injure his Fellow-
‘ Creature, or even to return Wrongs; for if the Gods
‘ were so severe in their Punishment, and measur’d with
‘ the same Measure Mortals do, one only Offence would
‘ be sufficient to deprive us of Life. Who, continues he,
‘ can be cruel, either through Wantonness, Revenge, or
‘ filthy Lucre, deserves not the Appellation of Man;
‘ for Man the Gods (as is evident by his Make) design’d an
‘ inoffensive sociable Creature: He is not furnished with
‘ one natural Instrument for Cruelty, but with many for
‘ Mercy and Compassion: He has two Eyes to behold and
‘ commiserate the Indigent and Helpless: He has two
‘ Feet to carry him to the Temples, to praise the Gods;
‘ and to those who want his Assistance, to imitate their
‘ Goodness, he has two Hands to distribute and assist on
‘ either Side: He has a Tongue to plead for the Widow,
‘ Orphan, and helpless Prisoner; he has a Heart to love
‘ the Gods, Understanding to know Evil, and Discretion
‘ to chuse what’s Good: He has not the Horns of a Bull,
‘ the Hoof of a Horse, the Claws of a Tyger, the Teeth
‘ of a Lyon, or the Venom of a Serpent; for as the
‘ Gods are merciful, so have they design’d us mild and
‘ compassionate, and Nature has given us no Means or
‘ Instruments for Revenge and Mischief.

THUS,

THUS far that good Emperor, in a Letter to his Friend *Antigonus* : But where the Love of Money has once taken Possession of the Heart, there is no Beast so cruel as Man : They seek their Prey to satisfy their Hunger, which may be appeas'd ; but the Avaricious can never be satisfy'd, and none escapes him with whom he is able to cope. Covetousness banishes not only every Virtue, but even Humanity itself : and changing Nature, the Groans of the Oppress'd become Musick, and the Miseries of Mankind a grateful and delighting Spectacle. What Miseries has not this Vice brought upon whole Nations ? How many have been made desolate by Avarice ? There is scarce a Crime which does not take Rise from the *Auri sacra fames*. This makes the Minister betray his Trust, and sell the Prosperity of his Country : Instigated by this insatiable Thirst of Riches, Men not only prostitute their Wives and Daughters, but give up their Liberties, and joyfully exchange their native Rights for gilded Fetters. There is nothing the Avaricious will stop at : Murder, Treason, Sacrilege, are puny Crimes, and Gold renders them imperceptible, appeases or prevents the Stings and Remorse of Conscience, argues and convinces. Avarice corrupts the Judge, sides with the Powerful, and treads the Poor under Foot. Where a Man once is enslaved by the Love of Money, he never asks what's just, but what's lucrative ; not what's reasonable, but what makes for his Interest. Did the Life of a Son or Father stand in the Way of such a Man's Gain, he would think it no Crime to remove him. But what is more unaccountable, this Vice not only renders us cruel to others, but even to ourselves : We hasten our End to cram our Coffers, and for the Pleasure of heaping up useless Sums, we deny ourselves needful Sustenance. This is not, however, the only Punishment of the Covetous, I don't say of the wicked Covetous, (for I lay it down as a Maxim, *that the Avaricious can never be just* :) the Hand of Providence follows them, and they seldom fail of Punishment in this World ; their insatiable Thirst commonly decoys them on to Ruin. *Marcus Crassus*, though the richest Man in *Rome*, could not be satisfy'd : His Desire of more Gold engag'd him to make War on the *Parthians*, in which he fell with 30,000 *Romans*.
When

When his Body was found, these People pour'd melted Gold into his Mouth, that he might, as they said, have his Fill of what he sought (when dead) though the Treasures of the Earth could not satisfy him living.

I N the Time of *Marcus Aurelius*, a Country Peasant came to *Rome* to complain of the Avarice and Injustice of the *Romans*. I will, as it makes for the present Subject, give an Abstract of the Speech he pronounc'd in the Senate : and as it may divert the Reader, a Description also of his Person and Figure. Two Reasons contributed to his gaining not only an Audience, but the Preference of being heard the first of those who had Complaints to make ; one was his hideous Figure ; the other, the Rule of the Senate to hear the poor Complainant before the richer. As to his Dress and Person, take them in the very Words of the Emperor, ' This Peasant had a little
' Face, thick Lips, hollow Eyes, a swarthy Skin, and
' frizzled Hair ; his Beard was long and thick, his Eye-
' brows hung over his Eyes, and his Breast was hairy as
' a Bear ; he was bare-headed, wore Swine-skin Shoes,
' was cover'd with Skins for Cloathing, which were
' girt with a Rush Girdle, and carry'd a Club in his
' Hand.' He begun his Oration thus : ' O Conscript
' Fathers ! O fortunate Nation ! I *Mileno*, a Peasant
' living on the Banks of the River *Danube*, salute you,
' noble Senators ; and I pray the Gods may so inform my
' Tongue, that what I shall utter may be of Use to my
' Country, and an Help to you in the Governing the
' Commonwealth with Justice. Our offended Gods having
' forsaken us, Fate has given our Country a Prey to you
' *Romans* ; for had we appeas'd the Deities, you could
' never have triumph'd over *Germany*. The Honour you
' have gain'd by your many Victories is undeniably great,
' and no less will be your Punishment in a future State,
' for the Cruelties you have committed ; for the Captives
' Cries for Justice are not scatter'd in the Air ; they
' pierce the Heavens, and reach the Throne of *Jove*.
' My Forefathers inhabited the Banks of the *Danube*,
' and as Occasion required, either withdrew up the
' Country, or return'd to the River ; but your insatiable
' Thirst after the Goods of others, and boundless Ambition of extending your Dominion are such, that nei-
' ther

'ther the Sea can satisfy your Avarice, nor any Distance
 'secure us the Possession of our Lands: But we have
 'this Comfort, the Gods are just; for did not the Op-
 'press'd depend on their taking his Cause in Hand, Life
 'would not be worth his Care. This I say, because I
 'rely on Providence, and hope, as you have wrongfully,
 'and without Cause, cast us out of our Homes, so will
 'you, by some other Nation, be justly driven, not out
 'of Rome only, but even out of Italy; for with us
 'Germans, we lay it down as a Maxim, *that he who vio-*
 '*lently possesses himself of the Goods of another, ought in*
 '*Justice to be deprived of what is legally his own.* What-
 'ever Impression the Meanness of my Appearance may
 'make, know, I have Reason to distinguish between a
 'just Possession and a tyrannous Usurpation: And from
 'the Equity and Power of the Gods I am satisfy'd, they
 'can and will spoil the unjust Invader, in an Instant, of
 'all he has been gathering for a long Series of Years,
 'and restore to the Injur'd the Losses he has sustained in
 'as long a Tract of Time. If the Wicked flourish, do
 'not imagine, though the Gods suffer, that they approve
 'the Crimes: Vengeance, though slow, is sure, and a
 'Time of Reck'ning will come. O Romans! to me
 'nothing is more astonishing, than to hear, that Men
 'who have unjustly possess'd themselves of what they
 'cannot lawfully claim, have any Peace, can take any
 'Rest: since they must be sensible they affront the Justice
 'of the Gods, and have made them their Enemies. And
 'it is not less wonderful to see Virtue banished, and Vice
 'so triumphant: That the Reins are so loos'd to your Pas-
 'sions, and that your Avarice makes you esteem even
 'the Miseries of others Riches, and your own immense
 'Sums Poverty itself. I make no Distinction of Men or
 'Nations; but I affirm, that who, slighting his own
 'Possessions, covets another Man's, is accursed to the
 'Gods. Your Riches, O Romans! have swell'd your
 'Pride, and Pride has blinded you to your own Interest:
 'You call yourselves Lords of the World, yet are you
 'Slaves (and do not see it) to your Avarice. Your Houses
 'are not so cramm'd with rich Furniture, as your
 'Hearts are filled with filthy Covetousness, which will
 'in the End prove your Destruction; for who thirsts af-
 VOL. I. G ter

' ter Riches, is careless of Glory. A good Name springs
 ' from brave and generous Actions, which is incompati-
 ' ble with Avarice; and Fame lost, renders a Nation des-
 ' picable, and a Prey to others. Hear me, you *Romans*;
 ' and I beseech the Gods ye may not only hear but pro-
 ' fit: Ye condemn Adultery, yet are Strangers to Cha-
 ' stity: and are lavish in the Praise of Temperance, but
 ' live in the greatest Excess of Luxury; ye cry up Pa-
 ' tience as a Virtue, yet not a Man of you will put it in
 ' Practice; ye blame the Slothful, and live in enervating
 ' Idleness; ye detest Avarice, and ye are all Robbers;
 ' in a Word, Virtue has your Tongues, Vice your
 ' Hearts. This I say not of the *Romans* in *Illyria* only,
 ' but even of you Senators, to whom I now address my-
 ' self. Your Motto on your Arms, *Romanorum est de-*
 ' *bellare Superbos & parcere Subiectis*, is ill chosen, and
 ' you would do well to say, *Romanorum est spoliare In-*
 ' *nocentes & reddere Subiectos*; for your Ambition is the
 ' Destruction of the Peaceable, and your Avarice makes
 ' you rob the Laborious. What Right had you *Romans*
 ' to our Lands which you have invaded, and of which
 ' you have possess'd yourselves? What Injury from us
 ' could incite you to Revenge? truly none; for we never
 ' heard of you 'till we felt the Effects of your Tyranny;
 ' we heard your Name, and felt your Cruelty, at one
 ' and the same Instant. He who is rich, takes from and
 ' oppresses the Poor; the Eye of the Covetous never can
 ' be satisfy'd, neither will his Hand abstain from Ra-
 ' pine. Can I for this blame the Gods as careless Specta-
 ' tors? No, it must be attributed to the Audacity of
 ' Man: The Gods are just; and as by Violence ye have
 ' become Tyrants, so by their Justice shall ye be made
 ' Slaves. Do not vainly imagine, that it was your
 ' Bravery, your Conduct or Discipline that gave you the
 ' Victory over us *Germans*: No, we are not in any of
 ' these Points your Inferiors; but we had offended the
 ' Gods, and you are the Instrument of our Punishment
 ' in their Hands. The Vices you found in *Germany*, not
 ' the Arms you brought from *Rome*, were the Cause of
 ' our being conquer'd. What then, from our Example,
 ' ought you not to expect, who are no Way behind us
 ' in your Wickedness? And what Reason have you to
 ' imagine

' imagine that the just Gods will be partial in your Fa-
' your ?' As this Part only regards my present Subject,
I shall conclude this Paper with the Decree of the Senate
in regard of this bold Peasant, which was, That his
Speech should be enregister'd, he himself made a Free-
man and a Senator, and maintain'd out of the publick
Treasury.

K



Amici vitia si feras, facis tua. Publ. Syrus.

*He that connives at Vices he shou'd blame,
Contracts the Guilt of them, if not the Shame.*

From my House in the Minories.

To Henry Stonecastle, Esq;

S I R,

' **T**HE happiest Use we can make of the *ill Con-*
' *duct* and *Misfortunes* of other People, is, to re-
' *gulate* our own *Actions*, and take Warning by
' their *Example*. Perhaps the following Relation may
' be in some such Manner serviceable to your *Readers*,
' and with that View I send it you.

' IT is my Fortune to have the Care of a *young*
' *Lady*, (whom I shall call CAMILLA :) She is of a
' meek, affable, and obliging, but withal of a serious
' Temper, one that places the chief of her Delight in
' the Conversation of an ingenious Friend. And such
' CAMILLA thought she had found in FLORIMEL,
' whose natural Sprightliness and Gaiety made her every
' where agreeable, and insensibly led her into all Sorts
' of Company.—As her highest Aim was to be ad-
' mired, DORIMANT, a Man of Intrigue, by the irre-
' sistable Force of Flattery, easily found Means to be dis-
' tinguished by her. From a slender Acquaintance they
' soon became Intimates, and from Intimates ardent
' Lovers. But, there being some Difficulties on DORI-

' MANT's Side, which hinder'd him from professing his
 ' Passion publicly, their Interviews were kept secret,
 ' and a private Place appointed for that Purpose, where
 ' CAMILLA (whom FLORIMEL had made her Confi-
 ' dent,) was often present, and found a generous Satisfac-
 ' tion in doing them any little Services: Wishing nothing
 ' more than to see the Union of their Hearts compleated
 ' by a happy Marriage. But this was not the Intent of
 ' DORIMANT, who continually started new Causes of
 ' Delay, and carry'd on Affairs with the utmost Privacy
 ' for near a Twelvemonth; CAMILLA's Friendship
 ' making her keep all this from me.

' NO Day pass'd in which FLORIMEL did not see
 ' CAMILLA; Their Intimacy was extraordinary: I
 ' wonder'd at it, and told CAMILLA, I fear'd that
 ' FLORIMEL was not the Friend she took her for; that
 ' she was remarkable for her unguarded Levity, avoided
 ' not the most dissolute of Company, nor thought any
 ' Thing too gay for her: That she went the greatest
 ' Lengths for a Woman of Honour, and if such a Free-
 ' dom of Behaviour did not subject her to be tainted with
 ' the ill Morals she made so light of, yet she would
 ' surely feel the Effects of it in her Reputation, and in
 ' Consequence her Companions must bear their Share.
 ' Withal, I told her, how strange it seem'd to me, that
 ' Persons of such contrary Dispositions should affect so
 ' strict a Familiarity: And that I fear'd somewhat I was
 ' not Master of must be the Reason. I therefore entreated
 ' her with the greatest Earnestness to withdraw herself
 ' from FLORIMEL's Acquaintance, unless she could per-
 ' suade her to reform her Conduct. But my Admoni-
 ' tions carry'd little Weight; CAMILLA was so pre-
 ' possess'd in Favour of her Friend, that she let me know
 ' she could never think of dropping her, that she was
 ' fully satisfy'd of FLORIMEL's strict Virtue, though
 ' in some Things her sprightly Temper made her too neg-
 ' ligent of Forms; but for her own Part, as she always
 ' was more reserved and cautious, no Scandal could be
 ' turn'd on her, and she hop'd I found no Cause to blame
 ' her.

' I SAID no more, being unwilling to discompose
 ' CAMILLA, who was growing warm in Vindication of
 ' her

her Friend : But not long after, coming home unexpectedly, I found her all in Tears, and with much Difficulty got from her the Occasion of them. She told me the whole Affair of DORIMANT and FLORIMEL : And how far herself had been assisting in it. That having been informed of a slanderous Report, industriously spread Abroad, as if she was privy to a criminal Amour between them : She resolved immediately to acquaint FLORIMELL of the World's Ill Nature, and desire her to clear them both by a speedy Conclusion of the Match : But flying to her with the News, and entering her Chamber without Notice, to her great Astonishment, she surprized the Lovers in such an indecent Manner as convinced her of their Guilt. That an *high Resentment* of the Injury done her by FLORIMEL, in making her an Instrument of her Crime : *Sorrow and Shame* for her own Indiscretion and the Prejudice her Reputation suffer'd : *Pity* for her fallen Friend : With the dying Remains of an *affectionate Esteem*, which still attempted to plead for FLORIMEL : All these Passions struggling in her Breast at once, enforced those Tears which I had seen ; though nothing could express the Uneasiness of her Soul.

I comforted her all I could, and told her, I did not wonder to find this ill Consequence attending FLORIMEL's imprudent Freedoms and the Company she kept ; for to be often Witness of Immorality in others is the ready Means of coming to practise it ourselves, the Horror of it by Degrees wears off, and becoming habitual it becomes agreeable : That, as FLORIMEL could publickly suffer herself to go to the utmost Brink of Virtue, it was no Wonder she might be wrought upon to go farther privately. However, as the Case stood, I advis'd her never more to endure the Conversation of such a Person, or scarce think of her with Regard or Pity, lest by suffering her Heart to be soften'd towards her as a Friend, she might find Excuses for the Criminal. This, I told her, was the only Way of vindicating her own Character, and taking off the Blemish already thrown upon it ; and this, my Regard for her, obliged me to insist upon. — She thanked me with some Emotion, her Eyes overflowing with a new Stream of

‘ Tears, which, however, she assured me, did not rise
 ‘ from any Unwillingness to obey my Commands: For
 ‘ she had before determin’d wholly to break off all Ac-
 ‘ quaintance with FLORIMEL; but she wept now
 ‘ through Shame of having neglected my kind Advice,
 ‘ which would have saved her from the Blame she must
 ‘ expect from a censorious World: She lamented her own
 ‘ Credulity, and wonder’d she had so long been blinded,
 ‘ since now she could recollect a thousand Circumstances
 ‘ which might have given her a just Suspicion of what
 ‘ she found too true: And trembled when she reflected on
 ‘ the Danger she might herself have fallen into, had not
 ‘ this lucky Discovery prevented.——In short, CA-
 ‘ MILLA said on this Occasion every Thing that could
 ‘ express Concern, and requesting me to let her take one
 ‘ last Farewel, (which I consented to,) gave me her so-
 ‘ lemn Promise, never more, if possible, to see the
 ‘ wretched FLORIMEL.

‘ Accordingly she went next Morning. They both
 ‘ stood silent for a while; but that Silence expressed
 ‘ more than the strongest Rhetorick could do, the One’s
 ‘ *Resentment*, and the Other’s *Shame*. After some few
 ‘ Moments, CAMILLA recovering herself, thus began:
 ‘ *I come not, FLORIMEL, to upbraid your Loss of Ho-*
 ‘ *nour,——long lost, I fear, and what you set no Value*
 ‘ *on:——But wherefore has my Love, my Friendship*
 ‘ *been abus’d so grossly?——Why has my Name, my Inno-*
 ‘ *cence been made Use of to assist your Crime?——Ah!*
 ‘ *cruel FLORIMEL! could you not be guilty but you must*
 ‘ *draw me in to bear a Part? Did you think to save*
 ‘ *your Reputation by the Sacrifice of mine? Or, that your*
 ‘ *Wickedness would be less by having a Companion in it?*
 ‘ *——But know, that I shall find a Way to justify my-*
 ‘ *self to all the World, and clear my Fame, till by your*
 ‘ *Means, unspotted: While you will be the common Sub-*
 ‘ *ject of Reproach, will be despis’d, and (for my Wrongs)*
 ‘ *unpity’d:——Nay, at last, I make no Doubt, will be*
 ‘ *abandon’d by the very Man who has loaded you with*
 ‘ *Infamy.——I wish, however, the World may have*
 ‘ *more Compassion on you than you have had on me:*
 ‘ *——I wish you may repent, and leave your Crimes,*
 ‘ *and, if it’s possible, I still can wish you Happiness.*

— O lost FLORIMEL ! though once so dear, farewell for ever ! In Vindication of my own Character I never must see you more. — Thus saying, she left the Room, and has since that Time industriously avoided all Places where possibly they might meet.

I am, S I R,

Your Humble Servant

MENTOR.

THE foregoing Story may furnish out several useful Lessons for the Conduct of human Life. By FLORIMEL we may learn, how dangerous it is to lay aside that strict *Decorum* which keeps Vice at its proper Distance : Our Nature is so susceptible of its Infection, that we should never suffer it to come near us : For if we do, it will allure us on so insensibly, from one Pleasure to another, which it represents as innocent, that we shall scarce perceive we have wander'd from the Paths of Virtue, till we are far enter'd into the high Road to Destruction.

TO be careless what others say of us, is a fatal Error. The Fear of Infamy is the Shield of Virtue, which should never be laid down. To be negligent of our *Character*, makes us negligent of our Conduct. It's not enough that we are virtuous, we must be careful also to appear so ; and publicly discourage Vice in others, as well as refrain from the Practice of it ourselves. We countenance Wickedness when we don't reprove it, and to suffer it in our Presence is next to the Commission of it, and usually ends there too.

CAMMILLA's Mistake may caution us against inconsiderate *Friendship*, contracted rashly, without a due Regard to the Disposition and Reputation of those we engage with. Our own good Name depends on the Behaviour of our Intimates, and we ought in no Case to assist them, without examining if their Designs are virtuous.

— True Friendship is very rarely found ; there are so many precious Requisites to its Composition, that com-

monly it is adulterated, and instead of being the richest Cordial, becomes a virulent and deadly Poison.

I cannot better finish this Discourse, or oblige my Readers more, than by saving from being lost a *Fragment* of the finest *Genius* of the Age, on *Friendship*.

• IN *Pliny's Natural History*, we find a curious Receipt for making the *Roman Friendship*; a *Cordial* that was universally esteemed in those Days, and very few Families of any Credit were without it. In the same Place, he says, that they were indebted to the *Greeks* for this Receipt, who had it in the greatest Perfection.

• THE old *Roman Friendship* was a Composition of several Ingredients: Of which the Principal was *Union of Hearts*, (a fine *Flower* that grew in several Parts of that Empire,) *Sincerity*, *Frankness*, *Disinterestedness*, *Pity* and *Tenderness*, of each an equal Quantity. These were all mix'd up together with two rich *Oils*, which they call'd *perpetual kind Wishes* and *Serenity of Temper*; and the whole was strongly perfumed with the *Desire of Pleasing*, which gave it a most grateful Smell, and was a sure Restorative in all Sorts of Vapours.

• THIS Cordial thus prepared, was of so durable a Nature, that no Length of Time could waste it! and what is remarkable, says our Author, it increased in *Weight* and *Value* the longer you kept it.

• THE *Moderns* have most grossly adulterated this fine Receipt. Some, indeed, of the Ingredients are not to be found; and what they impose upon you for *Friendship* is as follows.——*Outward Professions* (a common *Weed* that grows every where) instead of the *Flower of Union*: The *Desire of being pleased*, a large Quantity; of *Self-Interest*, *Convenience* and *Reservedness*, many Handfuls: A little of *Pity* and *Tenderness*, (though some pretend to make it up without these two last;) and the common *Oil of Inconstancy*, which, like our *Linseed Oil*, is cold-drawn every Hour, serves to mix them altogether.——Most of these Ingredients being of a perishable Nature, it will not keep; and shews itself to be counterfeit by lessening continually in *Weight* and *Value*.



*The poor Ogulnia on the Poet's Day,
Will borrow Cloaths and Chair to see the Play;
She who before had mortgag'd her Estate,
And pawn'd the last remaining Piece of Plate,*

DRYD. JUV.

From my House in the Minories.

WHAT are call'd Misfortunes in Life, are, for the Generality, no other than the necessary Consequences of our Actions. Want of Judgment is the Source of the greatest Part of our Miseries; and we, in Indulgence to ourselves, throw that Fault on some unlucky Planet, which is entirely owing to our own unlucky Way of Thinking. We are precipitate in our Determinations, and conclude *that* the wisest Course which most flatters our Inclinations. Were Causes and their Effects well consider'd; would we banish for a while the natural Complaisance we have to gratify our Inclinations, and examine well the Consequences of our Procedure, we should not so preposterously lay the Blame on Fortune, of what is the necessary Result of our own Folly. Let us endeavour how we will to shuffle the Fault from ourselves, the World, which does not examine with the same Tenderness, will *clap the Saddle upon the right Horse*, and be so far from favouring us in the Examination of our Conduct, that they will take a malicious Pleasure in aggravating the Stupidity of our Procedure, as it is a tacit Encomium on their own prudent Management. *Bijouletta* never once made a Reflection in her Life, nor thought of the Consequence of humouring the Extravagancies of her Fancy, till it was too late to ward against them; and she was in Want of Necessaries before she had the least Idea of Poverty, though every Action was a Step towards it; like those People who never think of Death, till they are past a Possibility of living: tho'

Reflection would make them sensible that every Day which passes they have twenty four Hours less to survive. Had *Tom Careless* asked himself this Question, *If I can't live within the Compass of 3000 l. a Year, how can I live upon nothing?* he would not have been in a threadbare Coat, shabby Wigg, and splash'd Stockings, beating the Hoof to find some Place where he might dine *gratis*, or upon Credit: But the Pleasure a fine Equipage afforded, and the Honour of being seen in what the World calls the best Company, left no Room for Consideration: His gilt Chariot, great Expence, and Play, were so many Guides to conduct him to the *Fleet* Prison, where he was supported by the common Basket, till the last Insolvent Act changed his Begging at a Grate to the Spunging on his Acquaintance at large. Some Men are so devoid of Reason, that nothing, no Sights, no Suffering, can prevail upon them to have Pity on themselves. I have heard of a Gentleman, who, having fool'd away a plentiful Estate, was by the Charity of his Friends enabled to set up a Coffee-House in the *King's-Bench* Prison, and this Business gave him scanty Bread. Another Estate, after some Time, fell to him, and restor'd him to Liberty; but the Land-Tax was so high, Tenants were often so much in Arrears; and he found so much Trouble to account with his Steward, that he turn'd it into Ready Money: Ready Money was obnoxious to Care, it was not safe in his House, it was dangerous trusting Bankers; wherefore he laid it out in Pleasures, and was soon reconducted to the same Prison, and set up a Tap-House. He was again releas'd by the Inheritance of a third Estate, which he as prudently managed, and died in a Gaol, a poor despis'd Servant to an Ale-Cellar. Could any one call this Man a reasonable Creature? Certainly no; a Dog has more Sense than a Man of this Character: Beat a Dog for coming into a House, and he'll ever after fly the Door; but the most severe Suffering could not open this Person's Eyes to his Follies, or make him avoid that Road which Experience shew'd led to Want and Misery. He had an innate Meanness of Soul, and a Stupidity which were incorrigible, and render'd him a Disgrace to human Nature. When a Man has had no Pity on himself, let him not complain
that

that the World is void of Compassion, or attribute to his Misfortune and Poverty the Contempt he meets with, and the Sights he bears, which are the just Punishments of his Folly. The Example of an inconsiderate Wretch, which I have already given, is a known Truth : I shall subjoin another, which is also Matter of Fact, tho' the Man was less blameable ; for he had a Resource, and depended on it ; had not had the Advantage of Education, like the former, but shew'd an Ambition, which had it been guided by Judgment, would really have been Praise-worthy. A Journeyman Baker in the City was the next Heir to a very considerable Estate ; but his Father's Extravagance (as often the Sins of the Father fall heavy on the Son) was the Cause of his being neglected by his Relations, and brought up by the Parish. He had often talk'd to the Family of his Expectations, and was very generous to his Master and Fellow-Servants in his Promises. One Day when he was not at home, a Gentleman enquir'd of his Master if Mr. ——— did not live there ? and being answer'd in the Affirmative, but that he was out about his Business : The Gentleman said he would wait his Return at the next Tavern, and desir'd he might be sent to him. Accordingly when he came back, the Master and Man went to the Place appointed ; where, in few Words, the latter was told, that by the Death of such a Relation he was become Master of 1500*l*. a Year. The young Fellow was put into Possession, without Trouble. In few Weeks after he came rattling to his Master's in a Coach and Six, and told him, he must of Necessity leave the Management of his Business for a little Time to some Friend, and, together with his Mistress, (the Baker's Wife,) go down to his Seat, and be Witness of his good Fortune. After he had kept him and his Spouse a Month, (as long as they durst be from their Business,) he brought them up to Town, and, in Return for former Kindness, made 'em a Present of a hundred Pieces. He told his old Master at taking Leave, as he had the Estate of a Gentleman, he would endeavour at the Qualifications, and make the Tour of all the Courts of *Europe*. Dissuasion was to no Purpose ; the Idea he had received of the Advantage accruing by Travel, made him deaf to the Remonstrances of his Friends, who saw
he

he already was enamour'd with Figure, and liv'd much above the Income of his Estate; of which, when he was reminded, he would answer in a jocular Way, he had a good Trade in his Belly, and cou'd not break till he broke his Neck. His Expences abroad, in which he observ'd no Medium, made a considerable Rent in his Estate, and he soon wore it out at his Return. Having nothing left, he engaged again with his old Master; and when he was asked by his Acquaintance what he could think when he acted so imprudently? *Why*, said he, *I thought of nothing but my Pleasures; my Estate gratified my Inclinations while it lasted; and now it's gone, has left me this Advantage, I have seen more of the World than any Journeyman Baker in Town, and I dine at my Master's Table, which I never did before.*

THE Vanity of appearing greater than we are, is ever attended by fatal Consequences: In the Intrigue makes our Lives wretched, and never answers our Design. We have as many who calculated our Rents and Expences as we have Acquaintance; the World sees through us; and instead of paying us a Respect which we endeavour to purchase by our Ruin, we only furnish Matter for Ridicule, and make ourselves the Jest of all who know us; so that we lavish our Estates to deceive ourselves. *Brillante*, no Doubt, when she appear'd at Court in a Gold Brocade Gown and Petticoat, thought all who took Notice of her Dress, admir'd her Fancy, and conceiv'd advantageous Ideas of her Fortune: When they pointed at her as an extravagant young Woman, whose Income could not support her Figure, and who was therefore in the high Road to Beggary: By the Ill-natur'd she was laugh'd at; by the Humane she was pity'd. *Vergetta* is another who is the standing Jest of the Quality: Her Husband is a Tradesman; yet she is ever at *Quadrile* with People of the first Rank; has her Chariot, and keeps her Chair by the Week; while her Plate, or Jewels, from Time to Time, go to the Pawnbrokers to furnish out her Purse for Play. Those who don't know the Streights she is often in, say, she has an Intrigue with some Person of Quality, who supports her Figure; those who do, despise her; so that her Character suffers on the one Hand,
and

and her Vanity very justly forfeits all Pretensions to good Sense on the other; while *Vergetta* flatters herself that she is esteemed, respected, and admired, and that those who are condemning her Conduct, are applauding her fine Taste. *Hebes* thinks his Equipage does him Honour, raises Envy, and makes him admired by the whole Town; whereas there are none who take Notice of his Finery, but immediately reflect upon him as a Fool and a Villain; and add, that were it not for certain Reasons, instead of shining in a Glass Chariot, he would be peeping through Iron Grates. Did People know how differently they and the World judge, they would not be at such Pains and Expence to purchase Contempt, and have their Follies made the common Table-Talk. —

TO those of *Hebes*' Character I think may very justly be applied the following Couplet from *Dryden's Juvenal*.

*The Luxury of Rome will know no End;
For still the less we have, the more we spend.*

K.



*The Gods to curse Pamela with her Pray'rs,
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares,
The shining Robes, rich Jewels, Beds of State,
And, to compleat her Bliss,—a Fool for Mate.
She glares in Balls, Front-Boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched Thing?
Pride, Pomp, and State, but reach her outward Part:
She sighs,—and is no Dutchess at her Heart.*

POPE.

From my House in the Minories.

NO Duty is more incumbent on Parents, than to place their Children well in Marriage. Reason, Nature, and the publick Good require this: And the Neglect of it excuses very much the Disposol of them-

themselves.—By marrying them well is commonly understood the securing to them a large Store of *Wealth*. Where *that* is, few imagine Happiness can be wanting: But this is a fatal Error, as too too many miserable Creatures prove; and nothing in the World can give it, but *mutual Love, Esteem, and Tendernefs*.—I shall take another Occasion of enlarging on this Subject, and at present entertain my *Readers* with the following *Spanish Story*.

IN a pleasant *Villa*, about fifteen Leagues from *Madrid*, liv'd a Lady nam'd LOUISA: Bless'd only with two Daughters, ELVIRA and JACINTHA: But possess'd in them all that Felicity which the fondest Mother can receive from the best of Children; an Happiness (which few have Hearts human enough to relish, and fewer still the good Fortune to enjoy, (unmix'd with any Uneasiness, but such only as resulted from a Concern for their Welfare, and a Desire of seeing them well disposed of in the World.—Their Birth, Fortune, and fine Accomplishments would not suffer them to be long concealed: Don ALONZO, a Gentleman of a noble Family and large Estate, address'd the Eldest: Very much to the Satisfaction of LOUISA, who in the common Traffick of the World, could scarce expect a Match so advantageous for her Daughter.—ELVIRA (who with an unquall'd Sweetness of Temper had a great Share of good Sense) was for delaying the Affair, till she might have some Experience of ALONZO: Telling her Mother, that in her Opinion, Riches only could never produce Happiness. But LOUISA's Prudence over-rul'd these Sentiments: She hasten'd on the Match as fast as possible; and having secur'd an ample Provision for her Daughter in Case of ALONZO's Death, a few Days and a splendid Equipage hurry'd her away to *Madrid*: Very much to her Mother's Satisfaction: Who thought herself compleatly happy, except only when she turn'd her Eyes upon JACINTHA, and consider'd she was unprovided for.

SOME little while after, a strange Accident brought Don CARLOS into the Family; a young Gentleman of fine Parts, but in Fortune by no Means equal to JACINTHA;

THA : Where, being entertain'd with the most friendly Hospitality, amidst the many Hours of Play and Conversation, which unavoidably they pass'd together, their Tempers, Notions, Likings and Aversions corresponded so exactly, that something more than Friendship insensibly stole upon them : And *both* with Surprise found themselves engag'd, before either of them had been aware of it. Each seem'd to be the Picture and Reflection of the other : And they flatter'd themselves, that if ever Hearts were pair'd in Heaven, theirs were so undoubtedly, and that they came out of their Maker's Hands, each the other's Counterpart.

LOUISA was alarm'd : And exerted herself to save her Daughter from the impending Ruin. JACINTHA was too duteous, too tender of her Mother's Peace, to act in Contradiction to her Commands : And CARLOS disdain'd so ungenerous a Return to LOUISA's Hospitality, as to steal her Daughter from her. — For these Reasons, they tore themselves from one another, and mourn'd in Absence their mutual Loss. And, what made their Misery more irksome, was, they had not the common Relief of discharging their Resentment upon the Author of their Sorrows ; for, whene'er they thought upon LOUISA, the only Opposer of their Happiness, Duty and Gratitude silenc'd their Upbraidings, took off the Edge of their Complaints, and chang'd them into Prayers and kind Wishes for a Friend and Mother.

BUT tho' they parted, the generous JACINTHA was resolutely constant in her Affection, and scorn'd to let her Heart shrink from her beloved CARLOS. She fail'd not daily to importune her Mother in his Behalf ; who as often set before her the Danger of venturing on one who had only a Place at Court to trust to, which was a precarious Post, and at best must die with him. JACINTHA thought her own Fortune would afford them a gentile and sufficient Maintenance : And the only Difference between them lay in this, that JACINTHA propos'd nothing more than to be a happy Wife : LOUISA's Ambition was to have her a rich Widow.

IN the mean while, *Don* CARLOS pass'd all his Days in Melancholy, and was almost shrunk into the Shadow of himself ; when LOUISA in Compliance with
her

her Daughter's Importunity, and in Compassion to one who had no other Crime but an inviolable Love, with much Reluctance, yielded her Consent.—They were married: But the Transports which the young Couple found together, were but little relish'd by the careful Mother, who fear'd their chimerical Happiness would soon evaporate; and therefore to divert herself from the Thought of them, she soon departed for *Madrid*, to spend her Life with her Son ALONZO, and the thrice happy ELVIRA. A few Days after, the new-married Pair came thither also; JACINTHA went to visit her rich Sister, and took her Husband with her. The Grandeur of the House surpriz'd them: A large Court before it had two circular Wings of *Piazza's* below, and *Bal-lustrades* above. By a large Flight of Marble Steps they ascended the great Hall, and were conducted through the Salone into a Room of State most richly furnish'd. Here, being left together, CARLOS could not help blushing when he look'd upon JACINTHA, taking all the Magnificence which appear'd before them as a Reproach upon himself, who was unable to provide for her those numerous Blessings which ALONZO show'd down upon her happy elder Sister: Altho' JACINTHA's Fortune and Merit were in no wise inferior to ELVIRA's.

———— JACINTHA, who observ'd him, suspecting the kind Cause of his Confusion, reliev'd him with an easy Smile and undissembled Chearfulness: When an immoderate Laugh in a neighbouring Apartment, seem'd to speak the Felicity which the Possessors of that delightful Seat enjoy'd. It was not long e're ELVIRA appear'd, and the Sight of her Sister gave her an uncommon Satisfaction. After the first Compliments, the Visitants fail'd not to express their Joy at her good Fortune, and the Happiness her great Desert had rais'd her to, in so excellent a Husband as ALONZO, with Circumstances so plentiful, a Palace so magnificent, a Retinue so numerous, and Friends so chearful. ELVIRA could not contain herself, but bursting into Tears, cried, ' Oh! do not mock my Misery, *Jacinta!* You see ' in me the veriest Wretch that ever mourn'd in Wedlock: Prudence, as poor *Louisa* thought, join'd our Hands, before Love had touch'd our Hearts; but the

Event

Event too sadly proves the Crime and Folly both, of making a Merchandize of Marriage. ALONZO, it's true, has large Possessions, but I, alas! am Mistress of him nor them: I have no more Command of the Gold in his Coffers, than if it still continued in the Mountains of *Peru*. A Profuseness, indeed, spreads my Table: But how much more Satisfaction, *Jacinta*, did the less costly Viands, which we us'd to prepare ourselves, afford! Besides, the Peace that us'd there to smile at every Meal, is chang'd into the noisy Laugh of Drunkards, and loose Discourse of Wantons; these were the chearful Friends you mention'd, and I have none but such to converse with. My Attendants are not Servants, but Spies, Guards and Enemies; it's a Crime in them to be obliging to me, tho' few have had the Courage to risque Displeasure on that Account. I'm their Contempt and Scorn, and dare engage there's not one in the House would change Conditions with me. I have been insulted by all, and beyond Suffrance by some; That Thing yonder reigns uncontroll'd: For whom, and some other such Creatures, my Lord every Night forsakes me; and the impudent Fellow who introduc'd you hither, not long ago attempted on my Honour, and by his Master's Directions too. Judge now how agreeable my Condition is: the stately Appearance of the House I am sick and weary of, and the poor Woman at the Gate there, sees and enjoys it more than I do, tho' perhaps the silly Creature is so mad to envy me.'——JACINTHA was so concern'd she could not speak, and CARLOS to wave the melancholy Subject, ask'd for LOUISA and her little Son: *Their Company, Madam, says he, must be a great Relief to you amidst these Calamities.*——'Ah! Don CARLOS, reply'd ELVIRA, I must no more know Comfort: The Curse of marrying without Heaven's Direction pursues me through every Circumstance of Life. It's but seldom I can see my poor Boy: He has learn'd already to despise his Mother, and lives the miserable Monument of his Father's Vices, which he bids fair to inherit as well as his Diseases. LOUISA whom you expected here, my Husband's Brutishness drove away some few Days since, and she is now re-

tir'd

' tir'd with an inexpressible Load of Sorrow to think
 ' what her too ambitious Views have brought me to.—
 ' The only Reason why ALONZO marry'd me, was,
 ' that my Fortune might discharge an Incumbrance on
 ' his Estate. That Turn is serv'd, and I'm of no far-
 ' ther Use; he looks on me as a mercenary Wretch who
 ' sold myself by Marriage, and treats me like his Slave.'
 Don CARLOS and JACINTHA greatly pity'd the un-
 fortunate ELVIRA, and retir'd but just before Night, to
 a little Habitation, which they had hir'd at a small Di-
 stance from the City.

LOUISA spent her Life in Solitude, under the bit-
 ter Remorse of having perswaded her eldest Daughter in-
 to Ruin, and the sorrowful Apprehensions of what she
 imagin'd JACINTHA's Imprudence had drawn upon
 herself. For some Years she did not see her: And at last
 resolv'd on an unexpected Visit, that she might surprize
 her in her true and undisguis'd Manner of Life. She
 arriv'd one Evening, and was conducted by a Servant,
 without Notice, at her Request, into the Garden: Where,
 unobserv'd, she beheld the loving Pair sitting under an
 Alcove of Jessamine: JACINTHA employ'd in Needle
 Housewifry, and CARLOS entertaining her with the
 merry Works of Immortal *Cervantes*. But ever and
 anon would he steal away his Eyes to fix them upon JA-
 CINTHA, and often met her's, wandering from her
 Work, upon a like Errand.

*Nor gentle Purpose, nor endearing Smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful Dalliance as befits
 Fair Couple link'd in happy nuptial League.*

MILTON.

SO soon as LOUISA discover'd herself, she was re-
 ceived with such a graceful Transport and Chearfulness
 as spoke sincere Affection. After entertaining her some
 Time with the Agreeableness of the Garden, they were
 call'd to a Supper, wholesome, simple and elegant: The
 Attendants look'd (as they were us'd) rather like humble
 Friends than Servants: Respect and Satisfaction appear'd
 in every Countenance, and to make up the Family of
 Love, two Sons and one little Daughter compleated their
 Felicity.

Felicity. In short, happy Tempers, well suited to each other, a moderate Fortune, and a pleasant Habitation, furnish'd them with more real Happiness than all ALONZO's Wealth could purchase.

THE King's Favour afterwards rais'd CARLOS to a more advantageous Employment : So that by his good Conduct and Heaven's Blessing, he became Master of more Wealth than he thought convenient for his Children to share. All he propos'd was, to set them out handsomely in the World, and enable them to provide for themselves : This, if they were industrious, would be as much as they wanted, and if they prov'd idle, much more than they deserv'd. And, afterwards, he found a melancholy Opportunity of disposing of the Overplus. ALONZO's extravagant Way of Living threw him into great Streights : to recover himself out of which he pursu'd such Measures as made his Life a Sacrifice to the Laws, and his Estate a Forfeiture to the Crown : So that ELVIRA was left a destitute and miserable Widow. But Heaven shut the Scene of all her Miseries, and took her to itself : Her Son was dead, and she left one Daughter only. CARLOS took home his little Niece, as a Companion for his Daughter, gave her an equal Fortune, and, what was still a greater Blessing, educated her like his own. — LOUISA cur'd of her blind Ambition, spent the quiet Evening of her Life with CARLOS, in all the Tranquility which Peace, Affluence and Innocence could give. She died in a good old Age : And the Fortune she was possess'd of descended to the Family. CARLOS soon after follow'd her, and left JACINTHA the richest Widow in the Neighbourhood. She would never hear of marrying, but devoted herself to the Memory of her CARLOS, whose Loss was made up as much as possible, by the Affection, Obedience, and Prosperity of her Children.

* * *



*Nullus argento color est, avaris
Abditæ torris, inimice lamnæ
Crispe Sallusti nisi temperato
splendeat usu.*

Hor. lib. 2. Ode 2.

*Gold hath no Lustre of its own,
It shines by temp'rate Use alone,
And when in Earth it boarded lies,
My Sallust can the Mass despise.*

Creech.

From my House in the Minories.

RETURNING Home t'other Night from *St. James's* End of the Town with a Friend, we happen'd, in order to peruse the Evening Papers, to call in at a Coffee-House not far from the *Royal-Exchange*. While we were there, came in an old Gentleman, in a Suit of Threadbare Black Cloaths, a decay'd Wig, and as much of his Linen as appear'd in Sight worn to a perfect Rag. This Shabbiness in his Dress, and a certain melancholy Craving I could discern in his Countenance, made me take him for some Person in deep Distress; and with this Apprehension, the Sight of him affected me with a very sensible Concern. I was in a Manner confirm'd in my Conjecture of his being in Want, by observing that he was not taken Notice of by any body; nay, on the contrary, altho' with his great Age, and the Extremity of the Weather, he trembled as tho' shaken by an Ague, yet no body making the least Room for him, he was obliged to take up with a Seat at some Distance from the Fire. My Friend observing me to fix my Eyes upon him with so much Attention, asked me if I knew who it was? On my answering him in the Negative, 'It is, *says he*, the famous *MISERIO*, who, though reputed worth thirty thousand Pounds at the least, yet lives as if he were not Master of so many Pence. He grudges himself all the Necessaries of Life, and owes all the Cloaths you see upon his Back to a distant Relation, who left him them as Mourning about three Years ago, in Hopes of his bequeath-

‘ bequeathing a better Legacy to his Children. He comes
 ‘ hither generally in an Evening, because for a Dish of
 ‘ Tea he is entitled to sit here three or four Hours by
 ‘ the Side of a better Fire than he could keep at Home
 ‘ for six Times that Expence. He has vast Sums in the
 ‘ publick Funds, of which, whenever he receives a Di-
 ‘ vidend, he lays it out immediately in the same Stock,
 ‘ and adds the Amount of it to his former Capital.
 ‘ What makes this extreme Narrowness of Temper the
 ‘ more remarkable in MISERIO, is, that he has no Fa-
 ‘ mily to provide for, having never been married; and
 ‘ what is yet more extraordinary, has not any Relations
 ‘ in so low Circumstances as to want his Assistance.’ My
 Friend’s Account of the miserable Manner in which this
 wretched Man consumes his Days, made so strong an
 Impression upon my Mind, that when I got home, I
 could not forbear throwing together some Reflections on
 that Vice which occasions it.

Covetousness in general may be defined an unreasonable
 Desire of Riches, and is so epidemick a Distemper of
 the Mind, that there are very few whose Souls are en-
 tirely free from its Infection, in some Degree or other.
 That this Assertion may not too much surprize my Rea-
 ders, I shall only put them in Mind, that it is appa-
 rently to gratify the same Passion, that the Miser denies
 himself Bread, and the Gamester hazards his All upon a
 Throw: So various, nay, almost contrary are the Ef-
 fects produced by Vice; whereas the Result of Virtue is
 ever equal and uniform.

IT is certainly a very just Observation made by a late
 Author, from the Nature of Vice in general, *That con-
 scious of its own Deformity, it ever seeks to shelter itself
 under the nearest Appearances of Reason and Discretion:*
*The Coward talks very feelingly on the Benefits arising
 from Caution; and a proud Man declaims with Pleasure
 on the Prudence of Decorum.* Frugality and Industry
 therefore, are the Virtues to which the Miser labours to
 ascribe those Actions which flow in Reality from a
 Stinginess of Temper, and a sordid Thirst of Gain.

BUT as Covetousness is a Vice which exerts itself in
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 of the Mind in which it inhabits: It may be a useful,
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as long as a Bit of them will hang together, and wears Shirts of the same kind of Cloth that other People make Towels. He indicts one of his Neighbours for robbing him of a Windfall out of his Orchard, and brings an Action of Trespass against another for taking a Walk cross his Field. He dines at a Cook's Shop for Three-pence; and as soon as he has done, goes to the next Friend's House, and begs a Draught of Small-Beer. If you desire to borrow Money of him at common Interest, he declares he has not ten Pounds in the House; but does not stick to tell you in the same Breath, if you offer him Twenty *per Cent.* that if he likes your Security, he can advance you a thousand Pounds upon the Nail. *When the Suppliants* (says the Greek Author I mention'd just now) *bring their Gifts to the Altar of Diana, the Goddeſs may know his by its Smallneſs.* When this vicious Desire of saving Money insinuates itself into the Soul of a Man of a timorous Disposition, he cannot so easily get over the Sense of Shame, and therefore never does a mean Action of this Kind, without an Excuse. The Niggard, if he has Business twenty or thirty Miles out of Town, goes down on Foot; but then he is sure to tell you, he does not do it to save Charges, but because he knows Walking is wholesome, and he is frequently sick in a Coach. He has seldom a Joint of Meat dress'd at Home, by reason of his having one of the worst Stomachs in the World, and yet never fails to eat swingingly, if invited abroad; which he excuses by repeated Assurances of his never having met with any Thing so well dress'd, or so good of the Sort. If he knows when you design to visit him, he'll be sure to be out of the Way when you come: And yet the next Time he sees you, tells you, with a Face full of Concern, that he never was more vex'd at any Thing in his Life, than that he was so unhappy as to miss you. In fine, he spends his whole Time in doing such little pitiful Actions, and then endeavouring to disguise them under Artifices so gross, that every body sees through them.

T H E R E is but one Kind more of this Vice which I shall take Notice of at present; and this is one for which I am at a Loss to assign a Name, and for a Definition of which I must borrow from *Salust's* famous Character

rafter of CATALINE, *Alieni Appetens sui profusus* : One who is covetous of what is another's, and yet profuse in what is his own. There are some Men will spare no Pains, nor shun any Hazards, to acquire Riches : And when they have acquir'd them, squander them away as if Wealth were a Thing for which they had the utmost Contempt. If this were to be observed only in Highway-men, Pyrates, and such like, one would not much wonder at it, but consider it as a Kind of Judgment upon ill-gotten Riches. But when we behold Seamen and Soldiers lavishing away what with so much Danger and Fatigue they have procured, what shall we say ? If we reflect only on the Risques they run for Money, we shall conclude them covetous ; if we regard only how idly it is consum'd, we shall be apt to stile them profuse : But if we consider both, it will convince us how ridiculous a Man appears whose Conduct is not founded upon Reason.

T H E R E is no Remedy so proper to all the Degree of this Vice, of which I have been speaking, as to consider the Uncertainty of those Things, which with so much Violence we desire. *Riches*, says a wise Man, *make to themselves Wings, and fly away*. How foolish is it then to set our Hearts on what a thousand Accidents may deprive us of while we live, and which we must inevitably part with when we die. But since Covetousness is so strongly rooted in our Nature, let us turn the blackest of our Vices into the highest of Virtues, and be covetous only of those Things which deserve to be esteemed, or, in the Words of our SAVIOUR, *Lay up for yourselves Treasures in Heaven, where neither Rust nor Moth doth corrupt, and where Thieves break not through and steal ; for where your Treasure is, there will your Heart be also*. Let us transfer then this violent and unreasonable Desire of Riches to those Things which are far more valuable in themselves, and infinitely more deserving of our Care.

C



— Aut agmine facto
Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent. VIRG.

All with united Force combine to drive
The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive. DRYDEN.

From my House in the Minories.

WERE Solon to rise again, and be a Witness to the Indolence of the present Age; see Idleness tolerated, and People permitted to be useless, or rather Burdens to the Society, what Judgment would he make of such a Nation, and what Opinion would he have of the Wisdom of the Legislature? Should one of the antient Law-givers hear a young Fellow complain of his Time lying heavy on his Hands, and see him fly to a Bottle, or the Arms of a Strumpet, *pour tuer le tems*; or a fine Lady, for the same Reason, take her Coach, and divert the tedious Hours by being troublesome and impertinent to the industrious Shopkeeper, by tumbling his Goods, without the least Design of purchasing: Or else, (which is more pardonable) throw herself on her Bed, if she's not in a Humour for Company, or there proves a Dearth of Scandal, and hope by Sleep to be eas'd of the intolerable Burden of Time; would he not be apt to condemn both the *Beau* and the *Belle* to some very severe Punishment, which should awake them into a Sense of their being design'd reasonable Creatures?

WHAT an Alteration should we find for the better, how would Trade flourish, how would the Number of our Poor diminish, how many noble Families would be preserv'd in their antient Splendor, how few Robberies would be heard of, how would the thoughtless Heir be protected against the Wiles of hungry Sharpers, and how great a Number would be sav'd from, who are travelling apace to the Gallows, did we follow the Wisdom of the Antients in enacting Laws against Idleness, which should make every Man give an Account of his Time, and be answerable for his Way of Life? One of the

Athenian Law-givers, I think it was *Draco*, punish'd Idleness with Death; others have made it infamous to be idle. The *Egyptians*, by a Law in the Reign of *Amasis*, made Sloth a capital Crime. It was from them that *Solon* borrow'd and introduc'd this Law into his Commonwealth; and the *Areopagites*, or Judges in criminal Cases, were very vigilant in enquiring into the Life and Manners of every particular Subject, and in seeing this Law put in Execution. I shall give one Instance of this their Vigilance.

THERE were at *Athens* two poor young Men, *Mendemus* and *Asclepiades*, who were greatly addicted to the Study of Philosophy: They had no visible Means of Support, yet kept up their Flesh and Colour, look'd hale, well, and in good Case. The Judges had Information given them of the retir'd Life of these two, and of their neither having any Thing to live on, nor apparently doing any Thing to maintain them: Consequently, as they could not live without Sustenance, they must have some clandestine Means of subsisting. On this Information the young Men were summon'd before the Judges, and order'd to answer to the Charge. One of the Accus'd saying, little Credit was given to what a Man could urge in his own Defence, it being natural to believe every Criminal will either deny or extenuate the Crimes he is charg'd with, and as the Testimony of a disinterested Person was not liable to Suspicion, he desired a certain Baker (whom he named) might be summon'd, and answer for them. The Baker being come, he declar'd, that the young Men under Examination took it by Turns to grind his Corn every Night, and that for the Night's Work he every Morning paid the young Man who ground at the Hand-Mill, a Drachma, (about a Groat :) the Judges, surpriz'd with their Abstinence and Industry, order'd (as a Reward of their Virtue) two hundred Drachma's to be paid them out of the publick Money.

HAD we these *Areopagites* among us, how many idle Fellows who live now by Plunder, and sharpening young Gentlemen at Play, by setting and drawing in Prentice to rob their Masters, would be obliged to lay by the Sword they have impudently assum'd, together with
the

the title of *Gentlemen*, and return to the honest Trades they were brought up to, or be some other ways made useful to the publick? These Pseudo-Gentlemen, who pretend, from Idleness and Debauchery, to be on the Foot with Men of Birth, and who, from their gentile Profession of picking Pockets, lay a Claim to Rank and Place, and despise the laborious Mechanick: Would either be employ'd in the Land or Sea Service: In Docks or Yards: Or, if capable of nothing else, in repairing and mending the publick Roads or Edifices: By which Means they would be kept above the Want they now Experience by Turns with their Luxury, and become serviceable to the Commonwealth: To which they are now both a Burden and a Scandal. Had we these *Athenian* Laws in *England*, how many bright Genius's would they draw out of an obscure Indolence? How many would they recover from a constant Habit of Idleness, which the Follies of their Nurses and Mothers has occasion'd, by instructing them, that the only distinguishing Mark of a Gentleman, was, knowing and being good for nothing? How many young Gentlemen would employ that Time in useful Study which they now lose at a Glass, lavish away in Riot, or murder in Night Debaucheries: They being the only Animals except the Owl and Bat which fly the Sun, and rejoice in the Approach of Darkness? What Decorum and good Order would be introduced into Families of all Ranks? And what an Alteration should we see in Drefs? We should then be able to distinguish between the Dutchess and the Draper's Wife, and between her and her Servant: We should know the Lord from the *Valet de Chambre*, and the Gentleman from the Mechanick: Peace would be restor'd, Parties would be lost, the Administration would be freed from Censures, and Industry would banish Want. Idleness is the Ground of all Evil, whether publick or private; for the Mind of Man will be employ'd, and rather than do nothing, it will work Mischief. How many have I observ'd settling the Nation, laying down Schemes of Government, censuring their Superiors, particularizing what false Steps they had made, and directing even the Councils of Foreign Princes in Coffee-Houses, Taverns, &c. who would by these Laws be obliged to

follow the Business of their Vocation: And have no Time to think or discourse of Affairs which they are not call'd to, and which they are ignorant of. Those Laws would limit their Thoughts to the providing for their Families, which are often given up to Hunger, and left in the Want of Necessaries; while they, actuated by this publick Spirit of redressing Grievances, are drinking their Childrens Shoes.

HAD the *Romans* kept to the severe Virtue of their Fathers, it's possible their Empire had known no End, but with Time itself. *Quintius Cincinnatus* did not quit his daily Labour on Account of his Dignity: And the *Roman* Senate was assembled from the Plough-Tail. They had Censors who examin'd the State of every one's Ground, and reprimanded the idle Husbandman. *Ovid* has given a fine Description of the Life of these first *Romans*, to which I refer my Reader.

Cato says, It is not by effeminate Prayers the Gods grant their Assistance; they have their Ears open to the Industrious, who begs their Assistance at the same Time that he employs his Industry. They hate Idleness, and the Prayers of the Slothful are more likely to draw down their Indignation than their Assistance. Labour and Industry are the Price the Gods have set upon the Blessings of this World, and who will enjoy them, must purchase them at that Rate.

THE *Parthians* were such Enemies to Idleness, that they did not suffer their Children to eat till they had sweated at their Exercises.

Scipio the *African* us'd to say, he never was less alone than when alone; for he was always well employ'd, and had no Time to be idle: And the other *Scipio*, called *Nasica*, fearing Peace should introduce this Bane (Idleness) into the Commonwealth, said, that he look'd upon the *Romans* (after the Destruction of *Carthage*) to be in greater Danger than ever they had yet been; for they had no Enemies. Idleness he esteem'd a more terrible Enemy to the State than *Carthage* had been: Though that Commonwealth had reduced the *Romans* to the greatest Extremity. *Cicero* says, that our Make alone will inform us, that we are not placed in the World for our Diversion, to follow our Pleasures, and be idle Spectators.

tors. And I will venture for this once, (though I know it is unfashionable, and liable to Censure,) to quote the Scripture, and give both *St. Paul's Example*, and the Sentence he has pass'd on the Slothful. — *Neither did we eat any Man's Bread for nought, but wrought with Labour and Travel Night and Day.* — *This we command you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.* — To conclude, every Member of the Society is under a tacit Obligation to contribute to the general Good; he's unjust if he does not, and ought to be looked upon as a useless, nay, a burdensome Member; and as he will do nothing for the Publick, ought to receive neither Advantage nor Protection from it, but be driven out as a destructive Drone.

K



Templum petas supplex, & venerare Deum.

Lilii Carmen de Moribus.

*To Holy Church humbly repair,
And offer God both Praise and Pray'r.*

From my House in the Minories.

I HOPE my courteous Readers will accept the following *Letters* for the Entertainment of To-day.

S I R,

THE Office and Character you have taken up, make me complain to you, of a Grievance which has given me much Heaviness of Heart. You must know, I'm *Clerk* of a Chapel at the Court End of the Town, in which Vocation I have behaved above five Years unreprieved. But, for three Months past, a young bewitching Creature, nicely dress'd, has placed herself every Day in a Pew just before me, practising all the Arts of her soft Sex: And so exquisitely charming is she, that she might interrupt the Devotion of a Saint; much more of me who am a miserable Sinner. At

H 3

this

this present Writing, my Conscience accuses me of the many *Amens* I have not answer'd, and the innumerable *Texts* of Scripture I have lost. I'm sure there's not a Feature in her Face, but what has diverted my Attention from *Lessons* and *Collects*, and likewise whole Paragraphs of the Preacher's Discourse : And not only mine, but that of the whole Congregation : For the Eyes of all the Church are fixed on her ; she stands up all the Time, as it were on Purpose to be seen, and Flesh and Blood can't forbear gazing at her. When she sings, the Motion of her Head, the Turn and Languish of her Eyes, and the Melody of her Voice, never fail to put me out of Tune, though I have the *Notes* before me. In short, the Doctor has several Times reprehended me, and I'm afraid to tell him what occasions my Neglect : But I have observed, that he of late has made several Mistakes and Pauses in his Sermon, which I believe were owing to the same Cause. Now, *good Sir*, I would intreat you to exhort this alluring Creature, either to stay at home, or else not interrupt the Service. Pray desire her, not to move along the Isle, to her Pew, with the same Stateliness that she would tread the *Mall* : Not to manage her Fan, or take Snuff as if she was sitting in the Side-Box : Not to wave her Head, and roll her Eyes when singing Psalms, as though she sung an Opera Tune. And, to sum up all, beg the Favour of her not to display her Charms, and be as intent on Admiration while at Church, as she may at an Assembly. By doing this you will much oblige,

Your most Humble Servant,

HUGH STAVES.

I HAVE enquired into the Particulars of this Complaint, and finding them to be true, enjoin the *Fair Delinquent* immediately to conform to the Ceremonies of that Church whereof she professes herself a Member ; to kneel when others kneel, to sit when others sit, and remember her Business there, is not to show herself, but worship

worship God; and likewise, that none are either too fine or too pretty to humble themselves before their Maker. And, in Case of Obstinacy, Mr. *Staves* is hereby authorized to forbid her Entrance, in any other Habit but a *Nightcap* and a *Wrapper*.

MY worthy *Predecessor* reprov'd with good Success several Indecorums and Indecencies, which, in his Days, were crept into our publick Worship; but, since his Decease, they have been restored and practi'd with Impunity. All that Cringing and Complaisance for one another, all that Inattention and Disregard for the Duties of the Place, which he corrected, are become more notorious than ever. Devotion is lost amongst us: With our Lips we speak to God, but our Thoughts are far from him: And was the true Reason of our going thither to be known, I'm afraid scarce One in Ten would be found whom real Religion brings, We go, because it is the Fashion: through Curiosity, or Vanity: To see our Neighbours, or set ourselves to View: For the sake of Amusement, or to pass away an idle Hour we know not how else to spend. — God is present every where, and sees us at all Times; but in those Places devoted to him, when we meet to perform the sacred Offices of Religion, we ought to appear with a more than ordinary Respect and Reverence. Our Minds should be firmly fixed on the solemn Business we are engaged in, our Behaviour free from even the least Appearance of Levity, and all our Vanities should be left at home. How preposterous is it, for a poor helpless Creature, that is intirely dependant, for Life, for Health, for Food, for Clothing, and for every Thing it enjoys, to come before the *Supreme Being*, professing Humility and beseeching Mercy; while at the same Time it is swelling with Pride of Heart, exulting in the gaudy Ornaments of Form or Dress, and strutting as if it commanded all Things, and expected to be ador'd' — This is mocking God, and making our very Prayers sinful.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

IF the following *Song* can afford any Amusement to your Readers, it is intirely at their Service. I think the Manner of it new; perhaps, therefore, it may please; and I assure you, it was written by a Hand whose Performances have been always well accepted by the Publick.

Yours,

JASPER CRAMBO.

BLOUZIBEL. A SONG.

To the Tune of SALLY.

I.

OF ANNA's Charms let others tell,
Or bright ELIZA's Beauty:
My Song shall be of BLOUZIBEL,
To sing of her's my Duty:
The Fair who arm'd with CUPID's Darts,
His Flames, and other Matters,
Is all around behung with Hearts,
As Beggars are with Tatters.

II.

To lavish Nature much she owes,
And much to Education:
The Girls, and Boys, and Belles, and Beaux,
Are struck with Admiration,
For, blended in her Cheek, there lies
The Carrot and the Turnep,
And who beholds her blazing Eyes,
His very Heart they burn up.

Her

III.

*Her dainty Hands are red and blue !
 Her Teeth all black and yellow !
 Her curling Hair of Saffron Hue !
 Her Lips like any Tallow !
 Her Voice so loud, and eke so shrill :
 Far off it is admir'd !
 Her Tongue ! ——— which never yet lay still,
 And yet was never tir'd !*

IV.

*Ten thousand Wonders rise to View
 All o'er the lovely Creature !
 The pearly Sweat like Morning Dew
 Gilds every shining Feature !
 As ISAAC of his ESAU said,
 She like a Forest savours ;
 Thrice happy Man for whom the Maid
 Reserves her hidden Favours.*

V.

*O BLOUZIBEL ! for Thee we pant,
 To Thee our Hopes aspire ;
 For Thou hast all which Lovers want
 To quench their raging Fire.
 Then kindly take us to thine Arms,
 And in Compassion save us
 From ANNA's and ELIZA's Charms,
 Which cruelly enslave us.*

Mr. SPECTATOR.

‘ **Y**esterday, stepping into a Coffee-house near the
 ‘ Royal-Exchange, I chanc'd to sit down near
 ‘ two Merchants. One of them had lately imported a
 ‘ Quantity of *Antiguo Cotton*, and being a Stranger to
 ‘ the People who deal in that Commodity, was en-
 ‘ quiring of his Friend after several Persons whose
 ‘ Names were written down upon a Piece of Paper. I
 ‘ found

‘ found the other knew them all, for some of them he
 ‘ called *good Men*, and others *very good Men*: By which
 ‘ Expressions a Foreigner would have been apt to think
 ‘ that they were eminent for *Piety* and *Virtue*, or at
 ‘ least guilty of no Intemperance, Oppression, Deceit,
 ‘ or any of the reigning Vices of the Age.

‘ I DESIRE you would recommend a more proper
 ‘ *City Phrase* when a Person’s Character is enquired af-
 ‘ ter, and assure the *Citizens*, that there is many a *good*
 ‘ and *very good Man* in *London*, who has not Credit on
 ‘ the *Exchange* for 50 *l.* as well as many a One who is
 ‘ not really a *good Man*, though his Note will pass for
 ‘ several Thousands.

I am, S I R,

Your Constant Reader.

Mr. *Welfed*’s Play call’d *My Son get Money*, has a
 Passage in it between Sir *Humphry Staple*, a rich Citi-
 zen, and Mr. *Beaufort* a fine Gentleman, which may
 serve for a Comment on my *Correspondent*’s Letter.

‘ Sir *Hump.* — YOU may be dishonest while you are
 ‘ getting an Estate, but when you once have got it,
 ‘ I’ll answer for you, you shall be honest again.

And a little farther he goes on.

‘ Sir *Hump.* — ’TIS not very creditable to be poor:
 ‘ ’Tis but an indifferent Character to want Money: I
 ‘ don’t know what the Sentiments of you Courtiers are,
 ‘ but with us in the City, *Honesty* and *Wealth* signify
 ‘ the same Thing, and when we say a *good Man*, we
 ‘ mean a *rich Man*,

‘ *Beauf.* — I FIND then, Sir *Humphry*, that in the
 ‘ City you have a Language peculiar to yourselves, as
 ‘ well as Customs and Manners.

‘ Sir *Hump.* — SIR, we have a laudable Language
 ‘ that goes all the World over: My Bills are understood
 ‘ at *Constantinople*: And as for our Manners, they are to
 ‘ dress clean, to live plentifully, to get Money, to owe
 ‘ nothing, and trust no body.’

THAT

THAT extravagant Passion we have for Wealth, not only causes us to act against Reason, Humanity, and Virtue, for the Attainment of it ourselves, but makes us impute to those who possess much of it the Merit of every other Qualification. Blinded to all their Faults, we fancy in them somewhat extraordinary, commanding Esteem and Reverence. Whom Fortune elevates, Mankind will never fail to bow to. As *Boileau* says, in his *Satyr on Man*, translated by Mr. *Oldham*.

He that is rich is every Thing that is,
Without one Grain of Wisdom he is wise,
And knowing nought, knows all the Sciences.
He's witty, gallant, virtuous, generous, stout,
Well-born, well-bred, well-shap'd, well-dress'd,—
what not?

* * *



*In prolem dilata ruunt Perjuria patris,
Et pœnam merito filius ore luit.*

CLAUD.

*The Father's Violation of his Oath,
Is here reveng'd on Son and Father both.*

From my House in the Minorities.

HISTORY abounds with Instances where Heaven in an extraordinary Manner has punish'd *Perjury*; a Crime which scoffs at the *Almighty Being*, and sets him at Defiance: But I remember none more remarkable than what Mr. RAMSAY gives us in his *Travels of CYRUS*; a Story which I shall here abridge.

THE Father of *Periander* usurp'd the regal Power over *Corinth*, which was then a free State. After reigning 30 Years, he reflected on his crime with Horror; and had not Death prevented, would have laid down his Authority. When near expiring, he call'd *Periander* to him, and made him swear to restore his Countrymen their Liberty. But Ambition blinded the young Prince.

Prince. He forgot his Oath. And hence his numberless Misfortunes.

THE *Corinthians* rose against him : But he subdu'd them : And to secure himself, marry'd *Melissa*, Heiress of *Arcadia*, the most beauteous Princess of her Time, of uncommon Courage and consummate Virtue.

SEVERAL Years after, he warr'd against *Corcyra*, and commanded his own Troops. In his Absence the *Corinthians* again revolted. *Melissa* secur'd the Fortrefs, and vigorously defended it : Demanding Aid of *Procles* King of *Epidaurus*, who had always seem'd *Periander's* faithful Friend.

Procles having long contrived to extend his Dominions over all *Greece*, embraced this favourable Opportunity to seize on *Corinth*, which he thought a proper Seat for Empire, and coming with a numerous Army, took it in a few Days. *Melissa*, ignorant of his Designs, set open the Fortrefs Gates, receiving him as her Deliverer, and her Husband's firm Ally. But *Procles* being Master of *Corinth*, fixed there his Residence, and let *Periander* know, he must content himself with reigning at *Corcyra*, which he had just subdu'd.

Treachery was not the only Crime of *Procles*. He entertained a violent Passion for *Melissa*, and try'd all Means to satisfy it. But finding both Threats and Fondness prov'd in vain, he confin'd her closely, with *Lycophron* her Son, in a strong Tower on the Borders of the Sea.

Periander was soon informed of *Procles's* Treachery, and his Love for *Melissa*; and at the same Time was told, she had not only favour'd the Usurper's base Designs, but also return'd his Passion.

THESE Stories he listen'd to too easily. Jealousy filled his Heart with Rage. He got ready a strong Fleet, and appear'd in Sight of *Corinth*, e'er *Procles* could put himself in a defensive Posture. *Melissa* knew not her Husband's Sentiments, and was already blessing the Gods for her approaching Deliverance, when a Storm arose and dispers'd the Ships then just entering the Port, great Part whereof perish'd before her Eyes. The rest were cast away on the Coast of *Africk*; and that Vessel only in which *Periander* was escaped.

HE

HE return'd to *Corcyra*, giving himself up to Sorrow. Though his Courage supported him under the Loss of his Dominions, he could not bear *Melissa's* imagin'd Crime. Her he lov'd, and her alone, and sunk beneath the Thought of her Infidelity.

Melissa believed him dead; and found herself expos'd a-new to the Insults of a Prince who had no Sense of Virtue. While she implor'd the Gods to save her Innocence, the Person whom *Procles* had made her Keeper, moved with Pity, inform'd her *Periander* liv'd, and offer'd to conduct her to him. She, *Lycophron* her Son, and their Deliverer, escaped together. *Procles*, enraged at this, contriv'd Means to confirm *Periander* in his Suspicions, giving him Information, that *Melissa* was coming to *Corcyra*, with an Intent to poison him. Jealously blinded the unhappy King, and he believed it all.

THE three Fugitives arrived at *Periander's* Palace. When he saw *Melissa*, Fury and Madness seized him. As she ran with Arms extended to embrace him, he drew his Dagger, and plung'd it in her Bosom. She fell, with these Words, *Ab, Periander! Is it thus you reward my Love, and my Fidelity.*——Death ended her Misfortunes. Her Soul flew to the *Elysian* Fields; there to receive the Recompence of Virtue.

Lycophron, all in Tears, cry'd out,———*revenge, just Gods! revenge my Mother's Death! revenge it on a barbarous Father, whom Nature forbids me to punish!*——He left the Palace, and would see his Father's Face no more. Their faithful Conductor then told *Periander* the Affection of *Melissa*, and all the Miseries she had endured for him.

THE wretched King too late perceived his Error. In Despair he stabb'd himself with the same fatal Weapon. But the Wound proved not mortal, and he was prevented from repeating it. He threw himself on *Melissa's* Corps, calling out to *Jupiter* to compleat the Punishment he was hinder'd from finishing. His Friends took from him the Means of farther Mischief, whilst he refused all Consolation, and reproached their Cruelty, for seeking to preserve a Life which he detested.

NOTHING could abate his Agonies, but the Thought of punishing the Crimes of *Procles*. With this Hope, he underwent a Cure. He form'd a strong Alliance, besieged

sieged *Corinth*, took *Procles* Prisoner, and sacrificed him on *Melissa's* Tomb.

BUT *Lycophron* remained at *Corcyra*, and refused to return to *Corinth*, where *Periander* dragg'd on a wretched Life, without any Enjoyment of his Grandeur. He loved a Son, who justly hated him : And to pacify his Resentment, resolved to make him King, and retire himself into the Island of *Corcyra*, there to lament and expiate in Solitude the Crimes he had committed. For executing this Design, he sent a Vessel to fetch home *Lycophron*, and a Messenger to assure him, that his Father would place him upon the Throne, and was already preparing the Diadem for his Head. Impatient for his coming, *Periander* often visited the Sea Shore. The Ship at length appear'd. But how great was his Surprise and Sorrow, when running with Eagerness to embrace his Son, he beheld *Lycophron* in a Coffin !

THE *Corcyreans*, detesting *Periander's* Cruelties, had revolted. And sacrificing the Son to their Resentment against the Father, had sent his dead Body in the Vessel, as a Testimony of their eternal Hate.

Periander struck with this sad Spectacle, entered deeply into himself, discovered the Wrath of Heaven, and cry'd out, *I have violated the Oath made to a dying Father ! I have refused Liberty to my Countrymen !—O Melissa ! O Lycophron ! O vengeful Gods ! I have but too well deserved all these Calamities that overwhelm me.*

HE appointed a pompous Funeral, and commanded all the People to be present at it. His own Hands put Fire to the Pile, and he remained immoveable, with his Eyes drowned in Tears, while the devouring Flames consumed the Body. After gathering the smoaking Ashes into a Golden Urn, he made a Sign for Silence, and then spoke thus ; *People of Corinth, the Gods themselves revenge you of my Usurpation, and deliver you from Slavery. Lycophron is dead : My Race is extinct, and I will reign no longer. Countrymen, resume your Rights and Liberties.* This said, he commanded the Assembly to retire, and shut himself in the Tomb of *Lycophron*.

SOME few Days after, *Periander* order'd two Slaves to go by Night, and kill the first Person they should meet, at a Place which he appointed, and throw his Corps

Corps into the Sea. Thither he went himself: was murdered: And his Body never found, to receive the Rites of Burial. Thus, given over to Despair, he contrived his own Punishment.

IN this Story what a dreadful Series of Crimes and Misfortunes! a sacred Oath to a dying Parent violated! The Husband stabs his Wife! rebellious Subjects assassinate the Son! and the King procures his own Murder! Heaven's vindictive Justice pursued the Tyrant's Perjury to the Grave, and extinguish'd his whole Race.

* * *



— *Aulæis jam se Regina Superbis
Aurea composuit sponda mediamque locavit.* Virg. En.

— *The Queen already sat
Amongst the Trojan Lords in shining State,
High on a Golden Bed.* Dryden.

From my House in the Minorities.

THE Family of the STONECASTLE's have ever preferr'd Substances to Shadows; and it is the peculiar Happiness of the Males of our House to look into and examine Consequences before we conclude on any Affair. My Cousin *Stonecastle* did, from this innate Maxim, prefer Mr. *Cambrick*, Citizen and Linen-Draper, to *Jonathan Gugarw*, Esq; in the marrying of his Daughter *Rebecca*. The World condemn'd his Partiality in Favour of a Tradesman, who was not worth above half the Value of the 'Squire's Estate, at the low Estimate of twenty Years Income. Mr. *Cambrick*, said they, can make your Daughter no Jointure; all he is worth is in Trade, and Trade is a Lottery, which casts up many Blanks to one Prize. On the other Hand, they laid down the Advantages which were apparent on Mr. *Gugarw*'s Side: And insisted on his being a Gentleman of a very antient Family, related to most of the great Houses in *Europe*: Whereas Mr. *Cambrick* was a Person of very little Consequence, being, as it is very well known, no more than the Son of

a Linen Weaver in *Flanders*: and the Top of his Family were no more than *Flemish* Merchants. My Cousin, who had Patience to hear every one's Opinion, and Prudence enough to examine Things stripp'd of their Outside Appearance, without giving his Reasons. married his Daughter to the Tradesman. Time has shewn how rightly he judg'd; for she pass'd her Life in an uninterrupted Tranquility, with a Husband who made it his Business to oblige her; whom she saw before her Death, Master of a plentiful Fortune of his own acquiring, and by his Industry, in Possession of Mr. *Gugaw's* fine Seat, and great Part of his Estate, which he had been stripp'd of by his Vanity. She left one Daughter, whom Mr. *Cambrick* has married to Mr. *Tarwell*, Leather-Seller, and gave with her 10,000 *l.* Fortune. She is happily dispos'd of in one Respect; for her Husband is extremely fond of her, and humours her in all her Caprices. He's in very good Circumstances; for besides his Business, he has a considerable landed Interest, and has serv'd High Sheriff of his County: He has good Sense, and judges well in every Affair except in what regards his Wife, where he can see but with one Eye; for his Tenderness has quite put out the other. He is generally well spoken of; and I have taken Notice, that he never gave out a Shilling, but he always turn'd it once or twice, and examin'd well both the Face and the Cross, (if it was not to his Wife,) e're he parted with it. I went last Monday Evening to visit this Relation, being told he was alone in a little Parlour behind his Warehouse: Upon my going to him, I remark'd the Stairs were full of Lights in Glass Sconces, and the Entry (for the Warehouse lies on one Side of the Dwelling-House) on each Hand, was set out with new fashion'd Glass Lanthorns, which had a very agreeable Effect. The Coachman had on a long tufted Gown, with a Bamboo in his Hand, headed with Silver; the Footboy was powder'd half Way down his Back, and the two Apprentices, in their best Cloaths, with Toupie Wigs, and ruffled Shirts, pass'd by me in great Haste. I ask'd my Cousin the Meaning of all this, and what made the Family in such a seeming Confusion? He laugh'd, and told me, his Wife was that Evening to be brought to Bed. Why, said I in Surprise,

prize, I never observ'd she was with Child. 'I can't help that, *replied he*, but she's very big, and will be deliver'd precisely at Eight o'Clock: You are luckily come to be an Assistant.' I ask'd if he took me for a Man Midwife? 'Yes, *said he*, and you have the Reputation of having deliver'd some Ladies with great Success.' This Answer made me look wistfully in his Face, and consider the Time of the Moon: 'I'll put an End, *continued he*, to your Surprise: My Wife has been big for some Time of a new Vanity, which she brings forth this Evening. Since I last was favour'd with a Visit from you, she has open'd, set up or declared (I am not positive in the Term of Art) a Visiting Day, and sees no Company at Home but on Monday: which is really very convenient; for we have no Trouble all the rest of the Week with her Visitors. We have nothing more upon our Hands than every Morning the giving a Particular of her State of Health to the Lady's Servant where she visited the Night before. An Account her Footman receives every Tuesday from each particular Lady who has honour'd her with a Visit the previous Day. This Night, you must know, she's very much indispos'd.' I am sorry for that; how long has she been out of Order, said I, 'Don't interrupt me Cousin, or be under any Concern, reply'd he; for she will be very well again To-morrow, and some one of the Ladies will, perhaps, catch the Disease, and take her Bed. This Illness is like the Play of Lying-in and Christenings among the Girls. You must know she has been two Months preparing to receive her Indisposition with due Respect and Decency: A new Crimson Damask Bed and Curtains, with Pincushion Chairs, have been bought for its Reception, with new Plate, frame Sconces, and several other Necessaries which I can't immediately enumerate. I have been the only one let into this important Secret, and she has done me the Honour to consult me in every Particular: tho' I think she follow'd my Advice in nothing but the Colour of her quilted Gown, which I advis'd to be a Scarlet Damask, that, in case she unfortunately should, at the Time of her Illness, have a good Colour in her Face, it might be imputed to the

Reflection

' Reflection of her Gown, and not to an unmannerly
 ' good Health. In a Word, Cousin, she is to be indis-
 ' pos'd this Evening, and to receive her Company in her
 ' Bed-Chamber. This Satisfaction she has propos'd to
 ' herself by this Whim, the Times she has sent for me
 ' to advise with her, the Proposals and Objections she has
 ' herself made, and a hundred trifling Matters of great
 ' Importance, have been to me a very agreeable Co-
 ' medy; but the Misfortune is, I am not permitted to
 ' see the last Act; for it would be indecent, and con-
 ' trary to all Decorum, to have a Husband seen in a
 ' Lady's Bed-Chamber: But do you, dear Cuz, go up,
 ' and let me have an Account whether we come off
 ' with Applause of the Company or not.' Pray, said
 I, is not the Doctor to be sent for? ' No, no, not at
 ' all, she's to tell her Company, if she finds herself
 ' worse To-morrow, she'll have Advice; and this will
 ' furnish out Matter for Discourse, and bring upon the
 ' Carpet the Characters of all the City Physicians. Poor
 ' Fool, she has kept me awake many a Night about this
 ' Illness! What must the Fatigue of a Privy-Counsellor
 ' be, who has the Interests of so many different States
 ' to manage, when only the furnishing a Bed-Chamber,
 ' and the chusing a sick Dress for one Woman has robb'd
 ' me so often of my Rest!' The Novelty of the Thing,
 I must own, induc'd me to be a Spectator of this Farce:
 When the Curtain was drawn, that is, when the Com-
 pany came in, I went up. On the Head of the Stairs
 I was met by the youngest Apprentice, who acted, I
 suppose, as Groom of the Chambers: He conducted me
 through the first Room: At the second the eldest Ap-
 prentice, whom I look'd upon as Deputy to the Master
 of the Ceremonies, with abundance of Complaisance,
 usher'd me to the Door of the Bed-Chamber, and scratch-
 ing against it with his Nails, my Lady's Woman open'd
 it, and said, *Madam, your Ladyship's Relation.* At my Ap-
 pearance, her Ladyship laid her Hands on the Arms of
 her Seat to raise herself; but finding she had not Strength,
 gave over her fruitless Efforts, and hop'd, ' I would at-
 ' tribute to her Weakness the ill Manners she blush'd to
 ' be guilty of; and continued, I can't but think my In-
 ' disposition a Happiness, since I believe it is to my Ill-
 ' nefs.

'ness, Sir, that I owe the Favour of your Visit.' As she knows I say but little, she did not expect a Return, but with her Hand made a Signal that there was an empty Chair near me. I was hardly seated, when three or four Ladies were condoling with me on the Misfortune of my Cousin's Illness, and every one advising me to persuade her either to different Receipts or different Doctors. I found the Lady herself, who was seated in a Crimson Damask Easy-Chair, though she was very faint, and had a Smelling-Bottle often at her Nose, had not the least Defect in her Lungs; for she talk'd to all the Company, every one in their Turn: Tho' the Distemper had so bad an Effect on her Memory, that she would speak with as much Vivacity, as loud, and be as merry, as if nothing at all ailed her. At the same Time I discover'd that she had a Friend who was Prompter; for at a Signal of a Fan put to the Mouth, I remark'd my Cousin grew faint, and falter'd in her Voice. The next who was admitted after me was a young Gentleman, a *Turkey Merchant*: He was in his Dress what the *French* say, *tiré a quatre epingles*, nothing could be more exact. He enter'd, with 'Lard, Madam, what a Mortification 'is it to see your Ladyship in this languishing Condition! When I heard the News of your Indisposition, I 'was struck all of a Heap: You really look vastly disorder'd, but charmingly well; indeed its no Wonder, 'your Ladyship cannot look otherwise, the Graces will 'never leave you; and when you are so cruel to the 'World as to consent to die, they will accompany you 'to the Grave.' Then, without taking further Notice of the sick Lady, he made his Tour round the Room, and had something pretty and engaging to say to every Individual. My Curiosity being satisfied, I got up, told my Cousin I was sorry to see her ill, that I believ'd the Disorder lay in her Head, and advis'd her to be blooded. When I was going, she, with much ado, rais'd herself a little, threw her Body forward, and call'd out, 'Who's there? call some body to wait on 'my Cousin What-d'ye-call-him down.' The Grandeur that I had seen, the thorough Air of Quality, and the Tone of Voice in which she call'd, made me apprehend I had not behav'd myself with a due Deference; and

and if her Husband had not given me Heart, I question
if I had slept a Wink all Night.

K



Quid Prudentis opus ? cum possit, nolle nocere.

Bias per Aus!

*It indicates the Man of solid Sense,
Who when he might, will never give Offence.*

From my House in the Minories.

ACCORDING to the Promise which I made the *Publick* when first I began *this Paper*, I have all along, upon every Occasion, and among all our unhappy Differences and Disputes, observed an exact *Neutrality*. — While my Brother *Journalists* have been falling foul on one another, and with mad *Prejudice*, or blind *Partiality*, villifying, or extolling the whole Conduct of those in Power ; I have carefully avoided every Thing which might in any Manner relate to *Politicks*: — I have not even named the *Beggar's Opera* :—And my Caution in religious Matters has been so great, that I believe it is impossible to guess at my Perswasion ; nor shall I ever farther declare myself on that Head, than to assure my *Readers*, that I have an *universal Charity*. I have engaged on neither Side, in the Skirmishes of Wit, betwixt Mr. POPE's Party, and his *Opposers* ; but, on the contrary, have suppress'd several Papers sent by unknown Hands, which (though they would divert my *Readers*) might, I thought, increase the Quarrel. Nor, however high the Contention in Time may rise, will I interfere at all between the wonderful Mr. HENLEY and the other Candidate for the Town's Applause Mrs. AUBIN, or so much as hint an Opinion which of them excels in Oratory. — And thus indifferent have I stood, and will still remain, not through Ignorance, or from an Inability to discern where all Sides have been to blame, but with a View of becoming serviceable to *all*,
by

By taking Part with *none*: For, such is the Nature of Mankind, that even the best *Advice* from a Person we dislike, (and generally we dislike every body who differs from us in *Principle* or *Party*,) is thrown away upon us; we hear (if we can be persuaded to hear at all) with *Prejudice*, we judge with *Partiality*, and right or wrong condemn without regarding Truth or Reason. But, by shewing this *pacifick Temper*, I hope for a more kind Reception. I am no Man's Enemy, nor will injure any Body's Reputation. Whilst I lash the Vice, I am tender of the Criminal; and therefore, persuade myself, that my Reproof will be consider'd as the Concern of a real Friend, intended, not to *expose*, but to *amend*.

IT is a common Complaint, *that few People can bear Advice*; but, the Reason is, because few know how to give it.—When it plainly proceeds from a Desire of finding Fault, an assuming Spirit, the Pride of shewing superior Understanding, or when it lays us open to the Contempt of others, it is true, that we cannot bear it: But, on the other Hand, if it appears to be the Effect of Friendship and Concern, intended for our Good, bestowed with a due Privacy and Regard for our Character in the World, and void of Self-Exaltation, there is scarce any body so senseless, as not to receive it kindly, and become the better for it. — From a long Observation on this Principle in human Nature, I began my *Lucubrations*, and shall continue them on the same Plan. Whenever I perceive Mankind misled by Custom, blinded by Folly, or hurry'd on by Passion, or Constitution, to Things evil in themselves, or unhappy in their Consequences, I am struck with Compassion, and earnestly wish to save them: But, in particular, when the Danger threatens the most lovely Part of the Creation, I think myself in the highest Manner obliged to interpose and warn them of the Mischief. I feel for them, all the Tendernefs of a Father, and correct their Faults, not with Anger, but Affection: Using all the Address I am Master of, to cause their Reformation, by an inward Conviction, rather than publick Shame. As an *Englishman*, I have at Heart the Prosperity of my Country, and if I can in any wise promote it by the Encouragement and Praise

Praise of Virtue, or the Discountenance of Vice and Folly, my Pains will be well bestow'd.

I publish the following Letter, (which exposes what none would be thought guilty of,) in Hopes, that those who know themselves criminal, will be brought to Reflection and Amendment by it.

Mr. STONECASTLE.

SOME Time ago, I met with one of your Papers, by which I find that you are a very publick-spirited Gentleman, and don't confine your Animadversions, Observations, Directions and Reproof, to our *Metro-polis* only, but that your salutary Discourses are intended for the Benefit of all your Countrymen. I was pleas'd with so generous an Undertaking, and am full of Hope to obtain, by your Assistance, some Quiet for a troubled Mind.

Providence took away my Father in the 23d Year of my Age, by whose Death I come to a clear Estate of near 1000 *l.* a-Year, agreeably situated, and in a good Neighbourhood. But though at this dangerous Time of Life, I was left without Restraint, I escap'd being led away by any Folly or Extravagance, disguis'd under the Mask of Pleasure. I lik'd all Country Diversions, but was a Slave to none, nor was so fond of rural Amusements, but that sometimes I spent a Month or two at *London*. Books I lov'd so far as they are of Use, to civilize and improve the Mind, and Company likewise, but not in such a Manner as to be uneasy when alone. Five Years I liv'd, thus single, thus happy ! in myself, my Circumstances and my Friendships too : Till the Beauties of a neighbouring *Fair-one* charm'd me into Anxiety. I saw, I lov'd, I woo'd, and marry'd her. She was the only Daughter of a worthy Gentleman, her Education liberal, her Fortune answerable to mine, and her Person so amiable, that she was the general Admiration. Her Conversation was valued by Men of the most refin'd Sense, and amongst her own Sex, she was look'd upon as an Oracle : She command'd Respect from her Superiors, and charm'd those below her into Affection. To her Friends she was sincere, kind and affectionate to her Neighbours,

' Neighbours, tender and loving to her Family, com-
 ' passionate and generous to the Poor, affable and cour-
 ' teous to all: But to oblige me, was her chief, her
 ' constant Care, as my greatest Pleasure was to be ob-
 ' lig'd, and prove by all Means possible my just Esteem.
 ' In this Tranquillity, we enjoy'd whatever Happiness
 ' human Life can reach: When my malignant Stars shed
 ' their most cruel Influence, and destroyed my Peace.
 ' ——— 'Twas my Misfortune (my Heart bleeds to tell
 ' the Story,) to bring this charming, innocent, endear-
 ' ing Partner of my Soul, to this pernicious Town. We
 ' lodg'd in *Pall-Mall*: And it was not long, e'er my
 ' Wife was courted into the Acquaintance of a bewitch-
 ' ing Woman of Quality, who had form'd a strict
 ' Friendship with the Mistress of the House. From
 ' ceremonial Visits, they shortly became intimate, and
 ' this was continued (as often as the Season brought us
 ' up to *London*) for about two Years; in which Time,
 ' this cursed vile Seducer, with her dazzling Mischief of
 ' Quality, have taught my Dear-one, not only the cer-
 ' tain Way of ruining my Estate by an unreasonable
 ' Love for Gaming, but have also debauched her into a
 ' *Closet Society*, or to speak in plain Terms, a Set of
 ' *Dram-Drinkers*: To the Destruction of her Health,
 ' Beauty and Understanding. Drunkenness in Men is an
 ' abominable Fault; but in the weaker Sex, what innu-
 ' merable Inconveniencies (not to mention Crimes) must
 ' it not expose them to? — What a fatal Change do I
 ' now find! What a different Face do all Things wear!
 ' Her Regard for me seems lost; her Family is neglected;
 ' her Friends are slighted and avoided. The kind Advice
 ' of her good Father, (whom she never disobeyed 'till
 ' now,) my tender Admonitions, and severe Reprimands,
 ' (for those too, though with the utmost Unwillingness,
 ' I have try'd) are all fruitless. This beloved, this
 ' unfortunate Creature is fallen into such a State of Stu-
 ' pidity, that I can by no Means awaken her to the least
 ' Sense of my Unhappiness, or her own Disgrace. If this
 ' publick Declaration of my Affliction, which I will
 ' order so as to fall into her Hands, should fail of
 ' its desired Effect, good God! What shall I do! I
 ' fear I shall act something extravagant.—Should any
 ' — Expedient

‘ Expedient occur to you, I beg, *Sir*, I request it as
 ‘ the greatest Favour, that you will communicate it,
 ‘ and you will infinitely oblige

Your much-afflicted, and

Most unfortunate

Humble Servant unknown,

H. S.

How deplorable is the Fate of this unhappy Gentleman! deprived of all the Comforts Beauty and Love could give, and doom'd to see the Partner of his Joys abandon'd past reclaiming, and in a Condition much worse than being mad! The Loss of Reason, when it is the Act of Heaven, commands our Pity: But Resentment justly rises against those, who by sacrificing the Soul's most noble Faculties to sensual and brutish Gratifications, deform the Dignity of human Nature. — After the Methods already try'd, there seems but one remaining, which is, to deprive her of any possible Means of indulging this shameful Vice. I think, without stretching the Authority of an Husband beyond its Bounds, he may lock her up, keep her without Money, or any other Way put her under the Necessity of being sober, 'till it is her Choice to continue so. Nay, I even think it is his Duty: As much as it would be to prevent her taking Poison, if he found that she intended it. — But, I hope, that she herself has still good Sense enough remaining, to spare him this ungrateful Task, and restore their mutual Happiness, by a speedy Reformation.

THE Consideration of this melancholy Subject, brings into my Remembrance those pathetick Lines of *Milton*, which seem applicable on this Occasion.

*O Fairest of Creation! last and best
 Of all God's Works! Creature, in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to Sight or Thought be form'd
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
 How art thou lost! —*

I AM

I AM inform'd, the wretched Vice here complain'd of, has infected many of the *Fair Sex*, in a scandalous and most shameful Manner, and is daily practis'd, even by those of Rank and high Distinction. The Legislature has seasonably interpos'd to prevent the mean People from destroying themselves this Way, which, I hope, will occasion due Reflection in all besides who are guilty of this fatal Custom, and bring them to consider its certain and unhappy Consequences, which are, *Infamy, and Death itself*. A drunken Woman is a most detested Character, which any but a drunken Woman must blush to bear: It implies the Loss of Virtue, Fame, and Honour: Because, in that Condition, a Woman is exposed defenceless to every bold Attack: And that spirituous Liquors are a sure Poison, miserable Examples every Day can prove.

* * *



*Sweet Solitude! when Life's gay Hours are past,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last;
Toss'd through tempestuous Seas, (the Voyage o'er,)
Pale, we look back, and bless the friendly Shore.*

TICKEL.

From my House in the Minorities.

IT has been a Question often debated, though I think it hitherto remains undetermin'd, which, by a wise Man, ought to be preferr'd, a Life in Business, or Retirement. If Examples in this Case were to pass for Arguments, a Multitude of Authorities might be produced on both Sides: *Moses, Solon, and Lycurgus*, were Lawgivers, and a kind of Princes, while *Epicurus, Socrates, and Pomponius Atticus*, despising Grandeur and Power, were contented with the humble Blessings of a private Life. For my own Part, as I am of Opinion, that our Happiness in general depends in a great Measure, on ourselves; so in this Particular, we ought, (if

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(possible,)

possible,) I think, to chuse such a Method of Living, as is best suited to our Tempers. In order to do this, it is necessary that we should strictly enquire into our Minds : and if by doing so, we find ourselves naturally aspiring, desirous of Fame, or covetous of Wealth, Reason will instruct us, that in order to satisfy these Views, we ought to engage in the publick Scenes of Life : Whereas, if we are, on the contrary, by Nature averse to Trouble, inclined to Peace, and desirous of living at Quiet, we are the likeliest to obtain these Blessings by passing our Days in Privacy, and a rural Retreat. But as it is impossible for one Man, in the Disposition of his Mind, to differ more from another, than the same Man may at different Times from himself ; and as Persons are often seen at one Time to delight in the Noise and Hurry of the World, and at another to be passionately fond of Solitude and Repose, it may not be amiss, if we endeavour to find out the Cause of so great a Change : Which, as strange as it may seem, is frequently accompany'd, and sometimes occasion'd by Reason. While we are young, our Spirits being active, and the Powers both of our Body and Mind being strong, and in their utmost Vigour, we are then fitter, and more desirous of Employment, than when advanced in Years : Old Age, besides bodily Infirmities, brings with it a Weariness and Inaptitude to Labour, and naturally inclines us to the Love of Rest and Repose. The *Spaniards*, who have long preserved the Reputation of a wise Nation, have amongst them a Custom of quitting all publick Employments, whenever they draw near their grand Climacterick, and spending the rest of their Lives in Piety and Devotion. Thus the Emperor *Charles V.* and the Cardinal Duke of *Lerma*, after having in the Morn and Noon of Life shone forth with the brightest Lustre, chose to pass the Evening of their Days in the quiet Solitude of a Cloister.

BESIDES this Desire of quitting the World, when we find ourselves incapable of continuing in it any longer with Pleasure, there is another stronger Motive, which sometimes inclines us to Retirement ; and that is, when by setting our Minds violently upon something, we make that Thing essential to our Happiness : And then either through our taking improper Measures, or by the
inter-

intervening of some unforeseen Accident, it being render'd impossible for us to attain it, the Disappointment makes so strong an Impression on our Minds, as to give us a Dislike for every Thing else : And, like froward Children, because we cannot have what we would, we will not enjoy what we may.

INSTEAD of animadverting any farther on this Head, I shall endeavour to divert my Readers, by relating to them an Accident, the reflecting on which, led me into those Observations I have been just now making on this Subject.

SOME Years ago, being at a Friend's House in the Country, I took one Day a Ride out, in order to divert myself while my Friend made a Visit, in which I did not incline to accompany him. As I was returning in the Afternoon towards home, I cast my Eye on a small House, at a little Distance from the Road : The Elegance of its Structure, the Beauty of its Situation, and the Neatness of the Gardens that surrounded it, all conspir'd to make me turn a little out of my Way, in order to take a nearer View of it. As I drew towards the Entrance of a stately Avenue of Trees, which led directly up to the House, a Gentleman who was walking there with a Book in his Hand, approach'd me very civilly, and enquir'd my Business : I told him, that coming down to spend the Summer at Mr. Such-a-one's, I had made a little Excursion, in order to see the Country, and could not pass by so charming a Seat, without indulging my Curiosity so far as to take a nearer Look at it, ' The Gentleman you mention, said EUDOCIUS, (for so I shall call him,) is a Person for whom I have a very great Esteem ; be so good, Sir, as to alight, and if there is any Thing about my House you think worthy of your Observance, I assure you, you are very welcome to the Sight of it.' I complied with his Request ; and he himself shew'd me all the principal Rooms of the House ; which were hung with good Paintings, and so exactly furnished, that they had in them every Thing that was plain and useful, without containing any Thing either superfluous or gaudy. He conducted me next into his Gardens, which were every Way extremely elegant : And particularly were adorn'd with several excellent

antique Statues. At the Bottom of his Parterre ran a beautiful Canal, on the other Side of which lay a Park, where the Eye, after being entertain'd with a Multitude of agreeable Objects, had its View terminated at a considerable Distance by a lovely Grove of Trees. Hither insensibly we wander'd: In the Middle of the Grove stood a little Marble Edifice, whose Situation might be properly stiled sweetly melancholy. In this was contained a Collection of the best Authors, and it was especially well furnished with the Poets. Here EUDOCIUS drew out of his Bosom the Book which he had in his Hand when I first saw him: It was a *Virgil*, which open'd of itself at the Story of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*.

BUT Night coming on, we returned to the House: where, after taking a Glass or two of Wine, I took my Leave: Though not without my being obliged to promise to make him a second Visit, as soon as I had an Opportunity.

AS I was returning home, I could not forbear reflecting on what had pass'd: especially, because I had not observed any Woman, so much as a Servant, about the House, nor the least Thing in any of the Rooms which could possibly be supposed to belong to any of that Sex. EUDOCIUS himself, though a Person of the most polite Behaviour, had yet such a settled Melancholy in his Temper, that although, in Complaisance to a Stranger, he endeavour'd to assume an Air of Chearfulness in his Conversation, yet I could easily perceive that he thereby laid a Restraint on his Inclination, and that it was impossible for him to put on even the Appearance of Gaiety, without a visible Reluctance. As soon as I came home, I related this Adventure to my Friend, and entreated him, if it was in his Power, he would acquaint me with the History of EUDOCIUS. Accordingly, in order to satisfy my Desire, he proceeded in the following Manner:

' EUDOCIUS (says he) is now about five and twenty:
' He is possessed of about a thousand Pounds a-year, and
' descended of a very honourable Family. Both his Pa-
' rents dying when he was very young, left him to the
' Care of MENTOR, who had been also his Father's
' Tutor: MENTOR manag'd both his Pupil's Education
' and

• and Estate with the utmost Prudence, 'till EUDOCIUS
 • reached his eighteenth Year, when MENTOR dying,
 • left every Thing entirely to his own Management; in
 • which, notwithstanding his Youth, he demean'd him-
 • self so prudently, that he justly gained the Reputation
 • of being one of the finest Gentlemen of the County.
 • In short, every body loved him as a good Neighbour,
 • and every body esteem'd him as a judicious Friend.
 • About three Miles from EUDOCIUS lived SEVERUS:
 • A morose old Man, of about two thousand Pounds a-
 • year real, besides an immense Personal Estate; all
 • which, at his Decease, would descend to his only
 • Daughter SELINDA, a young Lady, who, both by
 • her Beauty and Merit, more than deserved it. Eu-
 • docius, by Education, Family, and Interest, was
 • attach'd to one Party; and SEVERUS, by a natural
 • Obstinacy in his Temper, violently bias'd to the other.
 • This occasioned the Families having little Intercourse
 • one with the other, except their sometimes visiting at
 • the same Places.

• 'T was at one of these accidental Meetings, that
 • EUDOCIUS first saw SELINDA. This first Inter-
 • view created in him a strong Concern, which ripen'd,
 • by Degrees, into a violent and lasting Passion. It
 • would be needless for me to give you an unnecessary
 • Detail of the Series of this Amour; it is sufficient for
 • me, that I inform you, that the Love of EUDOCIUS
 • was received with reciprocal Tenderness by SELINDA,
 • and that SEVERUS's Consent was only wanting to
 • make them happy.

• A Friend, whom EUDOCIUS had made his Confi-
 • dent in this Affair, was employed to sound the old
 • Gentleman's Inclinations upon this Head. But no
 • sooner was it mentioned to SEVERUS; than with his
 • usual Vehemence of Temper, he positively declared,
 • that if his Daughter wedded EUDOCIUS, he would
 • not only immediately turn her out of Doors, but at his
 • Death, would deprive her both of his Blessing and
 • Estate.

• T O O well the Lovers knew the obstinate Temper
 • of old SEVERUS, to hope, either by gentle Methods,
 • or Length of Time, to soften him into a Compliance.

SELINDA, besides the Risk she run in disobeying her
 Father, had too great a Regard for her Duty, to think
 of marrying either without or against his Consent. The
 following Expedient, therefore, was resolved on, as
 best suited to the present Juncture of their Affairs :
 EUDOCIUS was to go Abroad, under the Pretence of
 Travel, but indeed, that SEVERUS might not suspect
 he entertained any farther Thoughts of his Daughter :
 SELINDA, on her Part, promised in the most solemn
 Manner, never to think of any other for a Husband,
 notwithstanding any Persuasions, or even Threats her
 Father might make Use of, to induce her to the con-
 trary. They flatter'd themselves, that this cruel Sepa-
 ration could not last long, e'er Death, by taking away
 SEVERUS, who was now near Fourscore, and mise-
 rably afflicted with the Gout, would thereby remove
 the sole Obstruction to their Happiness.

BUT alas ! how easily do our Inclinations impose
 upon our Judgments, and how readily do we cre-
 dit what we wish to be true ? The Lovers imagined
 that SEVERUS was effectually blinded ; but in this,
 alas ! they were highly mistaken. Old Age is natu-
 rally suspicious ; he began to have some Apprehensions
 on that Head ; but without taking the least Notice of
 it to SELINDA, (which he rightly judged, if it were
 so, would only make her the more cautious,) by
 placing private Spies on her Conduct, and by corrupt-
 ing a Favourite Maid of hers, whom she had made
 her Confident, he at last came to know all. No sooner
 was he Master of the Secret, but, bridling the natural
 Impatience of his Temper, he resolved to take such
 Measures, as should punish her Disobedience, and fru-
 strate her Passion for EUDOCIUS ; and all this too,
 without letting her know he was at all acquainted
 with the Matter. In order to carry on the Scheme
 he had formed, he suffer'd the three or four first
 Letters which EUDOCIUS wrote to SELINDA, to
 be safely deliver'd her, the last of which was dated
 from *Paris* ; (and the Contents were, that some Rea-
 sons inclined him to continue there for some Time.)
 After this, SEVERUS having it in his Power, con-
 stantly intercepted them for the Space of three Months :
 During

During which Time, you may imagine, the Lovers suffer'd the most intolerable Anxiety. SEVERUS thought it now Time to put his Design in Execution: He instructed a Fellow for that Purpose; and having furnished him with a Dress and Equipage, suitable to the Appearance of a Person of Distinction, he brought him to his own House, as a Gentleman from London, who made him a Visit. At Dinner, SEVERUS took Occasion to ask him for News: *I am, said the Stranger, about a Fortnight ago, come from Paris, and the Day before I set out, EUDOCIUS (who, I am informed, is your Neighbour in this Part of the Country) was marry'd to a Lady of that City, of great Quality, and an immense Fortune.* Scarce had he pronounc'd those Words, 'ere SELINDA fell from her Chair upon the Ground: She was immediately convey'd from thence to her Chamber, and from that Minute was seiz'd of a Fever. Her Father, who imagin'd her Illness might be soon removed, was overjoy'd at the Success of his Plot: But this Satisfaction was overturned in a very few Days, by the Physicians acquainting him that it was impossible to save SELINDA's Life. Stung with the Thoughts of having murder'd his Daughter, he ran to her Bedside, where, on his Knees, and with a Flood of Tears, he discover'd the whole Contrivance, producing at the same Time the intercepted Letters from EUDOCIUS, and conjuring her, if possible, to make herself easy on that Head, and to forgive him. In the Midst of this unhappy Scene, a Letter was deliver'd him, from EUDOCIUS, who, unable longer to bear the Pain of a Separation from SELINDA, joined with that cruel Uneasiness, arising from his not being able to hear from her, was arriv'd the Day before privately at his own House, where, receiving Information of SELINDA's being at the Point of Death, he wrote to her Father in the most moving Terms, to entreat his Permission to see her. SEVERUS gave Orders he should be admitted immediately, and notwithstanding SELINDA's extream Illness, he caused them that Evening to be marry'd in his Presence. But alas! this Indulgence came too late; for although the next Day

• she appeared somewhat better, yet the Day after, the
 • Disease returned with such Violence, that towards
 • Evening the unhappy Bride expired in the Arms of
 • her beloved EUDOCIUS.

• Extreame Grief and Vexation, in about a Fortnight's
 • Time, carried off SEVERUS, whose vast Estate, by
 • his dying without a Will, descended to a Person who
 • was a very distant Relation.

• EUDOCIUS, to divert, in some Measure, his ex-
 • cessive Melancholy, caused his old Family Seat to be
 • pulled down, and in its Stead erected, after the *Italian*
 • Manner, that Structure you so much admire. 'Tis
 • here, that perfectly retired from the World, he passes
 • his Days in a continued Solitude, scarce seeing any
 • Company, and never suffering a Woman to come within
 • his Doors. He confines himself wholly within the
 • Compass of his own Gardens, where he spends his
 • Time mostly in Study, and the Perusal of the Antients;
 • and yet, in spite of all his Wisdom and Philosophy,
 • gives Way to an immoderate Grief, and fruitlessly be-
 • wails the Loss of his SELINDA.

THIS Reflection of my Friend's, that EUDOCIUS, notwithstanding all his Philosophy, gave Way to his Passion for the Loss of SELINDA, puts me in Mind of an Opinion generally received, not amongst the Vulgar only, but even amongst Persons of higher Rank, and where one might reasonably expect a freer Way of Thinking: Which is, that a Person who sets up for a Philosopher, ought to be wholly divested of his Passions, or, in plain *English*, that he should no longer continue a Man. From whence this Whim had originally its Rise, is not easy to imagine, since amongst the Antients, there was not any Sect of Philosophers, who pretended to any such Notions, excepting only the *Stoicks*, who for that Reason are ridicul'd by all the other Sects; and indeed, many of the *Stoicks* themselves seem to have soften'd the Rigour of these Doctrines, and those who retained them, did it more out of Pride than for any other Reason.

FOR my Part, as I cannot help esteeming it a greater Instance of Wisdom to build up than to pull down, to plant than to destroy, so I apprehend the true End of
 Philosophy,

Philosophy, nay, and of Christianity itself, is, to perfect rather than eradicate human Nature.

OUR Religion, indeed, is so very far from endeavouring to extinguish our Passions, or forbidding us to shew suitable Expressions of Grief, on the Decease of Persons for whom Nature gives us a Concern, that we have an Example of the Behaviour of Christ himself on this Occasion, who, when entering the House of *Lazarus*, after his Death, did not reprehend *Mary* and *Martha*, the Sisters of the Deceas'd, for their Lamentations and Tears; but, on the contrary, suffer'd even his own Humanity to sympathize with the Sorrow of those about him; and he is expressly said to have groaned in Spirit, to have been troubled, and even to have wept.

THE Concern we shew upon such Occasions, ought not to be excessive, but in Proportion to the Distance or Nearness of Relation the Person deceas'd stood in towards us; and to suppress such a Concern, and to appear wholly immov'd in such a Juncture, is so far from being a Virtue, that it is a Sign of Want of Humanity, as well as Decency.

THERE is, indeed, an excellent Modern Author of our own Country, for whose Writings I have the highest Veneration, whose Sentiments on this Head, will, at first Sight, appear very different from mine, and whom one would imagine to have been in Love, even with the severest Doctrines of the *Stoicks*. The Author I mean, is Mr. ADDISON, who, in his Tragedy of *Cato*, represents that Hero counting the Wounds of *Marcus*, and looking on the dead Body of his Son, yet reeking with his Blood; and at this affecting Spectacle, instead of shewing any Marks of Paternal Sorrow, he makes him rather overjoy'd, and reprimanding the Spectators for the Concern they shewed on that Occasion, he bids them turn it to a Subject that better deserved it, the Ruin of their Country. Instead of making Remarks on this Passage, much less making any Reflections on that noble Author, I shall endeavour to set it in a true Light, and shew that *Cato's* Behaviour in this Respect, was never intended as an Example. The entire Character of that Hero, through the Play, is that of a passionate Lover of his Country; on the Freedom of which, he thought

his own Happiness, that of his Family, and every other *Roman's*, absolutely depended. Is it to be wonder'd then, that he was not sorry, or rather, that he should be well pleased, that his Son, by falling bravely in the Defence of his Country, escaped looking on *Cæsar's* last Triumph over the Remains of *Rome*, which himself rather than behold, fell in cold Blood upon his own Sword?

NOR is it so unreasonable, that any extraordinary Accident, which makes a very deep Impression on our Minds, should be the Motive of such a Retirement, as that of *Eudocius*; for the Damp upon the Spirits, putting a Stop to the usual Hurry of our Thoughts, thereby makes us at first think more intensely on that which occasion'd it; and as it wears off, we see more clearly the Nature of Things, and become the better inform'd, concerning the real Evils and Blessings of human Life, and the Ways, by which the former are to be avoided, and the latter obtained. The *Carthusian* Monks, one of the strictest Orders of the *Roman* Church, are said to have owed their Institution to the Surprise with which their Founder *St. Bruno* was affected, at seeing a dead Body rise up and speak, as it was going to Burial. I cannot help thinking one of the finest Strokes in all *Mr. Lee's* Works, is, his making the great *Scipio's* Resolution of withdrawing from the World, and spending the latter Part of his Days in Solitude and Retirement, to arise from beholding the dead Bodies of *Massinissa* and *Sophonisba*, and from thence observing, into how many real Evils Mankind plunge themselves, by an ambitious Desire of Fame, and too eager a Pursuit of Glory.

C



Virtue *now*, nor noble Blood,
Nor Wit, by Love is understood:
GOLD alone does Passion move,
GOLD monopolizes Love.

COWLEY.

From my House in the Minories.

A Mercenary Way of thinking, in Regard to the Fair Sex, is, at present, so shamelessly avow'd among the Men, that scandalous Computations how much a Wife will cost, and those Expenses compared with the Income of her Fortune, are published through all the Nation; to the scaring honest Folks from Matrimony, and the wonderful Increase of those peevish Creatures called Old Maids. — A Paper of this Kind, intituled, *The Batchelor's Estimate of the Expenses of a marry'd Life*; which pretends to prove, that by marrying a Lady, with a Fortune of 2000 *l.* a Man must be a Loser of above 200 *l. per Ann.* was sent me the other Day; and with it the following Letter.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

Mr. SPECTATOR,

SURE you will not suffer the inclosed Libel on the Fair Sex, to pass unprov'd: You call yourself our Champion, and now is your Time of being so, when we are thus openly attacked; nor can you with Honour quit the Cause of Beauty and Innocence, opposed by Avarice, Brutality and Malice. Though you are yourself a Batchelor, I am persuaded you detest such ungenerous Principles as have no Regard for any Thing but Riches, and are wholly blind to Merit.

THE Calculations herein made, are unfair throughout, there being no Deductions for innumerable Ex-

pences, which a Man saves by being marry'd : And which, was the Account justly stated, perhaps, would turn the Ballance. But supposing it to be otherwise, and that what is here set forth were true ; if a Man's Circumstances can afford it, why should he find Fault ? And, if not, a prudent Wife would content herself with less. — What is the Use of Money, but to purchase the Necessaries and Conveniencies of Life ? What Purpose else can it serve ? — Are these Expences for the Wife alone ? does not the Husband enjoy more than she ? — And besides, is a faithful Friend and Companion, are the sincere Affection, and the tender Endearments of a virtuous and deserving Wife worth nothing ? — But, such mercenary Wretches as compute in this Manner, have Souls insensible of all the generous and exalted Pleasures of Love or Friendship, and can relish no Delight but groveling in the Dirt. — They pretend how much is lost by marrying on the Man's Side ; and I would gladly know what the Woman gains by it ? With the Interest of her 2000*l.* can she not live gently, and please herself in every Thing ? And how is her Condition mended by all the Expences mention'd in the *Estimate* ? Does she not become dependent and entirely subject to a Husband's Humour ? And if ill Fortune places her with one of these considerate Gentlemen, is she not thoroughly miserable ; when after giving away every Thing, she finds her very Food and Cloathing grudg'd her ? — In short, I am very certain, even in the best of Marriages, were all Things well consider'd, the Woman has much the worst on't : For which Reason, I am determin'd to continue single ; a Resolution I wish all my Sex would make, and thereby humble the Insolence of these foolish Creatures, who know not how to value us.

I am your Humble Servant,

SUSANNA PENNYLITTLE.

* P. S. A Fellow who had courted me almost two Months, bought the *Estimate* in his Pocket the other Night, and read it in an insulting Manner ; which
 ' occa-

* occasioned such a Quarrel, that I have not seen him
 * since. I don't send you Word of this, that I care for
 * him one Straw, but to let you know what Mischief
 * such abominable Calculations may be the Cause of.

IT is with much Concern, I find my *pretty Country-Women* reduced to a Necessity of becoming less serviceable in their Generation than they are naturally inclined to be; and that sordid *Avarice* usurps the Throne of *Love*, in Prejudice of the *happiest State on Earth*. It was one peculiar Felicity of the first Ages, that Affection join'd their Hearts before their Hands were join'd, and *Beauty* and *Merit* only directed them in their Choice. Then every Husband was a Lover, and every Wife return'd the fond Embrace. But now, the first Question about a Lady is, *What Money has she got?*—To talk of fine Perfections, of Beauty, Sense, or Virtue, appears ridiculous (if that's deficient) and will only raise a Laugh:—And as for *Love*, the bare mention of it, is reckon'd the certain Symptom of a distemper'd Brain.—This Evil has been long a growing; for the common Principles of Nature and Reason, cannot be presently rooted out; but at last it has spread itself so universally, that such only who can buy Husbands, must now expect to get them: (nor are they to be purchas'd but at high Rates:) And as for those, be they ever so deserving otherwise, who are not Fortune's Favourites, their Lot must be to languish out their Days, useless to themselves, and to the Publick.

THE *Greeks* and *Romans*, by all Means possible, encouraged *Matrimony*, which they consider'd as the Basis of their Glory, the sure Way of becoming powerful, great and happy. The true Riches of a Nation, are the Multitude of its People; and therefore they who oppose the most effectual Method of increasing them, are Enemies to their Country. This was the Opinion of those wise *Commonwealths*, and they accordingly inflicted Fines and Penalties on such as did not marry within a certain Age; whilst those who did, were indulg'd with Immunities, and regarded as Ornaments and Pillars of the State. But with us, the Case is otherwise, and a loose licentious Way of Life, which enervates and destroys

stroys our Youth, is generally, not only openly avowed, but practis'd; whereby the regular Increase of People is prevented, and the Laws of all good Policy violated: Whilst the best and most modest Part of the *Fair Sex*, are destin'd to be *Nuns*, even in a Country averse to Popery; and that for no Reason in the World, but because they are not rich.

I HAVE consider'd the Paper which Mrs. PENNY-LITTLE so much complains of; to which, I think, her own Letter may be a sufficient Answer: And, therefore, instead of saying any more about it, I shall subjoin a Letter from a *Gentleman*, who seems to have a very uncommon Way of thinking, and pretends to assure me, from his own Experience, that the refin'd and heavenly Perfections of the Mind, are of some Value, even where there is a Want of Fortune; which is so strange an Opinion, that I make no Doubt, it will divert the Generality of my *Readers*.——He writes as follows.

S I R,

‘ A S you have favour'd the Town with several entertaining and useful Discourses on Marriage; I shall give you an Account of my own Happiness in that State; an Happiness which arises from the unaffected Virtue, the Prudence and Good-Nature of my dear Companion, whose Merit first engag'd my Love, and whose sincere Affection must for ever preserve and reward it.

‘ T H O U G H I'm the Son of an antient and rich Family, yet being a younger Brother, and my Father having many Children, I was sent out Clerk to an Attorney. I had not been long in Town, e'er I fixed my Eyes on a young Lady in the Neighbourhood, who was remarkable for every engaging Qualification both of Body and Mind; she sung to Admiration, play'd in great Perfection on the Harpsicord and Organ, and had, in an uncommon Manner, improv'd a fine natural Genius, with much reading in the best of Books; with all this, she was entirely free from Affectation, or Self-Conceit. Her Conversation won my Heart, I paid my Addresses to her, and after some Time, was blest with a Return to my sincere Passion. Sure never
‘ Pair

Pair regarded each other with more Esteem and Tender-
 ness ! which went on increasing, 'till my Clerkship
 was expir'd. Before that Time, we never propos'd
 marrying, and then I found innumerable Difficulties
 attending it. My Father lived grand and high, kept
 a numerous Retinue, and was fond to a Degree of the
 Glory of his Family : On the other Side, SABINA'S
 Father, by unavoidable Misfortunes, was render'd un-
 capable of giving her any Fortune. I had no more
 myself than fifteen hundred Pounds, left me by a Re-
 lation, to begin the World with : Which, with what
 little Practice I soon gain'd, and a good Œconomy,
 was sufficient for my own Maintenance, but would not
 defray the Expences of a Family. What could I do ?
 to marry without my Father's Consent, I was very
 certain would for ever disoblige him, and I was as
 sure he would never give it me : And though he could
 not well spare his Ready Money, I expected something
 considerable at his Death, which by this Means,
 would be entirely lost. In short, I determin'd to de-
 fer my Marriage, and pursue my Business with Dili-
 gence ; whereby, in about two Years and a Half, I
 purchas'd a Place of 300 *l. per Ann.* and soon after,
 an Estate of 200 *l.* a Year was left me by an Uncle.
 Now I judg'd myself in a Condition to provide for
 my dear SABINA : But, notwithstanding, before I
 marry'd her, resolv'd, if possible, to obtain my Fa-
 ther's Approbation, and purposely made a Journey into
 the Country, to try what I could do. After several
 Discourses, at a Distance, to find out his Way of think-
 ing, he one Day expressed himself very much to my
 Satisfaction, in the following Manner ; ——— Son,
 says he, *I would have you marry ; but remember,*
that Marriage is an Affair of the utmost Consequence in
Life ; and that on your Choice therein, your whole Hap-
piness depends. Let me advise you not to make yourself
a Wretch for the Sake of Riches. Money alone, in
that State, never made a happy Man : It is a good
Ingredient, but your Felicity must arise from an Unity
of Affection. However, beware of running into Po-
verty ; Love only, will not do. There must on one
Side or the other, be sufficient for a gentle Maintenance :
 But

‘ *But it’s not much Matter where.*—— Encouraged by
 ‘ this candid Speech. I told him the whole Story of my
 ‘ long Passion, and gave him a true Character of my
 ‘ charming SABINA ; of whose Merit and Tenderness,
 ‘ I had received ten Thousand convincing Proofs.——
 ‘ Without being angry, as I apprehended, he told me
 ‘ he would see her ; to which I readily consented, not
 ‘ doubting he would be pleased with her Person;
 ‘ Behaviour, and Conversation. Accordingly finding
 ‘ every Thing as I had related of her, he was so de-
 ‘ lighted, that he kissed her, called her Daughter,
 ‘ bless’d us both together, staid in Town whilst the
 ‘ Marriage was consummated, and gave me a thousand
 ‘ Pounds, to make up for her Want of Fortune. We
 ‘ have been marry’d now five Years, and are as happy a
 ‘ Couple as any living : Our mutual Endeavours are to
 ‘ oblige each other : Our Life is one continued Calm ;
 ‘ nothing is able to disturb our Peace, and Heaven
 ‘ blesses us with all our Hearts Desire. Permit me, Sir, to
 ‘ add, that true Felicity is to be found only in generous
 ‘ Souls, and that *Traffick Marriages* can never produce
 ‘ Happiness.’

I am, S I R,

Your very Humble Servant,

W. L.





————— *Si Concilium vis,
Permittes ipsis expendere Numinibus quid
Conveniat Nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris;
Charior est illis Homo, quam sibi.*

Juvenal.

*Receive my Council, and securely move;
Intrust thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wisdom sees thee want.
In Goodness, as in Greatness, they excel:
Ah! — that we lov'd ourselves but half so well.*
Dryden's Juvenal.

From my House in the Minorities.

THE most happy Consideration, and what every Man should continually have in Mind, is, that he, and every Thing around him, at all Times, in all Places, and upon all Occasions, are entirely under the Guidance and Care of *Providence*. Nothing comes to pass by Accident: That *Power* which form'd the *Universe*, is present every where, and all Things are actuated by its immediate Direction. The contrary to this Supposition is inconsistent with the *Nature* of an *Omnipotent* and *Omniscient Deity*, and with the Subordination and Dependency of created Things; which can no more subsist, than they could be at first produced, without a *supreme Agency*. — As the *Being* which made us is *All-wise*, he must intend us for certain *Ends* and *Purposes*; as he is *All-powerful*, those *Purposes* must inevitably be fulfilled; and to this we may add, for our Comfort, that as he is *All-good*, his *Designs* must necessarily be to give us *Happiness*.

I AM aware, it will be objected, that this Opinion is destructive of Man's *Free-will*, and supposes God to have

have appointed *Evil* as well as *Good*: But having resolved against Controversy of any Kind, (though it might easily be shewn, that to be under the absolute Direction of an *All-wise Being* is a more glorious *Freedom*, than being left to the unsteady and short-sighted Guidance of our own weak *Reason*, and that it is absurd to suppose any Thing arising in *Opposition* to the *Will* of an *Almighty Power*;) I shall pursue the End of my present *Paper*, which is, to make us patient and easy under all the Misfortunes of Life, thankful for the Blessings of it, and contented with whatsoever is our allotted Portion in it.

WITH a very little Attention, we may observe *Events* continually arising without any *Design*, or *Thought* of ours, without our *Care*, and contrary to our *Intent* and *Expectation*: While our own deep-lay'd, and, as we believe, infallible *Schemes*, miscarry and come to nought, by Means wholly unforeseen, and notwithstanding our utmost Industry. — Does not this prove us at the absolute Disposal of some superior *Power*, who, as he pleases, governs and orders all Things, and on whom all Events, intirely are dependant? And, from this Knowledge does there not result the most rational and well-grounded Satisfaction, when we consider that this *Power* is *All-good*, and that whatever we may at present suffer, or however contrary the Appearance of Things may seem, our Happiness will be the certain Consequence? Is not this sufficient to make us bear up under *Pain*, or *Poverty*, or *Disappointment*: To submit with Cheerfulness to his Dispositions, and resign our Affairs into the Hands of that Beneficent and Almighty *Being*, who, we are assured, intends the Felicity of all his Creatures, and knows what is good for us, much better than we ourselves do?

HOW terrible must every Thing about us seem, and what continual Fears must we lie under, had we only our own *Forefight*, *Care* and *Power* to preserve us, from those innumerable Accidents which are always threatening us on every Side? But how quiet and perfectly secure may we be, from a Certainty, that the same Goodness which gave us Being—guards us: That he loves us: That he created us to be happy: That nothing can oppose his *Will*, or happen to us but by his *Appointment*: And that he ap-
points

points every Thing in the very best Manner that is possible!

THAT *Being* which created has an undoubted Power over all: We are the Creatures of his *Will*, and to resign entirely to his Dispensations is not our Duty only, but our greatest Happiness. It is impossible for our shallow Reason to comprehend the Depths of infinite Wisdom; we scarce discern one Inch before us, much less the Connections and Relations between Times and Things, which lie widely distant from one another, and are concealed from all but his Eye who sees every Thing together, in one Point of View. It is vain Madness and Presumption for us to pretend to judge, who neither know the Antecedents, nor the Consequences of things: But we ought to sit down, assur'd and satisfy'd, that whatever befalls us here, whatever Distresses we may endure, they are all appointed by the Will of *God*, and are so many Advances towards Perfection: For, as *Plato* somewhere says, whatever Misfortunes happen to a just Man, whether Poverty, Sickness, or any of those Things which seem to be Evils, either in Life or Death, they shall conduce to his Good.

WHILST we behold the whole Brute Creation pursuing such Measures as are most perfective of their Happiness, thereto directed by a Principle in Nature, which it is a Force upon them to resist; can we believe *Man* only left at random, to blunder on, without any other Guide but his own blind Judgment? Instinct in them is ever right, informing them truly what they ought to follow or avoid; but our Judgment scarce knows what to wish for, and oftentimes would lead us to our Ruin, did not Providence interpose. Were we our own Carvers, we should all of us be miserable, and like those mistaken Creatures, which address'd *Jupiter* for a Change in their Condition, we should repent our Choice, and pray to have our Wishes taken from us.

AS for Happiness in general, Heaven seems to have been very equal in its Distribution. There are none so miserable, but they have many Blessings to be thankful for; nor any so happy, as to be wholly free from Uneasiness. The most useful Things of Life, are common alike to all. The Sun affords its benign Influence and
Light,

Light, and warms the meanest Cottage, as well as the most stately Palace; and the humble Peasant enjoys the Benefit of the refreshing Air as amply, as the most exalted Monarch. The industrious Mechanick, gratifies the Necessities of Nature, with as good an Appetite, as the most wanton and luxurious Epicure: And the ignorant Day-Labourer is indulg'd with the Refreshments of Sleep, in as high a Degree, as the deep-read Scholar, or the idlest Man of Fortune.

AS for what we call *Prosperity* and *Adversity*: The invisible Chain of *Causes* and *Effects*, of Things *past*, *present*, and *to come*, is only known to that *Eternal Being*, who is infinitely just, and good, and wise, and powerful; and who can never act in Contradiction to these his Attributes, however strange and unaccountable Things may seem to us.

*The Ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzl'd in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors:
Our Understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search;
Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
Nor where the regular Confusion ends.* Cato.

THEN let us acquiesce in God's all-wise Disposal of Affairs, and with humble Reverence, submit to that Station and Condition of Life, which he hath allotted for us; for this, and only this, can give us that happy Contentment of Mind, in which true Felicity is to be found.

WHAT can be worth our Anxiety! — Human Life is but one short Stage in our Journey onward thro' the numberless Gradations of Being: And the World an Inn, where we only call in our Progress towards Perfection: One Generation passes; another comes: And its Inhabitants are always changing. — This reminds me of a *Story*, not much from the present Purpose, of a *Derwise*, who travelling through *Tartary*, arrived at the Town of *Balk*, and by Mistake, went into the King's Palace, supposing it to be a *publick Inn* or *Caravanfary*, such as in that Country are prepared for Travellers at the publick Charge. Having look'd some Time about him,
he

he enter'd a long Gallery, where he laid down his Wallet, and spread his Carpet, in order to repose himself after the Eastern Manner. He was soon discover'd by the Guards, who ask'd him his Business in that Place. His Answer was, that he intended to take his Night's Lodging in that *Caravansary*. The Guards reply'd, in a very angry Manner, that House was not a *Caravansary*, but the King's Palace.—It happen'd the King pass'd by, during their Debate; and smiling at the *Dervise's* Mistake, enquired how he could possibly be so dull, as not to distinguish a Palace from a publick Inn? — Sir, says the *Dervise*, give me Leave to ask your Majesty a Question or two. Who were the Persons that lodged in this House when it was first built? The *King* reply'd, his Ancestors. And who, says the *Dervise*, was the last Person that lodged here? My Father, said the King. And who is it, says the *Dervise*, that lodges here at present? The King answer'd, himself. And who, says the *Dervise*, will be here after you? The King told him, the young Prince his Son. Then Sir, cries the *Dervise*, I was not mistaken: For an House that changes its Inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual Succession of Guests, is not a *Palace*, but a *Caravansary*.

* *



—*Creta an carbone Notandi?* Hor. L. 11. S. 3.

Were those Mad or Sober, Fools or Wise?

From my House in the Minorities.

I AM often puzzled what Judgment to make of the Generality of Mankind, who seem to shut their Eyes, that they may see, and fly from what they are anxious to obtain: They pursue what they esteem a Good, through Roads which lead them diametrically contrary to the Goal they aim at reaching; and are, notwithstanding, so obstinate in their Opinions, that they refuse to be set right. Don *Tomasio* desires to be thought
a Man

a Man of Consequence, and very rich ; and to attain this Character, he is making himself a Beggar, by living above his Estate ; and loses the Esteem of his Acquaintance, by his noted Rhodomontades. What can be more contrary to the Ends he wishes, than the Measures he pursues?—*Smatterio* would be thought a Man of Letters ; and to be so reputed, he takes Pains to shew his Ignorance, by repeating Scraps of *Latin* in every Company ; which he either pronounces with a false Accent, or murders with false Concord. — *Don Bilboa* would have the World think him a Hero ; and to attain the Reputation of a brave Man, picks Quarrels, and gets a Beating. — *Brunetta* desires to be taken for a Lady of Severe Virtue, and great Charity ; and is therefore, by her Scandal, laying herself open to the Censures of all the World, which commonly suspects her Virtue, who blemishes that of her Neighbour ; for it's allow'd by all, that nothing can be more uncharitable, than to attack the Character of the Absent. As Reputation is priz'd above Life, such a one is worse than the Assassine, who stabs a Man behind his Back. — *Brocado* sets up for a Man of good Sense : yet cannot his Friends persuade him to Silence, and to the preferring a Guinea in his Pocket to an Embroider'd Coat : And the going plain and at Liberty, to the being in a Lac'd Suit in a Spunging House : No, he will convince the World, he is the Reverse of what he wishes it should think him. — *Mr. Mince* would have you believe he keeps the best Company ; therefore calls all the Men of Fashion by their Christian Names, and has ever a String of Lords at his Tongue's End : This, his Method, awakens Curiosity, and discovers him always the Head of the Company he keeps ; his *Burgundy's* fallen to *Derby-Ale*, and his noble Companions, dwindled to Mechanics. — *Satyra* has some Wit, and a great deal of Ill Nature : She desires to be esteemed agreeable Company ; and to this End, falls foul on the Reputation of her Acquaintance, and makes all People of Sense avoid and abhor her. — But to leave particular Examples, let us examine the Conduct of the greater Part of Mankind, and enquire into their Views, and we shall find them very inconsistent. History can give us Instances of Men who have thirsted after the Character of Upright Patriots,

triot, at the same Time they have by their Luxury, their Palaces, fine Paintings, and Equipage, declared to all the World they had robbed the Publick; since neither their Patrimony, Œconomy, nor the Emoluments of their Posts, could support their Expence. But to descend: How many do we see gaping after the Epithet of a *pretty Fellow*, and making themselves ridiculous to attain it? How many do we see pointed and laugh'd at, who think they are travelling in the Highway of a general Applause? How much Humour have I observed in a Hat of the Breadth of a Trencher, fix'd over the Right Eye, and touching the Top-extremity of the Left Ear? What a deal of Bravery have I remarked in a Pair of Flat-heel'd Pumps, and a Sword tuck'd up to the Arm-Pits? And how much has the Pocket, placed in a Line with the Hip, and the Sleeve shorten'd to the Elbow, spoke the Man of Distinction? These are Essentials in a modern Pretty Fellow, and such as render them the Contempt of People of good Sense of either Sex. Tell 'em this, and they laugh at you: Put them in the Road; tell them good Manners and Modesty will lead them to their Wishes, and you'r a Snarler, a Man ignorant of the World, and not worth list'ning to. To what can we attribute these Deviations, if not to Self-love? a Fondness of our own Opinions, which shuts our Eyes and Ears to Reason? We please ourselves in the Methods we take, and easily flatter ourselves, the World will judge as we wish they should. I knew a Shop-keeper, who finding he declined, took the ready Way to Ruin, to be a proper Expedient for his Support; and because he could not furnish the Expence of his Family, he must have a Footman to increase it: No doubt, he imagined the World wou'd, by this, believe him in a flourishing Condition, and make Conclusions as he would have them: But, his Family increasing, and the Number of his Creditors not lessening, made them outrageous, place real Misfortunes to the Account of his Vanity, and hasten on a Statute of Bankruptcy. People are seldom taken with an Out-side Appearance, where Interest, Resentment, or Ill Nature, sets them on Inquiry; and the World is not so often deceived, as they are, who would impose upon it: Yet (it's strange) neither Precept nor Example will prevail

prevail on Men to prefer Reason to Humour, to examine coolly their Actions, and foresee the Consequences of their Conduct.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

THE following Letter is said to have been written by the Abbot *de Clugny* to a young Nobleman, his Relation, who ruin'd himself by following the Court; was vastly indebted; and was a Sub-Assistant to *Harry IV.* in his Amours, though he profited but little by that mean Employment. I have in the Translation taken the Liberty to modernize the Language in some few Places, though I have no where deviated from the Sense of my Author. If you think it deserves a Place in your Paper, it is at your Service.

S I R, *your constant Reader.*

My LORD,

WHATEVER Outside you may put on, and whatever Methods you may take to drive off Reflection, I am sure you must pass a great many uneasy Minutes: For Reason will find Time to be heard; and the longer you put her off, like your Creditors, the more clamorous she will grow, and the weightier will be her Charge; for shuffling off Reason, is like procrastinating Payments, the Debt grows the heavier. Hurry in a Court, Gaiety and Diversions, may keep her aloof for a while, but will never expel her; she will lay your Conduct before you, shew you to yourself, and let you see what you appear in the Eyes of the World. I know, by Experience, what it costs to shut out her Admonitions, and the Folly of not listening to her, 'till it's too late to redress the Consequences of acting contrary to, (that is, without,) her Dictates; for who acts without the Assistance of Reason, acts contrary to it.

THE humane Part of the World say you are good-natur'd, and pity your Conduct: But, my Lord, is it not a melancholy Thing to become an Object of
Pity,

‘ Pity, when you have it in your Power, to be a Subject of Emulation? The rest, who speak of you in the mildest Terms, say you are insensible. Wretched State! when Insensibility is thought the best of our Character! But, my Lord, there are Numbers, who are not even so tender of you, and exclaim in Terms too harsh for Repetition.

‘ HAVE so much Pity on yourself, as to listen to the Dictates of your own Reason; a little Resolution will make you stand the Shock. She, that Emanation from the Deity, will make you what you ought to be, by shewing you what you are: For I am certain, were you no Stranger to yourself, you have not so far stifled all Sentiments of Honour, as not to wish to be a Dog, rather than to continue (as you have made yourself) the Contempt of all who hear you mentioned. You are plunged in Debt, and hope to retrieve yourself by an Employment, I am told, you glory in: The Offer which, even from an Universal Monarch, a Man of Spirit would reject with Scorn. Would you suffer Reason but to hold the Glass, you would fly the hideous Figure it would reflect: But ’till then, you must be unknown to yourself, and to yourself only.

‘ I AM satisfy’d these Truths won’t please you: but they are necessary, and are sent you by one who weeps while you laugh; who sees you painted every Day in the most frightful Colours; who, wherever you are mentioned, meets with as many Stabs, as he hears Follies repeated; who dares not excuse your Conduct, because you have left not the least Room for Vindication; and cannot resent your being treated with Contempt, as he has too much Honour to enter into an unjust Quarrel.

‘ BELIEVE me, my Lord, your Figure is your Shame; and while you think it gains Respect, it renders you despicable. Would you really make a great Figure, learn to be an honest Man; wear your own Clothes, and don’t suffer other People to feed you and your Servants: Be ashamed to let poor Tradesmen curse your Luxury, when their Families ask them for Bread. The Splendor of your Equipage, makes you conspicuous indeed; so does a Pillory the Criminal

‘ minal placed on it for a Cheat. Your Finery is, my
 ‘ Lord, your Pillory ; your Embroidery the Scrole of
 ‘ your Infamy ; and the Curses of those to whom you
 ‘ are indebted, the most sticking, as well as most filthy
 ‘ Dirt, that ever poor Wretch was pelted with. Now,
 ‘ if you would (as you call it) descend, you would rise
 ‘ in the Opinion of the World : And my Lord in a
 ‘ plain Coat and a Hackney Coach would gain the
 ‘ Esteem of all Mankind, but must, in his Velvet and
 ‘ Chariot, continue the Object of their Contempt. If
 ‘ you take this Freedom Ill, you’ll make but an ungrate-
 ‘ ful Return for my Desire of doing you the greatest Ser-
 ‘ vice ; however, your Resentment can never affect me ;
 ‘ for I make no Parade of my Charity, and as I look
 ‘ upon the reclaiming a young thoughtless Man, or even
 ‘ an Attempt towards it, to be not the least Act of that
 ‘ Sort, you will not wonder that I conceal my Name.’

K



Non te, sed Nummos.

Not thy Person, but thy Portion.

From my House in the Minories.

IN a late Paper, I took up the Cudgels for my *Fair Readers*, in *Behalf of Matrimony*, against all those greedy Muckworms, who can see no Charms in any Thing but Money, nor think a Woman worth one Farthing more than the Portion which she brings. Since that Time, I have received several Epistles, couch’d in the most soft and obliging Language possible, to thank me, for appearing on that Side the Question, which, as a Batchelor, it was fear’d I would oppose. — One Lady, in particular, is so kind as to let me know, where she should be glad to see me, and declares she is neither old nor ugly : Another, tells me, she can command 10,000 *l.* and should like very well to bestow it on a Man with such

such reasonable Sentiments as mine, though he were not worth a Groat : And a Third enquires why I never marry'd, saying, it's a thousand Pities I should continue single with a Way of thinking so proper to make an Husband. — For my own Part, I am satisfy'd with having done my Duty, (which shall ever be my Endeavour,) without Regard either to Favour or Affection. Therefore, as for the first Lady, I hope she will excuse my Visit, because I happen to be old, though she is young : In answer to the second, I wish her as good an Husband as such Generosity, and so large a Fortune merits : And I could give the third a Reason why I am still a Batchelor, (which, I believe, she'd allow to be a good one,) was it not a Piece of private History, that, perhaps, is better conceal'd, since it would shew a fickle Creature of her own dear Sex to have been the unhappy Cause. — A Story I would willingly forget for ever ! — Though some Time or other, I may be forced to tell it in my own Defence. — But laying all other Things aside at present, the following Letter deserves the publick Notice.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

BY your Means, I desire to inform the World, that ELIZABETH BALANCE, of the Parish of *St. Margaret's, Westminster*, Spinster, with a Fortune of 2000 *l.* and no more, has lately (to the great Surprise of every Body) been so imprudent, as to refuse the Visits of TIMOTHY SHALLOW, of the County of *Essex*, Esq; and one of his Majesty's Justices of the *Quorum*, with an Estate of 1000 *l. per Ann.* though in Pity to her Ignorance, he was so kind as to let her know, how much she ought to think herself obliged for his Addresses, since he must be a considerable Loser by making her his Wife : As a Proof of which, he left the *Batchelor's Estimate of the Expences of a marry'd Life* for her serious Perusal. But, notwithstanding, this Lady has farther the Indiscretion to declare, that she shall regard the good Sense, Probity, and Affection of a Man, beyond all Considerations of

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- Wealth, whenever she chooses a Companion for Life :
- Though, in the present Case, she should not think herself at all a Gainer. The Reason for this her extraordinary Conduct and Resolution, she has given under her own Hand, at the Intreaty of her Friends.

The SPINSTER'S ESTIMATE.

O R,

The CALCULATIONS of Mrs. ELIZABETH BALANCE; with her Observations on the Batchelor's Estimate.

MY Fortune is just 2000*l.* which being placed on good Securities, at 5 *per Cent.* brings me in, with very little Trouble, clearly 100*l.* *per Ann.*

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
I board with a Female Relation, who is blest with a large Estate, and lives in a pleasant Country, in the Midst of an agreeable Neighbourhood; from which in Winter, she removes to her House in London. Though she made me an Offer of my Board, yet being unwilling to lie under such an Obligation, I pay her yearly	25	0	0
My Cloaths, Linen and Washing, one Year with another, cost me	30	0	0

For

For three Years past, (since the Death of
a favourite Maid, who was brought
up with me,) my Cousin rather chuses
her Servants should give me the little
Attendance I want, than that I should
take another; so that 20 *l. per Ann.*
which her Board and Wages came to
might have been saved: --- But I have
been at the Expence of learning the
French Language, and have collected a
few *Books*, both in that and the *Eng-
lish Tongue*, in the Choice of which,
I have been directed by some ingenious
Men of my Acquaintance. For these
Purposes, I allot 10 *l. per Ann.* which,
with 5 *l.* a Year in Gratifications to
the Servants of my *Cousin's* Family,
and others, for their extraordinary
Trouble, makes yearly

My Expences in *London* at Plays, &c. never amount to more than 10*l.* per *Ann.* — I sometimes play at *Quadrille*, but low, and as often win as lose; but if the latter, it's comprized within the said Sum.

The greatest Part of the remaining 20 l. I lay by, as a Reserve, in Case of Sickness, or any other Accident. The rest I bestow upon the Poor; and how inconsiderable soever it may be thought by some, I assure you, as the World now goes, I pass for a very charitable and generous Person.

100 0 0

THUS I dispose of the Income of my own *Fortune*; and what I should gain or lose by marrying the *Squire*, (according to the *Estimator's* Way of thinking,) will best be seen, by considering, how in such a Case his Revenue would be laid out, and how much thereof would

come to my Share.—I must premise, that my *Fortune* was intended to pay off a *Mortgage*, made on the *Estate*, since he came of Age: So there would be no Addition thereby to his 1000*l. per Annum.*

The unavoidable EXPENCES,

O F

TIMOTHY SHALLOW, *Esq;*

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
<i>Imp.</i> D eductions for <i>Taxes, Parish and County Charges, &c.</i> }	180	0	0
For <i>House-keeping</i> , at least	360	0	0
For his own <i>Cloaths, &c.</i> I will venture to put down no more than }	20	0	0
A <i>Coach</i> and <i>Horses</i> , with the <i>Wages of Coachman and Footman</i> , and their <i>Liveries</i> , cannot be less than }	120	0	0
A <i>Gardner</i> , and other <i>Servants Wages</i> , must amount to }	30	0	0
<i>Hounds, Setting-dogs, Horses, &c.</i> with Allowance for <i>Horses</i> lost and hurt, <i>Bets</i> at <i>Races</i> , and other incident Charges, }	120	0	0
<i>Ale, Wine, Brandy, Pipes and Tobacco,</i>	80	0	0
Expences at an <i>Ale-house</i> , in private Conference with the <i>Landlord</i> , the <i>Barber</i> , and the <i>Excise-Man</i> , }	10	0	0
Journeys to <i>London</i> to get rid of his <i>Wife</i> , and Expences there, }	50	0	0
<i>Books, Pens, Ink and Paper,</i>	000	0	0
<i>Apothecary and Surgeon</i> after <i>Drinking-Bouts</i> and <i>Hunting-Matches</i> , }	10	0	0
For a <i>Steward</i> , to perform the <i>Drudgery</i> of receiving and paying <i>Money</i> , }	20	0	0
	<hr/> 1000	0	0 <hr/>

I PURPOSELY omit the constant Charges for *Repairs, Loss by Tenants, Clubs, Elections, Trespasses, Quarrels, Law-Suits, Whoring*, and its Consequences; for the Uncertainty, not of the Expence, but the Amount of it. As these last Particular seldom come into a Gentleman's Calculation of yearly Disbursements, they commonly bring a Debt upon the Estate, which I am afraid my Expences, how low and reasonable soever, must have increas'd; unless some of the other Articles (which I could not expect) might have been abridged.

IN the above, I cannot see any one Article purely upon my Account. Though, perhaps, the *Coach* will be charged to me; for, indeed, that is a Grievance most complained of, and the first Superfluity an Husband usually lays aside. But as I have the Use of one at present, as often as I please, I cannot possibly set that down as an Advantage accruing to me by the Match.

IT will be objected, that these *Calculations* of mine, only suit some few Persons; But is the *Batchelor's Estimate* more general? His Scheme of Life, such as it is, is only seen in the *Inns of Court*, or about *Chancery-Lane*. On the contrary, it must be granted, that although every Woman of my Fortune cannot live exactly in the same Manner with me, yet she may, in one, very decent and agreeable, without the Want of any Thing she can with Reason wish for. As to the *Computations*, I believe there is, at least, as much Exactness in mine, as his. And though the Occasion confines me to the Expences of a particular Person, yet, I am persuaded, whoever considers the Management of most Husbands, (in other Circumstances of Life,) will find a very small Proportion appropriated to the Wife's Use. But, as to that Matter, I am not much disturb'd, it being my chief Design to shew, how happily a Woman may live, in a single State, with only 2000 *l.* and of how little Benefit, in the Views of the *Batchelor* and his *Advocates*, whose Souls are wholly fixed on Gain, a Marriage, which the World calls advantageous, is like to be to her.

IT is easy to see, that *Writer's* Intent was, to depreciate our Sex, and make the *Marriage State* appear as inconvenient as possibly he could. I should not blame him for advising People to consider well before they

marry, and apprising them, how in that Condition, their Expences must necessarily be increas'd. It is proper every body should be convinced of this, and be prepared to bear it too, before it comes, (I will not say with Patience,) but with Chearfulness. A single Man may be maintained for little; whereas, a Family demands continual and considerable Disbursements: But then, is there no Satisfaction in Return for this? And what Advantages has the Wife, whereof the Husband has not the better Share? But this *pretty Gentleman* seems to think himself so valuable, that he expects to get the Lord knows what all with a Woman, if ever he condescends to honour her with his dear Person. — I suppose he won't take a Farthing less, than what he computes he shall expend when marry'd; for why should he contribute any Thing? But I believe, as low as the Market runs on our Side, it may be a long Time before this happens; and therefore, in the mean while, I wish him all the Felicity which his *Chambers* of twelve Pounds ten Shillings, and his *Bed-Maker* at fifty Shillings a-Year, can give him.

THUS far Mrs. BALANCE: And I shall trouble you no more than to assure you that I am,

* * *

Sir, Yours, &c.



————— *Nec desinat unquam*
Tecum Graia loqui, tecum Romana Vetustas. Claudian.
Nor ever fail to ruminat the Pages
Of the old learned Greek and Roman Sages.

From my House in the Minorities.

THOSE excellent Writings of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, which, with a deserved Veneration, have been handed down, through so many Ages to us, are finish'd and noble Patterns of Learning and Politeness. The *Moderns* only are more or less worthy our Praise

Praise and Imitation, in Proportion, as they have with more or less Exactness copied these bright *Originals*. — Whether it be, that old People are always fondest of what they took Pains about and were pleased with when young, or from what Reason soever it arises, I won't pretend to say; but I constantly observe, that a Page of *Homer* or *Virgil*, *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, *Herodotus* or *Livy*, gives me a Satisfaction very different from, and infinitely beyond, what most of our modern Writings can bestow. That wonderful Scope of Genius and Invention, that sublime Propriety of Sentiment, and Purity of Expression, together with a brave Neglect of all Ornament, but such as is manly and becoming: In short, a Dignity throughout, at the same Time excites Admiration, and commands Respect.

THERE is a *Grandeur*, a *Force*, a *Fire*, a *somewhat* undescribable in all the *Classicks*, which fills the Mind with surprizing Pleasure, and makes it glow with Emulation. It is impossible to converse with them unimproved: You always find amongst them the strictest Sense of *Justice*, *Honour*, *Humanity*, and *Truth*; the finest Lessons of *Morality* are scatter'd every where; and the *Love of their Country* is a constant Principle, which shines beyond the rest. Inspir'd, as it were, by *Virtue*, they breath its most exalted Sentiments; in such a Manner, that who often reads them, must catch the glorious Spirit. And, no Study, I am persuaded, can more conduce towards making People good, as well as learned.

THESE Reflections are occasioned by the following *Letter*, which complains, and, I fear, with too much Justice, of a barbarous Neglect and Contempt of those Treasures of Antiquity, and that even in Places where they ought to be valued most. I would gladly cast a Veil over every Thing which seems to derogate from the Honour of my Country; but this gentle Reprimand, may, I hope, excite those who have Authority, to take away the Reason of such Complaint, and restore the noblest Studies to that Respect they merit, by their Encouragement and Command. This would soon amend the vitiated Taste which prevails at present, and instead of those monstrous Performances, which (to our Shame)

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are now so much admir'd, would produce Works of every Kind, natural, compleat, and elegant ; and make us relish such, and such alone.

To the Author of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

AS you profess yourself an Encourager of the Sciences, I am fully persuaded an Advocate for polite Learning may assure himself of a Place in your Paper. Without any further Preface or Apology, therefore, I must let you know, Mr. *Spectator*, that I am a Member of a certain University, where, (with Regret I speak it,) polite Learning seems to be intirely banish'd. The *Muses*, with their Kindred Train, are expell'd, to make Way for Rusticity and Pedantickness, those rank and stinking Weeds which overgrow and choak the tender Plants of fine Literature. It is an Excuse, and I think a just one, which Noblemen and others make, for sending their Sons to foreign Schools, that what we call the *Litteræ Humaniores* are not the Product of our own. What a Shame is it, that a Study so useful, and so conducive to the forming and improving the Taste of a fine Gentleman, should be wholly neglected or slightly taught amongst us! A Study, that I may with Confidence affirm, is absolutely necessary for every Man that would shine at the Court, the Bar, or in the Pulpit. The *Classicks* are what the most eminent in either Place have been always found to study and admire.

Mr. *Dacier*, that judicious *Critick* and polite *Scholar*, has a Passage in the Preface before his *Remarks on the Satires of Horace*, which is an Argument in Favour of what I advance, and, I believe, will not be unacceptable to your Readers, since it shews them the Opinion of so great a Man upon this Subject. — *If it be true*, says he, (speaking of the Commentators who went before him,) *that I have any Advantage over them, it is intirely owing to the great Men of Antiquity, whom I have read with greater Care, and, doubtless, with more Leisure than they have done: I speak of Plato, of Aristotle, of Homer, and other antient Authors,*

‘ thors, both Greek and Latin, whom I study Day and Night, that I may form my Taste on theirs, and extract from their Writings, Rules for true Wit, good Sense, and right Reason.

‘ I AM not ignorant, there are Gentlemen in this Age, who ridicule these great Names ; who are for recalling that Praise they have received for so long a Time, and would defraud them of the Crowns they have so justly deserved, and so unanimously obtained. But, by avoiding that Admiration, which they term the *Daughter of Ignorance*, they insensibly depart from that other Sort, which *Plato* styles the *Mother of Wisdom*. Nor do I at all wonder they are thus blind to all the Divine Beauties which are to be met with in the Writings of these incomparable Men : Their Eyes accusom’d to Gloom and Darknefs, are not strong enough to bear such Brightness. And, moreover, it is much easier to find Fault with, than understand them.

‘ FOR my own Part, I am full of Wonder and Admiration, at such superior *Genius*’s. I always consider them as uncorrupted and venerable Judges, before whom, all Mankind must render an Account of their Writings. — Notwithstanding, I highly respect the Learned of our own Times, and acknowledge there are many who are an Honour to this, and would have adorned the Ages past. But among these great Men, I don’t know one, nor, indeed, can there be any, who does not reverence and esteem the Antients. Upon them, and their Rules only, can a fine Taste be form’d : To deviate the least from which is at the same Time to quit the Road of Nature and of Truth. Nay, I don’t at all scruple to affirm, that it is as impossible to acquire a solid Merit, or form a true Judgment by any other Ways, than those which the Antients have marked out, as it is to see in the Dark, or without Eyes. Follow their Steps we must, if we would be right, and whether we do so by Art and Study, or by the Strength of an happy Genius, it is an equal Argument in their Behalf. As for such as exclaim against Antiquity, at the same Time they understand it not, I must beg Leave to remind them, that whilst they
‘ are

are aiming to exalt their own Wisdom and the present Age, they take the ready Way to do it the greatest Dishonour, and prove their own Ignorance; for what surer Tokens can there be of the Stupidity, or rather Barbarity of an Age, than to find *Homer* treated as insipid, *Plato* tiresome, *Aristotle* ignorant, *Demosthenes* and *Cicero* as common Pleaders, *Virgil* as a Poet devoid of any Charms or Beauties, and *Horace* as an unpolish'd, dull, and forceless Author? — The Barbarians who ravag'd *Greece* and *Italy*, and endeavour'd with so much Fury to destroy all that was truly noble, have these, I say, committed any Thing more shocking? — But, I hope, the false Taste of some particular Persons of no Credit or Authority in the Republick of Letters, will not be imputed as the Fault of a whole Age. It was in vain that a certain Emperor oppos'd *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Livy*: His Efforts were vain: The War he wag'd against Works so perfect, only served to add in History to the Number of his Follies, and render him more odious to Posterity.

I am, Sir, &c.

CLASSICUS.

AFTER I had finish'd the above Essay, I began to consider, that Discourses of this Kind afford no Manner of Entertainment to my *Fair Readers*, whom to please and advantage must always be my first Desire. In order, therefore, to make them some Amends, I dedicate the following Lines to their Service; which, perhaps, may give them an useful Hint how to behave upon the like Occasion.

The FRIGHT.

I.

MYRTLE unsheath'd his shining Blade,
And fix'd its Point against his Breast :
Then gaz'd upon the wond'ring Maid,
And thus his dire Resolve express'd.

II.

Since, cruel Fair ! with cold Disdain
You still return my raging Love,
Thought is but Madness, Life is Pain :
And thus——at once——I both remove.

III.

O stay one Moment !——CHLOE said,
And, trembling, hasted to the Door.
Here : BETTY !——quick :——a Pail, dear Maid !——
This Madman else will stain the Floor.

* * *



Great Wits to Madness nearly are ally'd,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide..

DRYDEN.

From my House in the Minories.

THAT Men are not born for themselves, is a very natural, as well as common Reflection. Virtue and Religion enjoin us, as far as is in our Power, to relieve the Necessities of others ; and Reason requires of us, that as far as we can, in Point of Conversation, we should endeavour to render ourselves agreeable unto all.

all. By *Conversation*, I mean those familiar Transactions, which, of Necessity, we must have with those about us, the daily Commerce we are obliged to maintain with our Neighbours, and that general Intercourse with the World, without which, it is impossible for us to wear Life away.

ONE would imagine it were no very intricate Kind of Reasoning, that since such a Correspondence is necessary, and that there is no such Thing as living without it; Men should endeavour to accommodate their several Dispositions, to the Taste in general of the World; or, at least, so regulate their Behaviour, as not to be offensive to others; much less take Pleasure to themselves, in doing those Things, which, they cannot help knowing, must be disagreeable to every body else.

YET there are a Set of People, who, either out of Pride, or through Want of Attention, 'tis hard to determine which, are every Day committing ill-bred, rude, nay, and even shocking Things: All which, they think, they sufficiently excuse, by telling us 'tis their Humour.

I KNEW a certain Knight of this Stamp, in the West of *England*, whose particular Odness of Humour was, that he never spoke himself, nor ever suffer'd any body in his Presence to speak louder than that they barely might be heard; and to this Rule he ty'd down, not only his own Family, but even all those also, whom Business, Civility, or Chance, led to converse with him. Insomuch that though at a Visit there were a Dozen of his Tenants and Neighbours, they never durst raise the Discourse higher than a Whisper. As to those who lived in his House, they had so long and so strictly accusom'd themselves to his Method, that they were hardly able, whenever they went Abroad, to speak or look like other People, which was, in Truth, no great Wonder, since they were obliged to behave at home with as grave a Face, and as profound a Silence, as Mutes at a Funeral.

MY Nephew SILVIO, who is about Nineteen, and just come from the University, is an exact Copy of *Shadwell's Sir Positive At-all*. There is no Subject you can mention, on which he will not declaim; nor is there
any

any Science of which (if you will believe himself) he is not the most perfect Master. *Painting* happened to be the Subject t'other Day, at a Place where he was, and the Company desiring the Judgment of a Gentleman then by, who is known to be a Person of great Skill that Way ; he had scarce opened his Mouth, but this pert Coxcomb interrupted him, with, *You must know, Sir, that though it does not altogether so well become me to say it, there is not an abler Connoisseur in England than myself.*—And to convince us of it, immediately fell to commending the Colours of *Raphael*, and *Titean's* Manner of Designing. When we came home, I could not forbear reproving him, and told him, that this Whim would not fail making him the standing Jest of all his Acquaintance. Prithee, Uncle, (says he) 'tis my Way, and I can't help it ; besides, don't you think that it pleases People better to hear me talk, who am a Master of the Subject, than those ordinary Creatures, who, tho' they introduce Things into Discourse, know, for all that, nothing of the Matter. To shew how much he minded my Advice, the very next Morning, at Breakfast, he contradicted Dr. *Probat* of the Commons, in Relation to a Point in the Civil Law : The Doctor, who is an old Man, and pretty touchy, ask'd him if he was a *Civilian* ; no, Sir, says SYLVIO, I think it below my Genius, to apply it to any particular Study ; but that is a Science in which I have a thorough Understanding : I have read over all *Justinian's Institutions*. Hum, says the Doctor, it may be so ; I suppose, Sir, you may be a compleat Master of the *Classick's* too, by having read *Lilly's Grammar*. The Doctor's Sarcasm, made no more Impression than my Admonition ; so that I have but one Hope of curing him left, which is to engage him to talk of maritime Affairs, before Capt. *Fireball* of the *Tempest*, and 'tis ten to one, though I have not been able to talk him, that the Captain may be able to beat him into better Manners.

BEAUTY itself, which so often misleads us on other Occasions, loses much of its Attraction, whenever 'tis accompany'd with these Humours.

ALL who see ARTAMISA, must allow that she is most exquisitely handsome ; but must she needs, therefore,

fore, take those unaccountable Liberties she does of abusing every body she pleases? She asked *Melissa*, (who has a slight Imperfection in her Shape,) before Company, who made her Stays; for she had never seen in her Life, any bolster'd so neatly. *Flavia*, you must know, has a little Cast with her Eyes: Madam, (says *Artamisa* to her, at a full Assembly) I can give you Directions to an old Woman in *White-Chapel*, who infallibly cures Squinting. — Ask the beauteous Mischief, how 'tis possible for her to say Things so very ill-natur'd; she'll presently put on a Smile, and reply, 'tis her Way to tell unlucky Truths, and that she can't help it.

T O behave ourselves in this Manner, and give a Loose to one's own Inclinations, without the least Consideration how far it may be disagreeable, or incommode the rest of Mankind, is a Thing so directly contrary to Reason, that one would imagine there could not be any body so lost to common Sense, as to stand in need of an Admonition. But when one sees not only the Ignorant, but even Persons, otherwise, of good Understanding, fall into this Error, the Censorial Dignity can bear it no longer, without taking some Notice.

CRITO is allowed by every body to have good Sense, and much Learning, from both which, he has formed to himself a very accurate Judgment: But this cannot, surely, privilege him to treat every Writer he does not like, with opprobrious Language. He came one Morning to a Gentleman's Lodgings, where I was, and taking up a modern Book on *Physick*, which lay in the Window, this Fellow, says he, is a downright Block-head, and ought to be whipp'd at the Cart's Tail, for writing such Stuff as this is. But you don't consider, Sir, (said the Gentleman, in whose Apartment we were,) when you talk at that Rate, that let the Book be what it will, its Author was my Uncle — Curse him, says *CRITO*, let him be whose Uncle he will, I'm sure he's a Fool. — *CRITO* was, perhaps, right enough in his Judgment of the Book, but he was, certainly, greatly to blame, as to his Manner of Expression.

BELLIZA has not only Wit and Beauty, but, what is somewhat extraordinary in one of her Sex, has a very solid Judgment also. Yet all this can hardly palliate

palliate her giving People their Bellies full, wherever she dines, without so much as putting them to the Trouble of eating. She never makes Use of a Fork, so that before she has swallowed three Mouthfuls, she is begreased up to the Knuckles; and then she takes Snuff to that Degree, that if the Cook, by any Accident, has done any Wrong to the Sauce, 'tis sure, on her Plate at least, to assume the true Colour of Gravy.

I H A V E hinted before, that where Persons do not want good Sense, such Faults as these are doubly inexcusable; nay, it grows even more ridiculous yet, when People who have one Perfection, and that too, perhaps, owing to the Indulgence of Nature, fancy it a sufficient Atonement for their committing ever so many wilful Indiscretions.

I T is far from being an Alleviation, for People to pretend that such Whims as these are owing to their Tempers: Whereas Nature is, in Truth, not the least to blame for their wayward Dispositions. They may as well alledge their being born with a Propensity to Vices, and think it a sufficient Defence for a Murder, to prove their having been all their Life-time passionate.

R E A S O N was bestowed on us for restraining our Appetites and Passions; and our Appetites and Passions serve to exercise our Reason.

W H E N People, therefore, really find in themselves a Tendency to Dispositions of this Sort, they ought carefully to check them, since they can never suppose the World made entirely for themselves, or that all Mankind are obliged to bear the being troubled with their Whimfies. If they should still insist, that it's impossible, and not in their Power; I must observe to them, that many who have been very remarkable Humourists when in Possession of a very large Estate, have, by a Reverse of Fortune, been absolutely cured of these voluntary Fits of Madness: And Poverty has, at least, done them this Good, that it has brought them to their Senses.

B U T a Medicine quite so harsh as this, is not always necessary. There was a certain Colonel, whose constant Flight it was, when he had drank but a Glass or two too much, to fall to firing off, and playing Tricks with his Pistols: All his old Servants knew this, and were sure

to scout out of the Way, whenever they saw their Master in this Cue. It happen'd at *Chester*, that he hired an *Irish* Footman, and without any other Servant, travelled towards *London*. One Night, the *Colonel* having drank too freely at the Inn, order'd the Fellow to fetch him his Pistols. *Teague* obey'd : And as soon as he came in, the *Colonel* locked the Door, and having loaded each Pistol, commanded his Man to hold one of the Candles at Arm's Length, 'till he snuffed it with a Ball. In vain were all his Prayers and Entreaties, the *Colonel* swore if he did not immediately comply, he would shoot him through the Head. The Fellow, at last, seeing no Remedy, did as he was bid ; and though Fear made him hold it a little unsteadily ; yet the *Colonel*, who had often try'd this Experiment, performed the Operation at the first Attempt. And then his Humour being satisfy'd, he laid down both his Pistols on the Table, and was going to unlock the Door. *Teague* in the mean Time, catching up that which was loaded, Arra Maishter, (says he) but now you must take up t'other Candle, and me have my Shoot too.—The *Colonel* called him Rogue and Rascal to no Purpose. *Teague* was now vested with Power, and would be obey'd. Accordingly, his Master extended the Candle ; but this being the first Time of *Teague*'s performing, he not only missed, but shot off a Button from the Breast of the *Colonel*'s Coat. So narrow an Escape has had a very good Effect, the Gentleman is quite freed from this Humour, and goes to Bed now, when he has taken his Bottle, like other Folks, without ever attempting to turn Marksman again in his Drink.

(LL)





*Half cloath'd and dirty does the Miser go,
Behung with useless Ornaments the Beau :
Plain, warm, and clean, the Man of Sense we find.
Dress shews the Strength or Weakness of the Mind.*

From my House in the Minories.

WHEN at any Time, I find myself indisposed for Study, I lay aside my Books, and fall out into the World, to relieve the Mind, and observe what passes amongst my Countrymen. With this Design, I often walk the Streets, and entertain myself very agreeably with remarking those I meet; by forming from their *Features, Gait, and Manner*, various Conjectures about their *Humours, Passions, and Ways of Thinking*. A long Practice of this Kind, has made me a considerable Proficient in a Sort of Knowledge I can't tell what to call, which enables me to judge of and distinguish the different Inclinations of the Mind; and that, not only by the Countenance, but by numberless Particularities not to be described, and, perhaps, unheeded by other People. I can, oftentimes, discern *Haughtiness and Insolence* in a low Bow, *Ill-Nature* in a Smile, *Envy* in a Compliment of Praise, *Pride* in a Toss of the Head, *Contempt* in a Laugh, and *Self-Conceit* in the turning out a Toe. I can distinguish a *peevish*, a *passionate*, or a *compos'd Temper*, in the Step; *Avarice* or *Generosity* in the offering or asking for a Pinch of Snuff: *Freedom* or *Reserve* in a Nod of the Head, a Swing of the Arm, or a Tender of the Hand: *Folly* in the Management of a Cane, and *good Sense* in the pulling off an Hat.—But, among those Things, which give me Peoples Characters most exactly, the Chief of all is *Dress*: This never fails to inform me truly how the Mind's affected, and whether, it is furnished with solid Under-

Understanding, or over-run with Vanity. For, as *Dress* admits of much Variety, and gives a large Scope for the Exercise of Fancy, it thereby represents the Disposition of the Mind, and as plainly shews the Capacity, Turn, and Constitution of it, as even Speech itself can do : — nay, generally, makes a Report more just and natural as it is less disguis'd. — Full often have I discovered the Heart of a *Coquet*, by the placing of a Patch, the Colour of a Topknot, or the Border of an Under-Petticoat ; though, by her Discourse, the poor harmless Creature has been endeavouring to be thought regardless of Admiration, and intirely negligent of those silly Things the Men. And, for the other Sex, the Embroidery of a Suit of Cloaths, the Fringe of a Waistcoat, the Clocks of a Pair of Stockings, the Air of a Toupee, or the Fashion of a Snuff-box, seldom fail to give me the exact Length, Breadth, Depth and Height of the Understanding and Abilities of a *Beau*.

I WAS formerly acquainted with an eminent Physician, who was a perfect Master of this Knowledge, whereby he acquired a mighty Reputation as well as Fortune, and was blest with wonderful Success. He learned the Constitution of his Patients, and the Nature of their Disorder, not so much by the feeling of their Pulse, as from an Observance of their Dress ; and so judicious was he in this Matter, that a Night-Cap, a pair of Sleeve-Strings, or a Morning-Gown, would give him abundant Information. He was the Admiration of the whole Faculty ; his Cures surprized them : But the Oddness of his Prescriptions more ; for being ignorant of the Principles on which he formed his Judgment, his Method of Practice, to them was unaccountable. He it was, who first prescrib'd a Cherry-colour'd Silk round the Cork of a Pearl Cordial, whereby he immediately relieved a Lady of Seventy, who was almost dying ; and restor'd her to perfect Health, by directing her to wear a Top-knot of the same reviving Colour her whole Life afterwards ; a Medicine which has often since been used with great Success. To him, we owe the covering of Pills with Gold ; and the wrapping Bolus's in white Paper nicely cut, was intirely his Invention : Besides, innumerable other *Recipes* of the like Kind, which are still in Use, though

though now indifferently administer'd, and without knowing any Thing of their respective Virtues.——But to give one Instance of his Skill:——A young Gentleman of Birth and Figure happened to be taken ill with Symptoms threat'ning a Fever: My Friend was sent for to him, and when he came, (the Patient being just undressing,) was desired to wait one Moment in an Anti-Chamber, where, upon a Pin, a Hat was hung with Rows of Silver Twist all round the Crown from Top to Bottom. (The Fashion at that Time was to wear some few Rows, but this Hat was adorned to a Degree extraordinary.) When the Footman came to shew the Doctor in, he inquired whose Hat that was; the Fellow answer'd, *it was his Master's*:——*Why*, then says the Doctor, *my seeing him, can do no Good; but give my Service to his Mother, whom I have a great Respect for, and let her know she must provide a Place in Bedlam for her Son, for his Dissemper is downright Lunacy, which there will find a proper Cure*:——And so without any more ado, he stepp'd into his Chariot, and drove away.

——This Behaviour was reckon'd very strange, and my Friend greatly blamed by many, as humourfome and ignorant: But a few Days set the Matter right, and justify'd him sufficiently; for the Gentleman became raving mad, and for Want of following such good Advice, expired in that Condition.

AS the Passions and Constitution are declared by *Dress*, so are they likewise wonderfully influenced and affected by its surprizing Power. I have known a Diamond Necklace cure a Fit of the Spleen, when all other Applications have proved of no Effect; and a churlish Puff of Wind upon a Wig newly powder'd, has oftentimes occasion'd an inexpressible Uneasiness and Disorder. What Tongue can speak the Care, Solitude, and Anxiety, arising from the Dread of dirtying a nice stitch'd Shoe, or least a Sword-Knot should not be enough admired!——And at any Time, one may know the Happiness or Infelicity of a pretty Fellow, by the open Lace round his Hat, or the Richness of his Brocade.

AS I frequently visit publick Places to make my Observations, the other Day my Curiosity led me to an *Assembly*; where a *petit Maitre*, in a gay Silk Waistcoat trimmed

trimmed with Silver, seemed the best satisfy'd with himself of any in the whole Company. He survey'd his Dress with Pleasure not to be concealed, his little Soul exulted in the Contemplation of his own Finery, and he view'd the People round him with a kind of Pity blended with Contempt. His Eyes were continually roving from one Side to the other, to receive from all their Tribute of Admiration; and he ogled first one Lady, and then another with a Look, which seemed to say, it was impossible for them to refuse him any Thing. He talk'd, he danc'd, he laugh'd with an Air of Superiority, and for, at least, an Hour, was the happiest Creature living. — But, alas! how short, how transitory is mortal Bliss! — Another Gentleman came in with a Lace upon his Waistcoat, at least two Threads broader. My Spark saw, and was frighted at his Appearance: Immediately the Muscles of his Face fell; he grew pale, and his Spirit departed from him. For some Time, he stood eyeing first his own Lace, and then the Gentleman's; but the Disadvantage on his Side was too remarkable to be supported. The more he looked, the more apparent was the Uneasiness of his Mind: And, I observed, at last, he both envy'd and hated his gay Rival. In short, he could dance no more; but after a little while, being unable to bear up under his Chagrin, he pretended Sickness, and left the Room, to vent his Passion, and lament his having bought a Lace so narrow. — Whilst under this Disorder, I could read in his Countenance, that he resolves next Summer to have the broadest Trimming that can be got in *London*. All this while, the other Gentleman put back his Coat, and shone forth, rejoicing in his Victory.

WHEN I see a Person negligent of *Dress*, any farther than Decency and his Rank in Life require, I never hesitate to declare him a Man of Sense and Merit. And, on the contrary, if a dazzling Figure, bedecked with all the Trappings that the Ingenuity of a Taylor, a Barber, a Laceman, a Milliner, and a Toyman can invent, appears before me, I make no Doubt he is a Man of Fortune, — and of Merit too: — I mean, just so much as Gold, Velvet and Embroidery can bestow: —

And

And that, in the Opinion of the World, is not a little, I am sure.

I REMEMBER a Man of the first Quality, of an unblemish'd Character, and an immense Estate, who always wore himself the plainest Habit possible; though, at the same Time, his numerous Retinue, even his common Footmen, were adorn'd in such a Manner, as would excite the Envy of our modern fine Gentlemen. Being asked the Reason of this, by a familiar Friend: My Lord, *says he*, the Remembrance of my Ancestors, the Rank in which I stand, and I hope my own Virtue may gain me some Respect: If not, I don't deserve, and am content without it:—But, as for the People under me, they have little else, besides their Cloaths, to make them be taken Notice of; and besides, I think it much greater to command *Beaux* than be a *Beau* myself.

BUT as little Account as some are pleased to make of *Dress*, others there are, who judge it the most important Concern of Life, and continually rack their Brain to refine and polish it: And these claim to themselves a Glory, from the Alteration of a Sleeve, or a Shoe-buckle, equal to those who have excelled in the most noble Sciences, civilized barbarous Nations, or saved Kingdoms. TOM BAUBLE, who invented the long wrought gold Heads for Canes, is continually lamenting his not living in the Days of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, when, *he says*, true Merit and Ingenuity were respected, and he should have had Statues erected to his Memory. But his Comfort is, that Posterity will do him Justice, and that *he* and *Sir Isaac Newton*, though now neglected, shall be famous in future Ages, together with *Alexander*, *Aristotle*, and *Cæsar*, 'till Time shall be no more.

* * *



*For when in Bed, or when I walk alone;
 I usually revolve what I have done.
 This was quite right (thought I) to gain my Ends,
 This Conduct makes me pleasing to my Friends.
 That other Business sure is not well done;
 What shall I play the Fool, like such a one?
 All this I use to think on when alone.*

}

IT is an Observation of a great Man, that among all the Complaints that are made for Want of the good Things of Life, no Man ever complains for Want of Wisdom. People will readily enough allow that others excel them in Person, Fortune, Rank, or Learning, and will even think it a Hardship, that they have not received so plentiful a Distribution of those Things as their Neighbours. But as to Wisdom, (or a prudent Management of ourselves in Affairs and Conversation) every Man sits down fully contented with his own Share; and is so far from envying his Neighbours Excellence, that he rather pities or despises him for Want of that ample Portion he thinks has been administer'd to himself. This last Consideration gives me Hopes that a Paper on the Conduct of common Life will not be unacceptable; for though no Man, in particular, imagines he has Occasion for any Instructions, yet in Return for his own abundant Fulness, he always thinks his Neighbours so defective, that he will easily agree, it may be of Use to every body else.

OUR Conduct may be consider'd with Respect to ourselves, and with Respect to others; by the first we consult our private Ease and Convenience, by the second our publick Character, or Reputation; which constitute the Sum and Substance of the good Things of Life. I shall defer my Observations on the first of these Subjects 'till another Occasion; and shall, at present, lay before the Reader some Remarks on the latter; which, according to a frequent Custom among

Writers

Writers on such Subjects, I shall do without any Order but that with which they come into my Mind.

THE Cardinal Virtue of Life, with Respect to others, is to acquire and maintain a good Reputation, suited to the Station we are placed in. Among an Hundred other weighty Reasons, this is one, that a good Reputation is the most infallible Means of Success in our Aims and Endeavours, that the Uncertainty of Worldly Things admits of. A Man who takes Care to preserve a general good Character, will hardly fail of compassing his Ends some Time or other. On the contrary, an ill Name hangs over a Man like the naked Sword over the Head of *Damocles*, and he can never be secure that it won't fall upon him. There are, indeed, Instances of Men, who by a good Hit in Business, or by the Force of a great Fortune, shall go on and flourish in the World, though every one that knows them, both speaks and thinks ill of them; and of others who are universally esteemed and commended, and yet unsuccessful in their Attempts and Designs. But these Things are the Work of Fortune, and only Exceptions to a general Rule.

ONE Reason for endeavouring after a good Reputation is this, that it is a Thing may be obtained with less Pains, and more Ease, than any other valuable Acquisition. The Perfections of the Body are entirely out of our Power; so also is a Genius for Arts, Sciences, and Learning. A Habit of Religion and Christian Virtue, will cost us many vigorous Contentions from Time to Time, with very powerful Inclinations; Learning and Knowledge are not to be attain'd without a long and wearisome Application, even by those who have a Capacity for them. But a good Reputation is obtained only by a little Care in our Choice, when we have two Actions before us, which are commonly equally easy and practicable. It costs no more, and is no more difficult, farther than Habit has made it so, to be sober, careful, diligent, obliging, affable, and condescending, than to be otherwise; yet a Man's Character, depends much on the Want or Possession of these easy Attainments. Where one Man becomes ridiculous or disagreeable by any Action he receives Profit or Pleasure from, an Hundred become so by some Favourite Folly or Humour, either indulged

or neglected, that never did, nor ever can do them any Good, or give them Pleasure, upon any other Account, than because they have indulged themselves in it.

SINCERITY and Punctuality are two Qualities that add a wonderful Lustre to our Reputation. It will oftentimes cost a Man very great Strugglings, and bring him to Inconveniencies now and then, to keep up to those Characters; but be the Pains ever so great, the Reward is answerable.

IT is a common Mistake, when Men have obtain'd a tolerable Character for Learning, Arts, or any useful Qualification, that they stop there; and, thinking they have done enough, set themselves to indulge their own Ease or Fancy for the rest of their Lives. It is such Sort of Men that make the Lumber of the several learned or ingenious Professions. For if we don't advance in that which is commendable, we always go back.

YOUNG Persons, through Inconsideration and Inexperience, have almost always wrong Notions of Reputation. Many of them don't concern themselves at all about it. Many of them set up for a Kind of inverted Reputation; and affect to distinguish themselves, by shewing a Contempt and Disregard of every Thing that is serious and sober. The best Course they usually take, is only to endeavour so far to excel in useful Qualifications, that the Reputation they acquire that Way, may support their Character under some favourite Folly or Wildness. Mr. *Locke*, being sensible how liable young Persons are to this Error, recommends in several Passages of his Treatise on Education, a particular Care to instil into them right Notions upon this important Matter.

A GOOD Reputation, and a great one, are two very different Things, and are often possess'd by different Persons. It is, in Truth, a very great Rarity to find them together. The latter is produced by Talents and Abilities, far above the common Standard; for which Reason it is aimed at, in the first Place, by all who are, or think they are, possessed of such. The former is usually the Portion of Men of more moderate Capacities; and is in the Power of the meanest Person to obtain; being derived only from a decent Behaviour in any Station.

A GREAT Reputation is not so desirable as a good one; for the same Reason, that a very high Station is not so eligible, as a middle Situation. A great Reputation is not to be maintained without continual Labour and Sollicitude, it being a Possession of the most delicate Nature that a Man can enjoy. Fear of Rivals is its constant Attendant; which, besides the Disquiet it brings with it, is apt to lay Men under Temptations to injure those who do, or may hereafter, appear capable of rising to their own Character. *Titian* the great Painter, finding his Disciple *Tintoret* of a very promising Genius, turned him out of his House, for fear his Scholar should come to eclipse him. And *Rubens*, though a Man otherwise of a noble Spirit, did something like it by *Van Dyck*. Besides this, the Truth is, a high Reputation is very often the Act of Fortune, as much as the Effect of Merit, and is got and lost, as much as Wealth, by a great many Accidents, entirely out of our Power; with this Disadvantage, that a Man may lose a small Part of his Fortune, and be very little the worse for it, whereas a high Character once diminish'd, sinks in a Moment into Contempt and Disgrace: There is no stopping at the Middle, if once we begin to fall. And this Consideration adds much to the Cares and Fears that disquiet a Man who endeavours to maintain himself in such a slippery Situation. Besides these Things, a great Character often renders Men fantastical and extravagant, which exposes them to Ridicule: and now and then has engaged Persons in Attempts beyond their Strength, which have proved their Ruin.

IF a Man should hear himself blamed for any Proceedings in his Conduct relating to his private Affairs, he may possibly have Reason enough to comfort himself with the Belief, that those who censure him thus are mistaken; for the Truth is, Men very often are so in their Judgments upon such Matters. But if he finds himself dislik'd for any Defect in his outward Behaviour, as for being Ill-natur'd, Morose, Affected, Conceited, or any such Faults as may render him disagreeable or ridiculous, he has a great deal of Reason to attend to such Reflections, and carefully to examine his Conduct by them in order to reform himself; because such Things

come very properly under the Cognizance of those we have to do with. And, instead of being offended, as Men are very apt to be upon such Occasions, every one ought to treasure up such Animadversions with great Care, and look upon them as choice Admonitions, and infallible Rules given him to direct his Behaviour by for the future. To this Observation we may add, that the meanest and most ignorant People are often as good Judges of those Faults, as the greatest and most knowing.

VANITY arises from too often running over in our own Minds any real or imaginary Value, arising from our Fortune, Rank, Persons, or Accomplishments, which causes those Subjects to lie always uppermost in our Thoughts: And the Pleasure we take in our Meditations upon them, makes us as fond of shewing them to others. These Thoughts are the inseparable Companions of Fools; and even the Wise cannot easily get altogether free from them. Yet of all Faults, there is none that carries so certainly its own Punishment along with it. A Man who speaks, or does any Thing to recommend himself to the Admiration of the Company, with the Design, only or chiefly, of being admir'd, may depend upon it he will be found out, and as certainly laugh'd at, though nobody will tell him so; and though, perhaps, he thinks he has concealed his Intention so cunningly, that nobody can find it out. It is a wonderful Thing, among so many vain Men as are in the World, some of which are of good Parts, that none of them have been able to find out this easy Truth, that if they would not set forth their own Excellencies so much, the World would do it for them; whereas there is nothing so good, that a Man will suffer to be thrust upon him whether he will or no. Vanity, when it is arrived to its full Perfection, shews itself in Affectation; and Affectation turns a dull Fellow into a Fop, and a Man of Parts into a Coxcomb.

B



*Sic Vita erat : facile omnes perferre, ac pati,
Cum quibus erat cumque una, iis sese dedere,
Eorum obsequi studiis, ad-versus nemini,
Numquam praeponens se aliis : Ita facillime
Sine Invidia invenias Laudem, & Amicos pares,*

Ter. Andria.

He was easy with those about him, and wholly devoted himself to his Companions, assented to their Inclinations, thwarted nobody, and never arrogated the Preference to himself, which is an easy Way to acquire Praise without Envy, and to procure Friends.

From my House in the Minories.

TO please in Conversation, is an Art which all People believe they understand and practise, though most are ignorant or deficient in it.—The Bounds and Manner of my Paper will not allow a regular and methodical Discourse on this Subject, and therefore I must beg Leave to throw my Thoughts together as they rise.

THE two grand Requisites in the Art of Pleasing, are *Complaisance* and *Good Nature*.——*Complaisance* is a seeming Preference of others to ourselves; and *Good Nature* a Readiness to over-look or excuse their Foibles, and do them all the Services we can. These two Principles must gain us their good Opinion, and make them fond of us for their own Sake, and then all we do or say will appear to the best Advantage, and be well accepted. *Learning, Wit, and fine Parts*, with these, shine in full Lustre, become wonderfully agreeable, and command Affection; but without them, only seem an Assuming over others, and occasion Envy and Disgust. The common Mistake is, that People think to please by setting themselves to View, and shewing their own Perfections, whereas the easier and more effectual Way lies quite contrary. Would you win the Hearts of others, you must not seem to vie with, but admire them: Give them every Opportunity of displaying their own Qualifications, and when you have indulged their Vanity, they will praise you too in Turn, and prefer you above

others, in order to secure themselves the Pleasure your Commendation gives.

BUT above all, we should mark out those Things which cause Dislike, and avoid them with great Care.

—The most common amongst these is, *talking over much*, and robbing others of their Share in the Discourse. This is not only Incivility, but Injustice; for every one has a natural Right to speak in Turn, and to hinder it is an Usurpation on common Liberty, which never fails to excite Resentment. Besides, great Talkers usually leap from one Thing to another with so much Rapidity and so ill a Connection, that what they say is a mere Chaos of Noise and Nonsense; though did they speak like Angels, they still would be disagreeable. It is very pleasant when two of these People meet: The Vexation they both feel, is visible in their Looks and Gestures; you shall see them gape, and stare, and interrupt one another at every Turn, and watch with the utmost Impatience for a Cough, or a Pause, when they may crowd a Word in Edg-ways: Neither hears nor cares what the other says; but both talk on at any Rate, and never fail to part highly disgusted with each other. I knew two Ladies gifted this Way, who, by Accident, travelled in a Coach ten Miles together, in which short Journey; they both were so extreemly tired of one another, that they could never after mention each other's Name with any Temper, or be brought in Company together, but retain'd a mutual Aversion which could never be worn out.

THE contrary Fault to this, and almost as disobliging, is that of seeming wholly unconcerned in Conversation, and bearing no other Part in the Discourse than a *No* or *Yes* sometimes, or an *Hem*, or perhaps a *Nod* only. This Inattention and Indifference appears so like Disrespect, that it affronts the Desire we all possess of being taken Notice of and regarded, and makes the Company of those who practise it, tiresome and insipid. — Such is the Vanity of Mankind, that minding what they say is a much surer Way of pleasing them than talking well ourselves.

ANOTHER Error very common and highly disagreeable, is to be for ever speaking of ourselves and our own Affairs. What is it to the Company we fall into

into whether we remove our Lodgings, or quarrel with our Servants: Whether our Children are froward and dirty, or where we intend to dine To-morrow? The Sauciness of a Footman, the Prattle of a Child, the spoiling a Suit of Cloaths, the Expences of House-keeping, or the Preparation for a Journey, may be to ourselves Matters of great Importance, as they occasion us Pain or Pleasure: But wherein are Strangers concerned, or what Amusement can they possibly receive from such Accounts?—Opposite to this, but not less troublesome, is the impertinent Inquisitiveness of some People, which is ever prying into, and asking ten thousand Questions about the Business of others. To search after and endeavour to discover Secrets, is an unpardonable Rudeness; but what makes this Disposition worse, it is usually attended with an ill-natur'd ungenerous, and mischievous Desire of exposing and aggravating the Mistakes and Infirmities of others. People of this Turn are the Pest of Society, and become both feared and hated. —On these two Heads it may be useful always to remember, that we never ought to trouble People with more of our own Affairs than is needful for them to know, nor enquire farther into theirs than themselves think fit to tell us.

STORY-TELLING is another Mistake in Conversation, which should be avoided by all who intend to please. It is impossible to hear a long insipid trifling Tale, without either Wit or Humour, drawn in by Neck and Shoulders, and told merely for the Sake of talking, without being uneasy at it. Besides, People this Way given, are apt to tell the same String of Stories, with all their rambling Particulars, again and again over; without considering, that whatsoever Pleasure themselves may find in talking, their Hearers with their Tongues out. Old Folks are most subject to this Error, which is one chief Reason their Company is so often shunn'd.

A SET of People not less tiresome and impertinent are such as upon all Occasions intrude with their Advice; as if their Heads contained all the Wisdom in the World, and nothing could be manag'd right, unless by their Direction. These Busy-Bodies are never at a Loss: Have you a Law Suit depending? Immediately they recom-

mend Council and Attornies that will infallibly gain your Point, Do you want a House? They'll hire one without your Knowledge for you. Is your Daughter marriageable? They have several Matches in their Eye for her. Are you sick? They will fetch you a Physician without so much as asking your Consent: And if you die, with equal Readiness, will assist your Heir to bury you. They are likewise, at all Times, watching over you, and will not fail to let you know your Faults, with full Directions how to mend them; and, indeed, might be of Use, did not Pride and Self-Love of Mankind prevent it. But as it is, they do more Harm than Good, and only serve to harden People in their Folly, instead of making them ashamed of it.

ANOTHER very disagreeable Error, is, a Spirit of wrangling and disputing, which some People perpetually bring with them into Company: Infomuch, that say whate'er you will, they'll be sure to contradict you: And if you go about to give Reasons for your Opinion, however just they be, or however modestly proposed, you throw them into Rage and Passion. Though, perhaps, they are wholly unacquainted with the Affair, and you have made yourself Master of it, it is no Matter, the more ignorant they are, you still find them the more positive, and what they want in Knowledge, they endeavour to supply by Obstinacy, Noise and Fury: And when you press hard upon them, instead of Argument, they fly to personal Reproaches and Invectives. Thus every Trifle becomes a serious Business, and such People are continually involved in Quarrels.

OTHERS intend to please, by putting on a constant Air of Gaiety, and laughing at every Word that is said: But, an empty senseless Mirth, bursting forth in loud Fits of Laughter, without any just Reason for it, is what rational and serious People cannot with Patience bear. To stand immoveable, with the Muscles of the Face so set as to remain unalter'd and without a Smile at a witty Jest or a sprightly *Repartee*, speaks a Mind either morose, insensible, or sullen, and in either Case displeasing; but the frothy Joy of these perpetual Laughters is still more vexatious.

RAILLERY

RAILLERY is a Part of Conversation, which to treat of fully, would require a whole Paper; but now, I have only room to observe that it is highly entertaining, or exceedingly disobliging, according as it is managed, and therefore we ought to use it with all the Caution possible. Natural Infirmities, unavoidable Misfortunes, Defects, or Deformities of any Kind, should never be the Subject of it, for then it is not only impertinent, but affronting and inhuman. It's like Salt, a little of which in some Cases gives a Relish, but if thrown on by Handfuls, or sprinkled on Things at random, it spoils all. Raillery supposes Wit; but agreeable as Wit is, when it takes a wrong Turn, it becomes dangerous and Mischievous. When Wit applies itself to search into, expose, and ridicule the Faults of others, it often inflicts a Wound that wrankles in the Heart, and is never to be forgiven. To rally safely, and so as to please, it is requisite that we perfectly know our Company: It's not enough that we intend no Ill, we must be likewise certain what we say shall be taken as we intend it; otherwise, for the Sake of a Jest, we may lose a Friend, and make an inveterate Enemy.—I shall say no more on this Head, but that we ought to use it sparingly; and whatever Opportunities may offer of shewing our Parts this Way, so soon as any body appears uneasy at it, and receives it with a grave Face, both Good Manners and Discretion advise to change the Subject for something else more harmless.

A K I N to *Raillery*, and what oftentimes goes along with it, is *Scandal*. But if People hereby think to gain Esteem, they unhappily are mistaken; for every body (even those who hear them with a seeming Pleasure) considers them with a kind of Horror. No one's Reputation is safe against such Tongues: All in Turn may expect to suffer by them. Insensible of the Ties of Friendship, or the Sentiments of Humanity, such Creatures are mischievous as Bears or Tygers, and are as much abhorr'd and fear'd.

T H E R E are many more Mistakes which render People disagreeable in Conversation, but these are the most obvious; and whosoever avoids them carefully, can never much displease. I shall only add, in a few Words,

what are the most likely Means to make a Man be well accepted.

LET his Air, his Manner, and Behaviour, be easy, courteous, and affable, void of every Thing haughty or assuming; his Words few, express'd with Modesty, and a Respect for those he talks to. Be he ever ready to hear what others say; let him interrupt no body, nor intrude with his Advice unask'd. Let him never trouble other People about his own Affairs, nor concern himself with theirs. Let him avoid Disputes; and when he dissents from others, propose his Reasons with Calmness and Complaisance. Be his Wit ever guided by Discretion and Good Nature, nor let him sacrifice a Friend to raise a Laugh. Let him not censure others, nor expose their Failings, but kindly excuse or hide them. Let him neither raise nor propagate a Story to the Prejudice of any body. In short, be his Study to command his own Temper, to learn the Humours of Mankind, and to conform himself accordingly.

* * *



Audentes Fortuna juvat.

Virg.

Fortune favours the Bold.

From my House in the Minorities.

AN odd Opinion prevailed when I was a young Fellow, that *Modesty is a becoming and recommendatory Virtue.*—Those who had the Care of my Education, brought me up in this mistaken Principle; and at the same Time they were informing my Understanding, teaching me the most useful Sciences, and instructing me how to distinguish and judge of Things aright, they check'd in me the needful and growing Seeds of Pride, Vanity, and Self-Conceit, made me distrustful of my own Abilities, and thereby unhappily prevented

vented my becoming so considerable, as with half the Pains, I might otherwise have been.

BUT the World is now grown wiser, and has found, by long Experience, that *Assurance* is of much more value and avail than *Modesty*: For by the Help of *this*, with a very small Share of common Sense, and much less Learning, a Man may rise to the topmost Pinnacle of *Preferment*, *Wealth*, and *Fame*: A Place where *Modesty* can never pretend to carry him. To prove the Truth of this, let us examine what Sort of People shine most in *Courts*, preside in *Grand Assemblies*, acquire large *Estates*, and draw the Eyes and Adoration of the Crowd after them; and we shall not find them such as are remarkable for *Genius*, *Capacity*, *Knowledge*, or any Thing in the World but that one useful Quality *Assurance*, which enables them to undertake whatever offers, without either Diffidence or Hesitation, though they have neither Skill nor Judgment. *Assurance* is a thriving *Virtue*, and will carry a Man through Difficulties, even against all Reason or Probability; as the following Instance amongst a thousand others may testify sufficiently.

I T happen'd that some few Years ago, a certain *Professorship* was vacant, and a Friend of mine became a Candidate, very much to my Surprise, because I knew he always had been engaged in Business widely distant from the Science he now proposed to teach. He came to beg my Interest: Which gave me an Opportunity of enquiring how long he had apply'd himself that Way: Sir, says he, as yet I have never study'd it, but design to begin as soon as I am chosen.—I was so foolish, at that Time, as to wonder at his Presumption, and think it impossible he should succeed; but the Event proved how much he knew the World better than I, for the Electors to a Man were on his Side, and he carry'd it with an high Hand against several eminent Masters who had spent their Lives in the Practice of the Science. It cost him afterwards, about an Hour to get the Terms by Heart, and then by the Help of a ready Volubility of Tongue, and the same never-failing Qualification which had before assisted him, he read his Lectures roundly, and with much Applause.—How short a Way is this of making a Man's Fortune! How much easier, as well as more certain.

certain, than by poring over musty Books, studying crabbed Authors, acquiring heathen Languages, and filling the Brain with cumbersome Loads of Learning! A Way which is so far from promoting, that it oftentimes disqualifies a Man for Preferment, by making him laugh at Ignorance, despise impudent Pretenders, and unable to become a fitting Sycophant and Flatterer of the Rich and Great.——This is so well known, and *Affurance* has now got the Start of *Modesty* so much, that the latter is almost quite exploded and banish'd out of Doors; nor has it any Friends except a few sneaking People that are ashamed to own its Cause, whereas, *Affurance* looks big, and blusters, and gains the Praise of all.——If a Man furnish'd with *Affurance* has any Accomplishments, he will set them forth to vast Advantage, and if none, will appear to have them; he never balks an Opportunity of putting himself forward, is not mealy mouth'd, or ever loses any Thing for want of asking; whilst the *modest Man*, whatever Merit he may really have, is like a rough Diamond, whose Value is known by very few. And, therefore, instead of succeeding, if he applies for any Thing to the World, he must expect to find himself Brow-beaten, and thrust back amongst the Crowd.

IT is wonderful to consider, what an infinite deal of Labour was taken, formerly, to accomplish that, which, by the happy Improvement of the *ingenious Moderns*, is now performed, (and more effectually too) with almost none at all.——I mean the *Education of a young Gentleman*.——The Custom was to provide Masters, buy Heaps of mouldy Books, and waste several Years in poring over them. And what was the Advantage of all this? Why, my Spark, at last, acquir'd that needless Thing call'd *Learning*, became out of Humour with the common Diversions of Mankind, and unfit for polite Company, whilst (with all his Knowledge) one brought up in the modern Way would have put him out of Countenance in less than half an Hour.——But, the present, Method, is so much shorter, as well as better, that I think it ought to be made publick for the Use of every body:—and it is only this: Take a Boy, young, from School; let him know his Letters, and spell a little; but besure he meddles not with Grammar. Keep him

him from reading afterwards, from that agrees with but few Constitutions, only spoils the Eyes, and flags the Spirits. Let his Business be to play with the Maids and Footmen till near fifteen, whereby he will gain a sufficient Stock of *Assurance* to set out upon. Then bring him forth into the World, drest in a smart *Toupee*, with a Tail of the Length and Thickness of a Kitchen Poker: Put more Powder on his Shoulders than the Weight of his Brains: Stick a Sword by his Side, of the exact Bigness of a Lark-Spit, with the Handle tuck'd up close under his Left Arm-Pit, and a gaudy Sword-knot dangling from it. Let him have a Hat a little bigger than a Skimming-Dish, edg'd with a broad scallopt Lace of Silver; and a Cane with a Head of Gold, enchas'd, a Span deep at least. As for his Cloaths, they may be lac'd or embroider'd, according to the Taylor's Fancy. The Clocks of his Stockings must be of Gold or Silver, 'tis not much Matter which, provided they almost reach his Gartering. His Shoe-Buckles must be of Silver, wrought, and of the Size which usually are put to Coach-Harness; and he must have another Pair a little less, for the buckling of his Knee-Strings. To these must be added a Snuff-box, with some *Italian* Fancy in the Lid; and a Patch to be placed on any Part of the Face, where it may appear with most Affectation. In short, let him be equipped according to the just Representation of a Beau, wherewith Mr. Gay has generously obliged the Publick, in his Portraiture of *the Monkey that had seen the World*, which for that Reason is the most instructive of all his ingenious *Fables*; and, which, therefore, I recommend, as, doubtless he intended it, for the Plan or Model (so far as Habit goes) of a fine Gentleman. When he is thus accomplished, carry him to *Plays*, *Opera's*, *Assemblies*, *Masquerades*, and *Bawdy-Houses*, whereby, if any of that impertinent Thing call'd *Modesty* remains, he will happily get rid of it, and be enabled never to blush upon any Occasion whatever. Then let him learn a full and immoveable Stare with his Eyes, a Grimace in his Actions, and a fashionable Pertness in all he says: And by a little Practice he will find, that a loud Laugh will effectually supply the Place of Wit, common Chit-chat be more agreeable than Learning, humming an *Italian* Air

pass

pafs for Politenefs and fine Breeding, and good Cloaths abundantly make up the Want of Senfe.——After half a-Year ſpent thus, (in which Time it is preſumed he may ſhake off all Kind of Diſtruſt or Diffidence of himſelf) I make no Doubt he will be qualify'd for the beſt Company in Town.——It is, however, neceſſary, that with all this, he learn to dance, to game, and to intrigue, Qualifications which will introduce him every where with great Advantage.

AND now, I defy the moſt zealous Advocate for the *Antients*, to give me an Inſtance, amongſt them all, of ſuch a comprehensive and ready Way of Education, ſo well adapted to every Capacity, and of ſuch general Uſe; but more eſpecially, ſo very fit for the eldeſt Sons of great Families, whoſe Conſtitutions are uſually too delicate for the Fatigue of Study.——This is teaching them to know the World betimes, and that not from the dry and inſipid Maxims of other People, but from their own Experience: making them conſiderable Actors upon the Stage of Life, at an Age, when others are only learning how to play their Parts.

BUT to ſpeak more, in Favour of *Aſſurance*, is altogether needleſs, ſince the Advantages of it are daily and every where remarkable. How many that ſhine with gaudy Equipages, poſſeſs large Eſtates, and are advanced to Poſts of Honour, owe them all to this ſingle good Quality, without which, Want and Obſcurity had inevitably been their Portion! And, therefore, if it can raiſe a Fortune, does there remain a Doubt whether it is uſeful to ſupport and become one well? Beſides, *Aſſurance* is *intrinsic Merit*, and like Gold can ſupply the Abſence of Virtue, Learning, Wit, or common Senſe. The Man who poſſeſſes it has within himſelf the Quinteſſence of *all* the World eſteems, and can maintain a Figure on his own native Stock without borrowing any Thing from without.

IN the foregoing Diſcourſe, I have directed, that (according to the modern Cuſtom) a young Gentleman of Fortune ſhould be taken from School as ſoon as he can Spell; but, upon Conſideration, I think it convenient, that he ſtay there 'till he be able to read a *Play-Bill*, for ſundry plain and weighty Reaſons. I would likewise
have

have him even taught to write, (I mean so far as his own Name,) because as his Money is a Temptation, his Mark, may, perhaps, be more easily counterfeited, to his Prejudice. — Not that either Writing or Reading are indeed, in themselves, necessary towards becoming a Master of the *Sciences*, as at present they are improved: for the best *Logick* is a bold Assertion, an undaunted Positiveness, and a Front immoveable; a broad Grin and a ready Oath are the finest *Rhetorick*; an Hazard-Table is the Place where the *Mathematics* are taught to great Perfection: *Natural Philosophy* is learn'd most effectually by Whoring, *Moral Philosophy* under the Surgeon's Hand; and as for *Divinity*, it is intirely out of Fashion.

* * *



Disce bonas Artes, (moneo,) studiosa Juventus.
Ovid Ar. Am. Lib. 3. Eleg. 1.

*Take my Advice, young Man, and learn to find
Good Arts and Science, to employ thy Mind.*

From my House in the Minories.

THERE is nothing, according as it is manag'd, which has either a better or a worse Effect on our Conversation, or on our Manners, than *Reading*. He who has made a proper Choice of Books, and knows how judiciously to apply what he has learned from thence, will never fail both to please and instruct, whether as a Companion or an Author: While the Man who has read all without Distinction, and fancies it a Mark of Learning to quote long Authorities from Authors, like Chancery Recitals, *in hæc Verba*, will never merit any better Character than that of a Pedant, whose Discourse is tedious, and whose Writings are insipid. Since, therefore, so much depends on the Manner in which we read, and the Use we make of reading, a Paper on that Subject, and which also contains a regular Plan of Study, will, I hope, be thought neither unuseful nor unentertaining.

BEFORE

BEFORE I proceed to my intended Observations on this Head, it will be necessary for me to premise, that they are by no Means calculated for those, who apply themselves to any single Branch of Learning, with an Intent thereby to shine in some particular Profession; so mix'd a Kind of Reading as that which I recommend, might possibly withdraw their Attentions too far from that Point, on which they ought to be fixed, and on the Knowledge of which their future Success in Life may, perhaps, strongly depend. What I therefore aim at, is, to lay down certain Instructions for the Benefit of those, who, having neither through Inclination, nor their design'd Employments in Life, their Genius determin'd to one peculiar Study, endeavour to render themselves Masters of Polite Literature in general, and to acquire an useful and comprehensive Knowledge. And I flatter myself that the following Plan will more particularly be advantageous, to my younger Class of Readers, since 'tis certain a Man cannot come into the World with a stronger Recommendation in his Favour, than that of having just and extensive Ideas join'd to a becoming Behaviour. The first is likeliest to be attained from Books, and in the Study; the latter is only to be acquired from a gentle Conversation. The former of these is to be my present Task: And as the Basis of polite Learning, I must recommend to my young Readers a close Application to the *Classicks*; tho' I know there are some who would fain persuade us, that as *Science* consists not in the Knowledge of Words, but of Things, this Study is in a Manner needless. How far, indeed, a Man, without *Greek* or *Latin* may be capable of acquiring a profound Skill in any of those practical Sciences which depend, in a great Measure, on Observation, I will not determine; but Mr. *Wotton*, who has said all that can be said in Favour of the *Moderns*, admits, that in Regard to the finer Parts of Learning, and what the *French* call the *Belles Lettres*, the last Degree of Excellency is to be found in the Writings of the *Antients*; and that in this Respect, at least, they have carry'd human Nature to its utmost Period of Perfection. It is from the Study of them only that a true Judgment can be acquired in *Poetry*, *History*, *Eloquence*, or any other of those shining Accomplishments that are requisite

site towards forming either a great or an agreeable Person. Such also has been the Deference paid by the best Writers in the latter Ages to their illustrious Predecessors of Antiquity, that without understanding the Antients, 'tis impossible to understand the most valuable Productions of the Moderns. *Homer* and *Virgil*, for Instance, are the poetical Parents both of *Milton* and of *Tasso*; without the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*, 'twould have been impossible to have produced either the *Paradise lost*, or the *Jerusalem*; and let my Readers consider how great an Honour it is to the Antients, when I can say with Justice, that without being acquainted with the *Greek* and *Roman* Authors, we lose half the Beauties both of the *English* and *Italian* Poems. But to pass from this Subject, on which, I confess, I take a Pleasure to dwell, I will next touch those other Branches of Learning, of which a Man, who aims at a comprehensive Knowledge, ought to be in some Measure a Master. And first, there are several Parts of the *Mathematicks*, which ought to be acquired: Both as they are exceedingly useful in every Station of Life, and as they furnish out a rational and agreeable Amusement for those vacant Hours in which one is disposed to be serious. Of these *Geometry* ought to lead the Way; and the *Elements of Euclid* will be a Book proper to be perused for that Purpose; from the reading of which, a double Advantage will arise, the learning the Science of which it treats, and acquiring from his Demonstrations an easy and natural Method of arguing, more conclusive, as well as more agreeable, than the Pedantick Logick of the Schools. The Knowledge of *Geography* is by no Means to be omitted, the Situation, Extent, and Frontiers of Countries, with the other Particulars of which that Science treats, are not only absolutely necessary for the Understanding of History, but even for Conversation. To these ought to be added *Algebra*, and a competent Knowledge of the Modern System of Philosophy. As to any other Parts of the *Mathematicks*, I shall leave them to be acquired, as Inclination, Leisure, and Opportunity shall direct, and proceed next to mention *History*. As to that of the antient Empires, it will be already in great Measure attained from the perusal of the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, especially *Herodotus*.

dotus, *Thucydides*, and *Livy*; but above all, the History of our own Country is not to be omitted: I acknowledge 'twill be hard to be acquired, considering the few good Writers we have of that Kind amongst us; but that Want is, however, to be supply'd, as well as we can, from private Memoirs, Lives, Trials, Speeches, &c. And that we may do this still more advantageously, we ought to divide our History into certain Periods, and with each Period to read the Acts of Parliament which were made during that Space of Time. This, by Degrees, will give us a perfect Idea of our Constitution, with which it becomes an *English* Gentleman above all Things to be perfectly acquainted. The History of our Neighbour Nations ought to be our next Care: *Hector*, *Boethius*, *Spotswood* and *Buchanan*, are the most celebrated *Scotch* Historians; *Mazeray* has written a general History of *France*; and *Mariana* the like of *Spain*. I rather commend the reading those and such-like Historians, who have written at large the Affairs only of one Country, because to one who has a Love for Books, the Perusal of them will be far from being a Labour; and also because that I have observed Compendiums and Abridgments of History, are not only always too short, but likewise have frequently many other Defects, that render the Use of them improper. I must, however, except out of this Censure, *Puffendorf's Introduction*, as a Book which may serve to give a very good general Idea, of the several Kingdoms and States of *Europe*, and their respective Interests.

POETRY, under which I comprehend not only the Reading, but, if one have a Genius, the Writing of Verses, will serve as a very elegant and entertaining Amusement. And lastly, I think, in the present Age, an accomplish'd Gentleman cannot be without the Knowledge both of the *French* and *Italian* Tongues, not only in Regard to the Use they will be to him in Conversation, but also in Respect to the many good Authors he will meet with in both Languages. In the *French*, amongst the Prose Writers are *Montaigne*, *St. Evremond*, *Bruyere*, *Fontenelle*, and the excellent *Archbishop of Cambray*; for Poetry, *Racine*, *Corneille*, *Boileau*, and the diverting *La Fontaine*, are well worth the Perusal. In the

the *Italian* are *Matchiavel*, *Father Paul*, *Castiglione*, *Petrarch*, *Boccace* and *Tasso*, and many others.

I SHALL forbear adding any Thing farther to this Plan, on a Supposition, that if what I have already mentioned be attained to in any Degree of Perfection, it will be sufficient to qualify a Gentleman to Discharge with Reputation any Employment to which there is a Probability of his being advanced. But there is one Objection to which I foresee this Paper will be liable, *viz.* That I have made the useful Branches of Learning so numerous, that instead of a Man's coming into the World with these Accomplishments, it will take up a considerable Part of Life to acquire them. To this I answer, we must first consider, that without a proper Genius, such a Task is not to be attempted; and next if we reflect on the many Hours of Life, which are usually spent to no Purpose at all, and those many more Hours, which too frequently are spent to worse than no Purpose, it will be easy to conceive, if all this Time, instead of being thus squander'd away, had been apply'd to the Cultivation of the Mind, to how great a Degree of Perfection it might have arrived. Add to this, that when Youths are early season'd with the Love of the Sciences, it prevents their being guilty of those Indiscretions, into which it is more than probable they would otherwise have fallen, for as *Ovid* elegantly observes.

— *ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes* .
Emollit mores, nec finit esse feros.

Their Taste of Learning increases by Degrees, and Study at last, instead of a Labour, becomes a Diversion. But though it should be own'd, that more than ordinary Pains is requisite for the attaining of those Advantages that I have mention'd, yet that cannot surely be thought too much, since a Man will be thereby enabled, with a very moderate Fortune, to spend his Days, in a Manner, pleasing to himself, useful to his Friends, and beneficial to his Country.

C



————— *O ! inconstant Man !*
How will you promise ! How will you deceive !
 Venice preserv'd,

From my House in the Minories.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

I HAVE been one of those airy inconsiderate People, whom an Estate places above the Want of Business, and Idleness exposes to a thousand Mischiefs. About the 14th Year of my Age, my dear Father died, and left me wholly under my Mother's Care, whose mistaken Fondness took me Home immediately from a famous School, where my Father had placed me four Years before ; and instead of wishing me to prosecute those Studies, in which, for my Time of Life, I had made a considerable Progress, she only contrived how to divert and humour me. Being of a weakly Constitution, she fear'd Reading should hurt my Eyes, and close thinking bring me into a Consumption, and therefore to discourage me from both, (for indeed the little Learning I had made me fond of Books) she would often say, it was enough for those to study, whose Fortune made it necessary, but for my Part, I had no need of it. But though my Mind was left uncultivated, nothing was neglected that might give me all the exterior Accomplishments of a Gentleman : Dancing, Singing and Musick-Masters continually attended me, and the Taylor, Periwig-Maker, and Milliner were frequently consulted in my Education. In the mean while, my whole Employment was

to

‘ to visit every where with my *Mamma*, and go to Plays,
‘ Assemblies, Masquerades and Opera’s.

‘ BEING thus deliver’d up to the Conduct of my
‘ Passions, the first that began to tyrannize was *Love*.
‘ —Near our Country Seat lived a Gentleman of
‘ Worth and Honour, who had formerly served his
‘ Country with an unblemished Reputation both in Par-
‘ liament and Abroad, and was now retir’d from the
‘ World, to spend the Residue of his Days in Quiet. He
‘ was blest with an easy Fortune, and one Child, the
‘ beautiful CALISTA, who was deservedly the Darling
‘ of his Heart, and the Pleasure of his Eyes: for she
‘ possess’d every endearing Qualification that can make
‘ Woman lovely. Her Mother dy’d the Summer I was
‘ Nineteen; and our Family being just then come into
‘ the Country, invited her to pass some Months with
‘ us in order to divert her Grief, whilst her Father was
‘ obliged to be at *London* about some Affairs of Conse-
‘ quence. There had been so long and strict a Friendship
‘ between the Families, that he left her with much Sa-
‘ tisfaction, and she made no Difficulty of staying with
‘ us. —I had not seen her for near a Year before; and
‘ when I went to wait on her to our House, she ap-
‘ peared so exquisitely charming, that I could not help
‘ admiring her. She was not quite Sixteen, but tall,
‘ strait and graceful; her Hair black and shining, her
‘ Eyes sparkling with an inexpressible Sweetness, and
‘ the Damask Rose seem’d blooming in her Cheeks: Her
‘ Voice was soft and musical, her Words few, but natu-
‘ ral and pertinent: In short, she had Wit and Beauty
‘ beyond Description, and her Mournful Dress, together
‘ with an unaffected Melancholy that hung over her for
‘ the Loss of a tender Parent, seemed to heighten her
‘ Perfections, and at once commanded Love and Pity.
‘ When first she came, I could not tell what ail’d me,
‘ for I was never contented but in her Company, yet
‘ without dreaming of the Cause: But at last, I found
‘ what my Distemper was, and from that Moment re-
‘ solved to make her mine. —And now my whole
‘ Study was to become agreeable in her Eyes: I seldom
‘ left her, and in a little Time perceived that my Ser-
‘ vices were not displeasing. By keeping much Com-
‘ pany

‘ pany in Town, I had acquired a gay and ready Way
 ‘ of Conversation, full of Complaisance, and all that un-
 ‘ meaning Ceremony which serves among People of
 ‘ Distinction, instead of Respect and Friendship. This,
 ‘ improved by Love, soon made me not indifferent to
 ‘ her. It was a Month, however, e’er I presum’d to
 ‘ speak my Passion, and then I did it with Trembling
 ‘ and Hesitation: The Fair One was not less confus’d
 ‘ than I, she blush’d, and faltering told me, she must
 ‘ not think of Love so soon. This Answer was as fa-
 ‘ vourable as I could wish, thence forward I omitted no
 ‘ Occasion of professing the utmost Affection for her,
 ‘ and Opportunities offer’d themselves continually. Cer-
 ‘ tainly at that Time I lov’d her beyond all Things on
 ‘ Earth, and my Fondness appear’d so sincere, that she
 ‘ gave me Leave to ask her Father’s Consent at his Re-
 ‘ turn, and made no Question but he would grant it:
 ‘ ’Till when we both agreed to keep the Matter as pri-
 ‘ vate as ’twas possible.——The old Gentleman’s Affairs
 ‘ detained him longer than he expected, and we went on
 ‘ thus, for near four Months, infinitely happy in each
 ‘ other: ’Till one *Sunday* Afternoon, a Letter came, to
 ‘ let her know her Father would be at Home the *Thurs-*
 ‘ *day* following, and expected her to meet him there.
 ‘ This near Prospect of Separation put us upon consult-
 ‘ ing what to do, for my Mother began to grow suspi-
 ‘ cious, and we fear’d, for some private Reasons, would
 ‘ endeavour to prevent the Match. During the warm
 ‘ Weather, we used to meet in the Garden, after the
 ‘ Family was asleep almost every Night; but now the
 ‘ Season being wet and cold, I obtained Leave that
 ‘ Night to come softly to her Chamber, which I could
 ‘ do with Ease, it being near my own, and nobody ly-
 ‘ ing in that Apartment, except her own Servant, who
 ‘ was her Bedfellow, and entirely in my Interest.——
 ‘ When the House was fast I came: My CALISTA was
 ‘ undrest, all soft and languishing; she never before ap-
 ‘ pear’d so irresistible: I press’d her to my Bosom with
 ‘ speechless Ecstasy, and she with Eyes brimful of Tears
 ‘ at the Apprehension of parting with me, return’d my
 ‘ fond Embrace, and sunk her Head upon my Bosom. I
 ‘ comforted her with the strongest Assurances of inviola-
 ‘ ble

ble Fidelity, and vow'd ten Thousand Times that nothing in the World should hinder me from being her's as soon as possible. This moderated her Uneasiness, and we sat down to consult what Measures were fittest to be pursu'd.—Upon this Occasion, I received so many Proofs of Affection and Esteem, that unable to command myself, I seiz'd the Innocent in my Arms, and bore her struggling to the Bed; she thrust me from her, and getting up confus'd and trembling, ask'd me what I meant; I could not answer her, but instead of it pull'd her down on the Bedside by me, she started from me, and bursting out most violently in Tears, cry'd, surely I could not love her and intend her Ruin. Startled at this Reproach, I threw myself at her Feet, and begg'd her Pardon for my Presumption, which was occasion'd by Excess of Love: Telling her, withal, that Unity of Hearts made a Marriage, and not the outward Ceremony, and that in the Sight of Heaven she was as fully mine, as if an Archbishop had perform'd the Office. After this I kiss'd her Hand, and begg'd her to kneel down by me; and then pulling out a Common Prayer Book, (which was accidentally in my Pocket, having us'd it at Church that Day.) I read the Matrimonial Service, she repeating her Part after me, and (calling the eternal God to witness) we both promis'd in the most solemn Manner, to confirm our Vows before all the World, within a Month at farthest. This done, I put out the Light, and then, by Persuasion and Force together, I pass'd the Night in her Embraces. The next Night my Happiness was repeated, and on the Morning following, I waited on her to her Father's House, to prepare Things for his Reception, and left her there.

AFTER this, I found several Opportunities of meeting her in private, at every one of which she reminded me of talking with her Father, which I still pretended some good Reasons for delaying, 'till she began to find the true Cause was the Abatement of my Affection. The Month limited for our Marriage roll'd away; my Desires were now satisfy'd, and I thought her less charming every Time I saw her, 'till in the End, I even thought her disagreeable. I visited
her

' her but seldom, and oftentimes when she sent to speak
 ' with me, would make Excuses not to meet her: Find-
 ' ing no Pleasure in her Company, but much Uneasiness
 ' from her Reproaches, which were, alas! too just.
 ' But how inexpressible her Anguish was, when she
 ' perceived herself with Child, may be imagined by the
 ' following Letter.

Dear, tho' false Lothario,

THE Crime I have committed is its own Punish-
 ment, and must soon expose me to publick Shame,
 unless you save me from it by the Performance of your
 Vows. I find myself with Child, and now once more call
 upon you in the Name of that God whose sacred Name
 you swore by, to make me your lawful Wife. I will not
 mention Love, (for that you seem to have forgot, though
 you so often vow'd that yours should never decay,) but if
 you have any Truth, if you have any Honour, if you have
 any Hope of Heaven or Fear of Hell, take some Pity on
 a Wretch you have undone: O save me from the Agonies
 of a troubled Mind.——I expect an Answer by the
 Bearer to fix the Destiny of the

Unfortunate and ruin'd

CALISTA.

' HER Servant brought me this, which I read, and
 putting it in my Pocket, told him, that it required no
 ' Answer. Next Morning, the first News I heard was,
 ' that CALISTA was no more.——After she received
 ' my cruel Message, she retired to her Chamber, and
 ' wrote a long Letter to her Father with the fatal Hi-
 ' story of our Amour, and then taking a Dose of Opium,
 ' which she had secretly provided, compos'd herself in
 ' an eternal Sleep.——It's impossible to describe the
 ' Horror I was under at hearing this, my Guilt and all
 ' Hell's Terrors star'd me in the Face. I ran immedi-
 ' ately to her Father's, and would not be kept from her,
 ' but embracing the dead pale cold Coarse, curs'd myself,
 ' calling down the most dreadful Vengeance on my own
 ' Head,

Head, and doing so many Acts of Madness, that even her Father pity'd me, and sent me Home in his own Coach with People to take Care of me. A Fever follow'd, which confin'd me for several Months, during which Time, Grief broke the Heart of the poor Old Gentleman, and his grey Hairs were brought with Sorrow to the Grave.

THIS is my unhappy Story, which I publish as a Warning to all young People. — As for my own Part, Life is insupportable; and yet, how can I bear the Thoughts of Death? Reflection stabs me to the Soul! — Oh! how shall I dare to meet the much abus'd CALISTA, her unborn Infant, and her unhappy Father, all murder'd by my Hand, before the Judgment Seat of that terrible and just Judge who I invoc'd as a Witness of our Vows, and from whom I have nothing to expect but Punishment. — How dreadful is my Condition here! and what must be my Fate hereafter! — All Thoughts of Happiness are lost for ever, and I must always remain

The miserable and forsworn

* * *

LOTHARIO.



*Aut ducunt lanas, aut Stamina pollice versant,
Aut hærent telæ, famulasque laboribus urgent.*

Ovid. Met. lib. 4.

*Or at the Fire to comb the Wool they stand,
Or twirl the Spindle with a dextrous Hand.* Eusden.

From my House in the Minories.

I WAS lately at an honest Farmer's House in Staffordshire, who is a Man of Substance, and of a good Character; his Wife is in that Country term'd a notable Woman, and indeed, in my Opinion, she deserves the Title her Neighbours have given her; for nothing either about herself, House, or Servants, could be found

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fault

fault with ; all was tight and cleanly. The good People had no Children of their own, and therefore brought up a Nephew and Niece, for whom they shew'd a paternal Fondness. Good-Nature and Sobriety, Industry, Hospitality and Œconomy, seem'd to have taken up their Residence in this Family ; every Creature in it looked chearful ; there was an uncommon Complaisance, and an entire Harmony observable between the Man and his Wife ; their Behaviour to their Servants was humane, though they would have their Orders strictly comply'd with ; and the Privileges they allow'd them were not such as made them forget the Respect due to a Master, though sufficient to gain their Affections ; as was visible in the Readiness and Pleasure with which they did the Business allotted. The Day was employ'd in the Affairs of Husbandry by the Men ; by the Women it was spent in the providing Dinner for those in the Field, in the Dairy, at the Wheel, and in other Housewifely Concerns. In the Evening, the Mistress and her Maids employ'd themselves in Spinning, and the Men whose Business was over, amus'd them with their Discourse, or with little Stories : The Innocence and Regularity I observed in this Rustick Family, gave me some Idea of the Golden Age, and made me almost envy the Happiness of the Master ; who seems to sail in the Pacifick Ocean, entirely out of the Reach of those Storms to which the more conspicuous Part of the World are obnoxious ; while they are toss'd by over-bearing Tempests, he is a Stranger to Envy and Ambition ; never looks above himself, and is happy, because Content. What Courtier, who had the Use of Reason, would not gladly change Condition with this Peasant ? And who is there, not blinded with the false Glare of Grandeur, would not give up his Titles for this Farmer's Peace ? What is it we pursue in this World but Happiness ? And where can that be found but in Innocency ? We have all one Guide which offers to lead us to our Wishes, but very few will lend an Ear to her Advice. Reason teaches us to pursue the Paths which tend to Happiness, but our Passions which bear a stronger Sway, promise a more pleasing Road ; and though we constantly find ourselves cheated and gull'd, when

when we believe them, yet have they the Force to baffle all the Remonstrances of our Reason.

THESE are a Number of Men so besotted with the Antiquity of their Families, and the Title of Gentlemen, that to these Shades they sacrifice all the Happiness of Life; and were they Starving, (as some are,) would not quit the Pleasure they find in vaunting their Names, for the Ease and Plenty of this Peasant. I had a near Relation, who was a Madman of this Sort; he had run out his Fortune, was not worth a Groat; and in this unhappy Condition, I made Interest to get him into a Nobleman's Family, as House Steward. I did not mention my Design to him, 'till I was certain I should succeed in my Endeavours; and then, I told him, with a real Satisfaction, that I had found a Method to put an End to his Misery; he thanked me, and desired to know after what Manner. When he had heard the Post I procur'd, instead of gratefully acknowledging the Pains I had taken to serve him, he in a very great Passion told me, it would have proved dangerous for any other to have offer'd him so great an Affront: What, a Gentleman of his Family submit to Servitude! No, as his Birth had subjected him to none, but God and his King, he should never so far disgrace that Birth, as to accept of a servile Condition: That his Misfortunes had indeed driven him to great Streights, but Starving should not make him bring a Reproach on his Family. In a Word, I had touched the String of his Folly, and set him a raving: And to have argued with an unhappy Man in the Height of Lunacy, would have spoke me little wiser. This poor Gentleman prefers Starving to a plentiful Table; imagines he makes a Choice worthy of a Man of Honour, and prides himself in it; for he, thank Providence, is above a mean Action, and will bring no Stain on his Family; yet, poor Man, he's obliged to do every Day the meanest to support Life, and is so blind as not to perceive it; he borrows trifling Sums of all his Acquaintance, and runs in Debt where-ever he can procure Credit. The borrowing Part is but the Gentleman-way of begging, for who lends him, esteems the Loan an Alms bestowed on a wretched Object; his running in Debt is a viler Way of Robbing than that on the High-

way ; for who contracts Debts, knowing himself incapable of paying, is not only guilty of Theft, but the highest Ingratitude ; since he makes them only suffer, who entertain a good Opinion of his Probity, believing him to be too just to trick them of their Substance. As a Deceiver or a Cheat, is a baser Rogue than he who boldly asks your Purse on the publick Road : So, however my Relation may flatter himself with being above a mean Action, it is evident, he is no better than a Pick-Pocket, for whose Way of Pilfering, the Laws have provided no ignominious and corporal Punishment.

THERE is no such Thing as Hereditary Honour ; I am so far from thinking Titles such, that I esteem them a Misfortune to the degenerate ; as they bring him every Day into a disadvantageous Comparison with his Ancestors. For, as every Man thinks it hard to be reproach'd with the ill Conduct of his Fathers, while he does not follow, but condemns their Actions ; so the World will never allow the glorious Character of a Father to descend to an unworthy Son. *Cada uno es hijo de sus Obras*, is a Spanish Proverb, and is as much as to say, *Every Man's Reputation depends on himself*. There is no Folly that surpasses the priding ourselves in the Antiquity of our Families, since the greatest Scoundrels may descend from the most illustrious Houses, and Men of the greatest Honour may derive their Births from Peasants. As there is no such Thing as Honour without Probity ; so is there no Disgrace no Derogations where our Actions are strictly just. And my Cousin following a Plough, would be a Man of Honour ; but by a wrong Way of judging, he is now what he seems most to dread, entirely fallen below the Character of a Gentleman, which he thinks, is only to be lost by accepting an Employment below the Character of his Family.

Mr. SOLID, was a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune, and distinguish'd himself in the Civil Wars for his Loyalty and Bravery ; when the Royal Party was oppress'd, after the Murder of that excellent Prince King *Charles the First*, he shared the Fate of the other Cavaliers, was stripped of all his Substance, and reduced to extream Poverty ; yet being a Man of Honour, thought it a Derogation to ask Assistance, or to live on the Spoil
of

of the Credulous ; he consider'd he was made like other Men, had still the Blessings of Health and Strength continued to him, and therefore resolved to depend on those Means for his Bread, which Providence had left him, and thought it no Dishonour to work for his Support ; though he had so much Complaisance for the Weakness of his Relations, as to change his Name, and seek Employment where it was likely he should not be known. Accordingly he hired himself to a Stone-cutter in *White-Chapel*, to saw Stones at Twelve-pence a Day, which Business he followed some Years. In the Interim, a Relation dy'd, and left him a very considerable Sum, if he was still alive ; he was ignorant of his good Fortune, as he was lost to the whole World, 'till he happen'd to be discover'd at his Work, by a Physician, who accidentally pass'd that Way. How rightly, how much like a Man of true Honour did this Gentleman judge ? How much nobler did he act in depending on himself, than they, who could servilely submit to the Insults of the Rich and Happy, or suffer the bitter Jest of saucy and pamper'd Servants, encouraged in their Impertinence to the fallen ? 'That their Masters may be rid of such troublesome Visitors. For, let a Man's Birth or Merit be allow'd by all, his Wants will be relieved by few : And even such, will take Care to do it after a Manner which renders the Favour as intolerable as Necessity itself, and makes the Generous scorn Assistance on such vile Terms. Yet a Man of Honour, if deprived of all Methods of succouring himself, will think this shocking Way of continuing a miserable Life, preferable to that of living on Credit : For our Misfortunes ought not, nay, cannot affect our Morals, if we have a just Sense of what we owe to ourselves, and would preserve the Character of a Man of Honour. Adversity is like a Copel for Gold ; the true Metal shines the brighter for the Tryal, and the Dross only cannot support it. To conclude, nothing that's honest can bring a Blemish on our Names, and the greatest Titles will not gloss over mean and unwarrantable Actions.

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*With jet black Pencils one his Eyebrows dyes,
 And adds new Fire to his lascivious Eyes :
 Another in a Glass Priapus swills,
 While twisted Gold his plaited Tresses fills ;
 A female Robe, and to compleat the Farce,
 His Servant not by Jove, but Juno swears.*
 Dryden's Juvenal.

From my House in the Minorities.

EFFEMINACY and Luxury, when once they have spread through a Country, are sure Presages of Misery and Ruin. Cyrus by politickly introducing these Mischiefs, enervated and kept under a once warlike People. The *Persian Empire* was ruined by the like Vices, and *Rome*, unconquerable by Arms, lost the Terror of her Name, and became an easy Prey to the barbarous Nations which insulted her, when the *Asiatick* Luxury had prepared the Way for her Subversion.

HAPPY is it for *England*, that a Treaty is concluded and sign'd with the Court of *Spain*, for I cannot believe, should we have the Misfortune of a War, that our Troops would again replenish *Westminster-Hall* with the Standards of our Enemies, except the Ladies, with whom we seem to have barter'd our Spirit for their Delicacy, should take Commissions : And I don't know but the Apprehensions of our making but an ill Figure in the Field, arising from the very fine Figure our young (nay, and many old) Gentlemen make at Home, has induced the Administration (jealous of the *British* Glory) to try all pacifick Means to adjust the Differences between the contending Potentates, which we hear have happily succeeded. They say, an Army of Sheep, headed by a Lyon, is more to be apprehended, than an Army of Lyons headed by a Sheep. If this is so, what Success
 can

can be hoped from our Arms, when our Soldiers are to be commanded by *Ganymedes*, who wear as much ground Starch in a Year, as the taking a Town would require Gunpowder; who know no Use of their Legs but in a Minuet, and by their ridiculous Toupies would be laid up with Colds as soon as got into the Field. Besides, on any sudden Assault, one Wing of such an Army might be trodden underfoot before the other could get out their Swords; for I don't suppose (to save a Kingdom) they could be induced to quit the *Fanti* wearing them in a perpendicular Line. I can't but say the Ladies are much in the Right to assume a Masculine Dress, since the Men encroach upon their Privileges, and are more Women in their Dress, Air and Conversation, than were their Mothers.

THE fine Figure such Officers would make, instead of terrifying, would animate an Enemy, by setting to the View of hungry Soldiers such valuable Plunder. We know the *Macedonians* looked upon the gilded and embroider'd *Persians*, who were deck'd out rather for a Ball than a Battle, as so many Sheep with golden Fleeces, of which they might, as they really did, easily strip them. A Pair of fine Clock'd Stockings wou'd, perhaps, prove the Death of the Wearer; and a Diamond Stock-Buckle deny him Quarter; Finery has often been the Loss of the Beau. *Plancus Plotius* had very probably saved his Life, had he not been a very fine Gentleman, he was proscribed by the Triumvirate, but by the Fidelity of his Slaves, hid in a Place where he had been secure, if the Soldiers in their Search, had not smelt him out by his Perfumes, and dragg'd him to Death. Holy Writ gives us an Example of the fatal Effects of Luxury; *Abshalom* was a Beau, and took particular Care of, and Delight in his Hair, which was the Loss of his Life; for that held him helpless, 'till his Enemy run him through. *Muly Assy*, a King of *Tunis*, flying in the Throng of his routed Army, was distinguish'd, and taken Prisoner by his Perfumes, brought to his victorious Son, and deprived of Sight. And since it is to the present Purpose, I shall divert my Readers with the whimsical Defeat of an Army.

THE *Sibarites* were a People entirely given up to Luxury : They were greater Beaux than any of our *Queue* Gentlemen, and consequently more Lazy, as is evident from their looking upon Dancing as too great a Fatigue : For they taught all their Horses this graceful Accomplishment by proper Masters, which (for ought I know) gave Rise to the *French* Proverb, *Poli comme un Cheval de Carosse*. When they made Entertainments, the Players of the Flute were sent for, and their Horses diverted them with different Dances on their 'hind Legs, very gracefully managing their Forefeet. These People had some Disputes with the *Crotoniates*, who were inferior to them in Number. In one of the aforesaid Entertainments, a Piper happen'd to be scurvily used, and not being able to obtain Justice, he went over to the *Crotoniates*, and promised them Victory, if they would attack their Enemies, and follow his Advice. They, after some Consultation, agreed to give him the Command of a Party of Horse : He immediately set his Men to the Practice of certain Tunes on the Flute, and when they were perfect, march'd against his Countrymen, who came out to meet him, with Assurance of Victory, from their Numbers. As soon as the Piper found himself within a proper Distance, he order'd his Men to handle their Flutes, which the Horses of the Enemy no sooner heard, but they were bolt upright, their Riders cast, and an orderly Dance begun. The Piper led off his Party playing, and the Enemies Horses dancing after : while another Party, without Trouble, made Prisoners of their Riders.

BUT there is nothing more ridiculous than to preach to the Deaf, or desire the Blind to give their Judgment of Colours : I am pretty much of Opinion, that all the Reasons I can alledge, and all the Examples I may produce of the pernicious Effects of Effeminacy, will avail but little, towards the shaking off this inglorious Vice. I shall therefore conclude with a Word of Admonition to the Ladies, as the only Method to root out the Evil, which is, to admit none to admire their Beauty, whom they do not esteem Men enough to defend it ; and such they will seldom find among the Effeminate and Luxurious.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

I AM a plain Man, and have a moderate Fortune; but find, I must either quit the Town, be confin'd to my Chamber, or appear like a Miller, if some Remedy is not found for the Grievance which occasions you the Trouble of this. Our young Fellows are not content to abuse the Design of Powder, (which was contriv'd to keep the Hair clean) by laying it on their Wigs after an immoderate Rate, but they have their Cloaths so puffed over, that a Man in a Coffee-house, the Court, or in any publick Place, goes in as much Danger of having his Suit entirely spoil'd, as if he had a Quarrel with a Chimney-Sweeper. Though my Estate will allow decent and necessary Changes, yet I cannot afford a Suit a Week. I beg, Sir, you will consider of some Redrefs, and you will oblige,

S I R, *Your Humble Servant,*

K FULLER STILLBRUSH.

To the Author of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

AS your Paper seems calculated for the Publick Emolument, and you have handsomely expos'd many of the Extravagancies and other reigning Vices of the present Age; I desire, with your Leave, to inform our young Gentlemen, that the real Cause of Bread's being lately so dear and scarce in the Country, was owing to the great Quantities of Wheat made into Starch for the powdering of their Wigs and Cloaths; that they are guilty of starving the Poor for the Embellishment of their Drefs; and, perhaps, when the fatal Consequences are laid before them, they may, in Compassion to many distressed Families, stint themselves to a Pound of Powder.

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a Day, and their Servants to six Ounces, which would certainly keep the Price of Bread at a moderate Rate. I am,

S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

J. GNAWCRUST.

To the Author of the SPECTATOR.

S I R,

AS the following Lines may not be improper, at a Season when a *serious Turn* should be given to every Thing, by inserting them in your next, you will oblige

Yours, M. R.

ON IMAGINARY HAPPINESS.

WHAT *all Men* have, or *seem* to have in *View*,
(And the *same Thing* by *various Ways* pursue,)
The Path to *Happiness*, my Friend, discern,
And how to live by easy Precepts learn.
Let *warring Chiefs* enjoy their trifling Aim,
Their *Wreaths* of *Lawrel*, and their *Blasts* of *Fame*;
Let *noisy Litigants* infest the *Bar*,
And blunder into *Wealth* by *verbal War*:
Let the bold *Merchant*, fir'd by Hope of Gain,
Defy the raging Terrors of the Main;
Let dull *Collegians* o'er their *Schoolmen* pore,
And more they're *puzzling*, still be *puzzled* more:
Let *Statesmen* after *Fame* and *Riches* pant,
And *Misers* 'mid their *Heaps* of *Plenty* want:
While *these* thus toil, wisely do you employ,
Each Hour of Life, and every *Bliss* enjoy.
How soon are *Charms* of *Youth* and *Beauty* gone?
Then make the present happy Hour your own;

What

What Life can give of *Happiness* thus know,
Dissolve in Pleasure, and in Rapture flow.

L E T circling Goblets fill'd with sparkling Juice
Which *Gallick Plains*, or *Tuscan Hills* produce;
Swell thy rich Veins, and banish *busy Care*,
And make you eager for the panting *Fair*.
Now to give new Delight, let *Syrens* sing,
Now breathe the Flutes, and strike the sounding String;
Swift, Swift the fleeting Minutes haste away,
Thoult *die To-morrow*, therefore *live to Day*.

B U T when thou dy'st, vain Youth, a different Fate,
Will then succeed this trifling Pomp of State:
Then thou wilt know, you ne'er shall cease to *be*,
And blame too late voluptuous Luxury:
Then with Regret this Maxim thou'lt confess,
You'd been *more* happy, had you been so *less*.



Fortuna fortes.

Adag.

Fortune favours Valour.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

THE Beauty of Virtue never appears in so great Lustre, as when compar'd with Vice. The fordid Man is a Foil to the Brave and Generous, and shews him in a stronger Point of Light: And thus, on the other Hand, true Virtue being brought near to an affected or a mistaken Greatness of Soul, discovers its Defects, and sets them prominent to View. What caused this Reflection was my having just read the Life of that *English Hero*, that truly great Prince *Edward III.* which includes Part of the Life of his illustrious Son the Black Prince. The just Pretensions of the Father to the Crown of *France*, which authoriz'd the War he made upon *Philip de Valois*, his Bravery and Humanity, immediately opened my Eyes to the Ambition of *Cæsar*. to the Rashness and Cruelty of *Alexander*. I believe few

Heroes of Antiquity make so great a Figure in History as this Monarch : we find their Lives blended, and being quite prejudiced in Favour of him whose Life we read, ourselves mistake Vice for Virtue, and esteem an Action the Effect of noble Sentiments, which possibly sprang from Vain-glory, or, perhaps, Humour. I can applaud *Alexander's* Behaviour to *Porus*, when I don't think on the mean Rage he exercised on the brave Governor, whom, in his frantick Fits, he dragged round the Walls of that Town he had so gallantly defended : In Imitation of the ungenerous Action of *Achilles*, who thus insulted over the dead Body of a braver Man than himself, (if the Poet is to be credited) as he was not invulnerable, and yet never declined the greatest Dangers ; whereas in *Achilles*, it was no Virtue to face the Enemy, since he must have run the greater Hazard in turning his Back. But not to digress ; I am so much enamour'd with the Evenness of *Edward's* whole Conduct, while he was fit for Action, that I know not any Prince who can be put in Competition with him, if not *Henry IV.* of *France*. When the News was brought to *Edward* of his Son's Victory at *Poitiers*, where his noble Carriage to King *John* did him no less Honour than the Bravery and Conduct he shew'd in the Battle ; the *English* Monarch declared, that he received less Satisfaction from his Son's glorious Success, than the Account of his Behaviour to the captive King. Sure never Age saw, living at the same Time, such a Father and such a Son ! Their Memory ought always to be dear to the *English*, since they raised their Name to the highest Pitch of Glory, and made it as great an Honour to be born an *Englishman*, as it once was to be born a Citizen of *Rome*. Whoever reads the Life of *Edward III.* must acknowledge, in both Father and Son, singular Piety, Modesty, Bravery, Humanity, Moderation, Equanimity, Generosity, and Tenderness for their Country. By the Father our Liberties were confirm'd, and by both Son and Father the *English* Name was rescued from the Contempt into which it had been sunk in preceding Reigns. I am, I own, charm'd with almost every Action of this Hero's Life, and wish his Behaviour towards the *Scots* had left it without Blemish ; but even that may be greatly alleviated by several

ral Considerations, which I cannot have Room enough to mention in your Paper.

WHOEVER takes a View of the Life of this great Prince, will find it set that of his Grandson in a very disadvantageous Light: The one had a true, the other a false Notion of Grandeur: The former placed it in virtuous and heroick Actions, the latter in State and Pageantry; the one in being fear'd Abroad and belov'd at Home; the other in being flatter'd by his Favourites, and dreaded by his Subjects; the one in protecting his People, to which End, when the *Spanish* Pirates insulted our Coasts, he went in Person against them; the other in thinking them below his Care, whereby our Trade was expos'd to the Insults of the *French* and *Flemish* Robbers, whilst he amus'd himself with an outside Shew, and impoverish'd his People to supply his own Extravagance, and to satisfy the Avarice of his Ministers. In a Word, the Grandfather was a Father of his Country, the Grandson a Tyrant; the former made the Laws the Rule by which he govern'd; the other broke through all Law, trampled upon the Liberties of his Subjects, and by a corrupt Parliament spilt the best the richest *English* Blood, to remove his Fears, and establish an arbitrary Power. I shall conclude with the Character given *Edward III.* by a *French* Historian.

‘ HE was tall, but well proportion’d, and his very
 ‘ Looks commanded Respect and Veneration; he was
 ‘ mild and beneficent to Men of Worth, but inexorable
 ‘ to those of a different Character. History makes men-
 ‘ tion but of few Princes who knew so well how to
 ‘ blend the Characters of a Sovereign, a Man of Probity,
 ‘ and a good Christian; though as to the latter, he was
 ‘ not without his Faults. In his Conversation he was
 ‘ always easy, but yet grave: A Friend to the Poor,
 ‘ the Widow, and the Orphan, and thought it a Duty
 ‘ incumbent on him to relieve the Necessities of those
 ‘ who had fallen into unavoidable Misfortunes: Never
 ‘ King, before him, distributed Honours and Rewards
 ‘ with greater Judgment, and more Regard to real Me-
 ‘ rit. Though his Bravery was every where known and
 ‘ acknowledg’d, he never shew’d the least Vanity on
 ‘ this

' this Account ; and never gave greater Proofs of his
 ' Humility than in the Course of his Victories, which
 ' he ever attributed to the only Protection of Heaven.
 ' He very well knew how to maintain the Prerogatives
 ' of the Crown, without breaking in upon the Liberties
 ' of the Subject. All the preceding Reigns taken toge-
 ' ther, will not furnish so many Acts of Parliament
 ' for the Benefit of the People, as were made in his.
 ' *Edward* always agreeing with this august Body which
 ' represented the Nation, by the Means of so happy an
 ' Union repres'd the Enterprizes of the Court of *Rome*,
 ' which durst never venture to have any Disputes with
 ' him. The Glory of his Son, the Prince of *Wales*,
 ' added a new Lustre to his own ; and the uninterrupted
 ' Harmony between him and his Queen, was an Aug-
 ' mentation of his Happiness. As he was never elated
 ' in Prosperity, so he was never dejected in Adversity ;
 ' his Evenness of Temper was visible, both in the Loss
 ' of those Provinces which cost him so much Money,
 ' such Fatigue and Care to conquer, and in the Victories
 ' by which he acquired them : In short, we might look
 ' upon him as an accomplished Prince, if his Ambition
 ' had not made him break, after an unjustifiable Manner,
 ' the Peace he had himself concluded with *Scotland*, to
 ' deprive a Minor of his Kingdom, who was, beside,
 ' his Brother-in-Law. Some add his Rupture with *France*,
 ' and his Pretensions to that Crown, as not over pru-
 ' dent, and attribute them to his Ambition only. As to
 ' his Weakness for *Alice Pierce* in his old Age, it is a
 ' Blot will scarcely be perceived, when blended with
 ' the many Virtues which adorned his Life ; we may in
 ' some Measure excuse him, by saying, that in the Be-
 ' ginning he looked upon his Passion as purely an Amuse-
 ' ment, which somewhat diverted his Thoughts from
 ' the Cares he was in ; that having been little acquainted
 ' with the Force of Love, during his Youth, he was
 ' not sufficiently upon his Guard in his old Age.

GIVE me Leave only to add, that while *Edward*
 was *Edward*, I mean before the Infirmities of old Age
 had weaken'd his Faculties, he was a bright Example,
 even for those in private Life, of conjugal and paternal
 Affection ;

Affection ; of Probity, Moderation and Economy :
That as a Prince, none ever study'd more the Glory of
his Country, and the Good of his People ; or had less
Ambition to extend his Power to the Prejudice of their
just Rights.

I am, S I R,

Yours, &c.

L. K.

To the SPECTATOR.

S I R,

IF you'll insert the following Verses, you will oblige
a Correspondent, and, perhaps, entertain some of
your Readers ;

Yours, Incog.

An EPISTLE to a Friend.

THOUGH skill'd in *Greek* and *Latin* Tongue,
Which Verse is short, and which is long ;
An *English* Heart and Head I send,
Not as a Scholar, but a Friend.
Here I could prove by wise Example,
In Work voluminous and ample,
That *Homer* taught in *Heathen Greek*,
The Language which he learn'd to speak ;
That old *Anacreon* Catches sung
In *Tau's* and *Delta's* while but young :
That Poets all, except the *Dutch*,
If Criticks will allow them such,
Compose the Poems they excel in,
In uncouth Rhyme and awkward Spelling ;
For Blockhead may return from School
A *Latin*, *Greek*, or *Hebrew* Fool :

In Truth and Reason still a Block,
 Though deeply read in *Hic, Hæc, Hoc*.
 Still blund'ring in the learned Road,
 Still stumble on his *Qui, Quæ, Quod*.
 Still labour in a barren Ground,
 Void of *Sense*, but full of *Sound*:
 Plodding on with muddled Brains,
 And blindly searching dark Remains,
 What *Horace* said, or *Virgil* thought.
 How *Tully* spoke, how *Cæsar* fought.
 While *Britain* scorns to yield to *Rome*,
 Abroad in Arms, in Arts at Home:
 Shall Falshood honest Truth betray,
 Or *Slaves* teach *Freemen* what to say?
 Our Worthies shine in brighter Fame
 Than *Roman* or a *Græcian* Name:
 Idæal *Locke* instructs our Youth
 To understand the naked Truth;
 While *Newton* leads each ductile Soul
 From Orb to Orb, from Pole to Pole;
 From Star to Star directs our Way,
 As certain and as bright as they:
 With Mother Tongue, and Mother Wit,
 A *Prior* and a *Pope* have writ:
 In home-spun *English* Verse I write
 What Love of Country can indite;
 Devoted to our Home-brew'd Drink,
 I speak what *Natives* ought to think;
 Doubly inspir'd all Health I send,
 By Country Ale to Country Friend.



Cantilena Cantabrigienfis.

FUGIT *Ætas*, & *faceffit* ;
Forma decor deflorefcit :
Fælix calix, & amores
Procul abigant Mærores :
Da Bafia, Chloe, vinum Puer,
Dies it, præfenti fruar :
Nulla, nulla fit formido,
Quamvis Cæcus fit Cupido,
Per Mæandros & Errores,
Palpat viam ad Mærores,
Fugit Ætas & faceffit,
Forma decor deflorefcit,
Da Bafia, Chloe, vinum Puer,
Dies it, præfenti fruar.

The LATIN imitated.

TIME impatient flits away,
 Charms of Beauty ſoon decay :
 Love and Wine, true Foes to Grief,
 For thoſe Sorrows bring Relief :
 Kiſs, then *Chloe*, kiſs, my Laſs ;
 Fill, my Boy, the ſparkling Glaſs :
 We'll the preſent Hour employ,
 And ſecure the ſitting Joy ;
 Fear not, fear not *Cupid* blind,
 Though he's wanton, he is kind ;
 Fear not then his pointed Dart,
 Which gives the Pleaſure with the Smart ;
 Though through Mazes he will rove,
 Yet he ſmooths the Way to Love :
 Then though Time ſhould flit away,
 Then though Beauty ſhould decay,
 Kiſs me, *Chloe*,—kiſs again,
 For we will not live in vain ;
 We'll not think what Time may bring,
 But of Life enjoy the Spring :
 While we thus our Time improve,
 We ſhall live an *Age* to Love.



Sæpe tacens Odii semina Vultus habet,

Ovid. de Arte Amandi.

*In the smooth Countenance there often lurk the Seeds
of Envy.*

From my House in the Minorities.

I HAVE observed of late, a wonderful Increase of that troublesome Sort of People called *Starers*, who infest publick Places, as well as private Companies, and by the Help of an harden'd Front, and a more than ordinary Steadiness of the Eye, insult, brow-beat, and domineer over the free-born Subjects of *Great-Britain*. One of these comes often to a *Coffee-House* I frequent, and after strutting about some Time, and *staring* first at one body, and then another, quite round the House, to the Uneasiness of all present, he usually claps himself down on a Bench opposite to me, cocks his Hat, takes a Pinch of Snuff, and fixes his Eyes on mine, in such a Manner, that being unable to smoke out my Pipe in Quiet, I find myself obliged to leave the Room, whilst his Eyes pursue me to the very Door. I give him therefore publick Notice, that I'm resolved to endure such Usage no longer, but the next Time he presumes to behave himself in the aforesaid Way, shall immediately order a *Machine* to be placed before him, which I have invented, and sent to the House for that Purpose. — It is artfully contrived with Leaves to fold quite round the *Starer*, (in the Manner of a *Screen*) and inclose him in on every Side, so as wholly to prevent his being troublesome to the Company. And, as my Intention is, to regulate this Indecorum to the utmost of my Ability, I have order'd one, after the same Model, to be made for each of the *Coffee-Houses* within the Bills of Mortality, and shall send them as soon as finished. The Man I employ, is, a poor honest industrious Fellow, an Upholsterer, who, notwithstanding the utmost Diligence in his Calling, failed in the World, for Want of being
able

able to look People in the Face that owed him Money, and ask them for his own; and therefore, in mere Compassion, I give him the Advantage of this Invention; thinking it highly reasonable, at the same Time I punish Impudence, to assist one, who has been a Sufferer for the Sake of Modesty. And, I make no Doubt, these *Machines* will be found so useful, that the Demand for them, both in Town and Country, will soon clear his Debts, and put him in easy Circumstances. But whilst I have been serving him, I have not been negligent of the Publick: For, that nobody may be imposed on, I have engaged him to sell them at a certain Price, which I took Care should be as moderate as possible, being little more than the Charge of Workmanship and Materials: And this I thought convenient to inform the Masters of all the *Coffee-Houses*, that when their *Screens* come Home, they may be paid for without Difficulty and Demur. Afterwards, they must be placed in the most conspicuous Part of all the Room, where they may be seen, and brought as soon as called for: And I hope every body will call for them whenever they find Occasion.

A NY private Family may be furnished at the same Rate, by sending a Commission for Mr. *Stoncastle's* Upholsterer, to the Printer of this Paper, at whose House one of these *Machines* shall be left for publick View.

N. B. T H E Y will be highly necessary for those that keep *Assemblies* or *Visiting-Days*.

I H A V E likewise now in Hand another Instrument for the same Purpose, which goes with Springs, and is intended for the Pocket. This small Engine is to clap before the *Starer's* Face, and on each Side has Screws, which fasten it to his Ears, in such a Manner, that he cannot possibly get quit of it, without the Assistance of the Person who placed it there; which will certainly be of singular Service, in the *Streets*, at the *Churches*, *Play-Houses*, and other Places where the large *Machines* can't conveniently be brought or us'd. And as this Instrument will be of such general Benefit, that there's good Reason to believe nobody will stir Abroad or receive Company without one, the Profits thereby arising will be so considerable, that I design to apply them towards Payment of the publick Debts: With which View I hope to obtain

a Patent for the sole Privilege of making or vending them ; and then (after deducting the prime Cost) shall religiously pay the Residue every Quarter into the Exchequer, without any Deduction or Defalcation whatsoever ; and I question not, it will amount to more than some of our Taxes do, after passing through the many Hands appointed for the receiving them. — That my Computations are not made at Random will be evident, if we consider how much Money is annually expended for another Kind of *Machine*, which was invented to serve the same Purpose with this of mine, though it comes far short of it, I mean the *Fan*. This too, is only used by one Sex, and yet several Millions are yearly sold, to the clear Gain of many thousand Pounds *per Ann.* but as my Contrivance will be proper for both Sexes, I suppose the Number sold, will, at least, be double. Another Benefit is, that Multitudes of People who are now idle, almost starving, and burdensome to the Publick, will be employed herein ; whereby Bread will be given to their poor Families, and many be preserved from the Gallows for picking Pockets or robbing in the Streets. In short, they will be set to work ; and that is the most useful Kind of Charity.

BUT to return to the Instruments themselves : That they may be as convenient as 'tis possible, those for Ladies will be made to play with, and answer all the other Uses of a Fan, and will likewise bear the same Form, to prevent any Suspicion of what they really are : And the Men's will be contrived to fold up, and appear in the Manner of a Pocket Handkerchief : But both one and t'other, when apply'd to the *Starrer's* Face, will represent a Fool's Cap with Asses Ears, or some quaint and whimsical Conceit or other, of which there will be wonderful Variety, according to the Choice and Fancy of the Buyer.

IT may be, perhaps, objected, that these small Engines will make the larger Machines needless : And indeed, in Time, it may be so : But, as at present, the larger Sort are brought to Perfection, and the others not, I assure myself the Call for them will be great, since the Want is so. And, after all, in many Cases they will be found Convenient, where the lesser ones cannot be used

so

so properly : As for Instance ; suppose the *Starer* sits at the distant Part of a Room, a Screen may be placed before him by only speaking to a Servant, whereas the Hand-Instrument is of no Service, farther than the Arm can reach. Therefore *Coffee-Houses*, &c. must never be without the large Machines ; not only for the above Reason, but in Case their Customers should, at any Time, by forgetfulness or otherwise, be unprovided of the smaller Sort.

AND now, to enter a little into the Nature of these *Starers*. They are People wholly insensible of Shame themselves, and consequently unable to conceive the Pain and Uneasiness of being put out of Countenance. Was it possible to have apply'd to their Understanding, I should have try'd that Way, but having constantly found in all of them whom I have examin'd, either a total Deprivation or a great Deficiency in all the Faculties and Operations of the Mind, I could find out no better Way of reforming them than by the Organs of the Senses.

AS my *Fair Readers* are most exposed to, and least able to undergo the Insults of these People, it is chiefly for their Sake, I have endeavour'd to find out Means of keeping them within the Bounds of Decency : And I am particularly resolved, to exert myself in Defence of the Lady from whom I received what follows.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

IF constantly reading your Spectators may entitle me to a Corner in one of them, Nobody can pretend more justly to expect that Favour than myself.

I AM a constant Attendant with my *Mamma* at St. Andrew's Church ; but my Devotion is always interrupted by the incessant Stare of a *Young Fellow*, that places himself against me, and fastens his Eyes, without Intermission on me, during the whole Service ; except, now and then, when they are employ'd to survey himself, which he never does without an apparent Satisfaction. Whilst he stares me out of Countenance, I can perceive he triumphs to see me blush, and promises himself a Conquest at my changing Colour ; for it seems he is in Love with me, as he lately was so kind

kind to let me know, by a Letter, which I think it proper to communicate, that you may the better judge of the Writer's fine Accomplishments, who, I am told, has travelled, talks several Languages, and dances finely. He writes thus.

To the Superexcellent of all her Sex.

Incomparable Angel,

I Cannot but own, confess, and acknowledge, a radiant Beam from those twinkling Orbits of Fire, (your Eyes I mean, Madam,) stagnates my Understanding, and confounds all my Senses. Sight is lost in extatick Raptures, Hearing is enchanted by your angelick Voice, and so of the other three. Dart forth your vivifying Smiles on my present Endeavours, and exhilarate my Soul with Comfort. In short, your Pardon will lift me up to the tip-top Pinacle of Felicity, your Frowns sink me down to the bottomless Pit of Desperation.—O thou most perfect Object of incarnate Woman! your Looks tare from my Soul her Reason: To behold thy Beauty dazles like the Sun.—I love you, I die for you, and that's all a Man can say or do. Smile upon me, for I'm an Object of some Worth: A Man of Sense is valuable, of Beauty more; both which Blessings I have very little Reason to complain the Want of. Without Ostentation, I may say, my Taste is more refin'd than the generality of my Species, whom therefore I look upon with Pity. Lest you should be unacquainted with my Person, I sit opposite to your Pew, and have lately appear'd with a blue Ribbon about my Neck, to distinguish me from the muddy Fashion of the Town, and to make me more remarkable in your killing Eyes.—If Despair destroys me not, I shall wait on you a few Sundays more, in the same Place and Dress.

I PRESUME no more is needful at present, being in a Hurry, but am,

Delightful Chloe,

Your's for ever and ever, Amen.

STREPHON.

‘ THIS Letter was deliver’d me by a Porter.—
‘ And now, Sir, I beg Leave to put myself under your
‘ Protection, hoping you will deliver me from the far-
‘ ther Insults of his Eyes, who am,

Your most Humble Servant,

ELIZA.

‘ P. S. DOES this Fellow think, Ladies are to be
‘ caught, as I have been told, Rattle-Snakes catch
‘ Squirrels, by staring and gaping at them?

IF the Gentleman here complain’d of, presumes any
more to behave in the abovesaid Manner, I shall order
an Handkerchief to be bound a-cross his Eyes during
the whole Service.

* * *



Hic Labor, Hoc Opus est.

Virg.

This is the Labour, this the Difficulty.

From my House in the Minorities.

WHEN first I took up the laborious Office of
Spectator, in order to correct the Vices, and
ridicule the Follies of Mankind, I selected out
a sufficient Number of Persons well acquainted with Hu-
man Nature, to observe strictly the Conduct of their Fel-
low Subjects, and inform me from Time to Time both
of their *Morals* and their *Practice*. These are quarter’d
in such a Manner all over this great City, (each being
appointed *Inspector* of a *Division* which is not larger than
he may with Ease be able once a Week to give me an ex-
act Account of,) that no Parties at *Quadrille*, no *Masque-
rades*, *Assemblies*, *Assignations*, or *Intrigues* can happen
without my Knowledge, from the *Duchess* at *St James’s*
to the *Captain’s Wife* at *Wapping*. To these are added
four *Runners*, who daily traverse the whole Town, and
bring

bring me at Night all the Intelligence they can pick up. Then for the *Country*, there are *Riding-Officers* that move from Place to Place, and send me every Month a general Information of whatever passes in their respective *Counties*, and likewise occasional Advices as often as they find needful.

ALL these Pains have I taken to furnish out my *Weekly Paper* with the best and truest *News*, as well as the most instructive and entertaining *Discourses*, and that my *Readers* may be convinced how industrious I am to discharge the Duties of my Office unblameably, I here subjoin a Copy of such *Instructions* as are given each of the Persons above-mentioned.

Imprimis, YOU shall enquire the *Characters* of all the *Families* and *Persons* within your *Division*, and range them in proper *Classes*, such as, *Discreet*, *Imprudent*, *Crafty*, *Covetous*, *Extravagant*, *Fantastical*, &c. In doing this, you shall use the utmost Care and Caution, not relying on two or three, who may be partial or prejudic'd, but taking all the Accounts you can get together, and forming upon the whole the best Judgment you are able, which you shall transmit to the *Universal Spectator*.

YOU shall inform yourself of all Changes in each *Family*, such as, *Deaths*, *Burials*, *Marriages*, *Births*, *Preferments*, &c. which you shall send immediate Notice of.

YOU shall give in the Names of those who are remarkably happy or unhappy, either single or in the State of Wedlock, and adjoin the probable Reasons of their being so.

YOU shall make a List of all the *Wives* and *Husbands* remarkably good or bad, together with an Account in what Manner they are either Way extraordinary.

YOU shall send in a short History of all *Money-Matches*, and their Consequences; and likewise of all *Love-Matches*, and their Consequences.

YOU shall give an Account of all young *Women* marry'd to old *Men*, or young *Fellows* marry'd to old *Women*, with their Behaviour to each other; and
hereto

hereto you shall add all Affairs of Gallantry that come within your Knowledge.

YOU shall prepare a List of all *Batchelors* past fifty, and *Virgins* above forty, and shall describe their Tempers, whether *talkative, inquisitive, slanderous, or peevish*.

YOU shall send in the Names of all notorious *Drunkards, Swearers, Atheists, Deists, Whoremasters, and infamous Women*.

YOU shall go on every *Sunday* to your *Parish-Church*, and take an Account of any Indecorums committed there, such as, ridiculous and indecent *Curtfying, Bowing, Nodding, Ogling, Laughing, Talking, Sleeping, &c.*—You are likewise once a Month to inspect the *Drawing-Room*, and at proper Times to visit the *Assemblies, Masquerades, Opera's, Play-Houses, &c.* there to observe all the Changes and Alterations in the Form and Fashion of *Hats, Perriewigs, Coats, Waistcoats, Sleeves and Pockets of the Men, Headcloths, Ruffles, Mantua's, Petticoats, &c. of the Women*.

YOU are diligently to examine into the Particulars of all *Reports*, with their Causes and Consequences so far as you can learn or judge, and in the honestest and plainest Manner, without Aggravations or Alleviations, to send in your Intelligence, void of *Favour or Prejudice* to any Person of whatsoever *Country, Religion, Opinion, Sect, or Party*.

IN all the above Enquiries, you are exhorted to be exceeding wary, lest you should be imposed on by *Falshood or Ill-Nature*, and thereby become the Disperfer of Lies or Scandal.

BY this Method, which, hitherto, has been exactly pursued, I am perfectly acquainted with all Persons and Occurrences of any Note within the Island of *Great Britain*, and by comparing my Accounts together, am qualify'd to form a reasonable Judgment of the State of *Virtue and Vice* amongst us, as it changes from Time to Time: For *Virtues and Vices*, as well as *Cloaths*, have their Times of being fashionable and in general Vogue. Whether from some particular Evil Influence, or from

what other Cause I shall not pretend to determine, but those who observe the *Publick Prints* are sensible, that Accidents of the same Sort usually come in Heaps together, whether they be Fires, broken Necks or Limbs, or People drowned : Distempers likewise have their Seasons of being Epidemical, and in the same Manner the *Vices* of Mankind take their Turn to reign predominant, and every Kind of Wickedness has its Time of being uppermost.—I am led into this Remark at present, by observing, that my Informations from several Parts, for some Months, have been more than usually filled with melancholy Relations of Families overturn'd, disgraced and ruined, by the *Violation of the Marriage Bed*; to the Shame and Infamy of that Sex, whose Chastity is its most precious Jewel.—Though my Informations are charged with all the unhappy Particulars, (let those blush who know themselves concerned,) my Intent is not to expose the *Persons*, but condemn the *Crime*, which is of such a Nature, that in all Ages and in most Countries, Death has been its Punishment ; and though the Lenity of our Laws is contented with dissolving the Nuptial Tye, everlasting Reproach, and the Detestation of all the World, are deservedly the Portion of the Guilty ; which to a Soul of any Feeling, is worse than Death itself. The Fear of being cut off from all Manner of Society with the Good and Virtuous, of being pointed at as a monstrous and hateful Example of Perjury and Impurity, one would think should restrain a Woman from this abominable Crime, if Duty could not do it ; but as *Shakespeare* says,

————— *As Virtue never will be mov'd,
Though Lewdness court it in a Shape of Heaven :
So Lust, though to a radiant Angel joyn'd,
Will seat itself in a celestial Bed,
And prey on Garbage.*—————

I SHALL not detain my *Readers* with Conjectures about the unusual Frequency of this Wickedness, since most People believe our *Masquerades* are chargeable with occasioning a great deal of it : Nor shall I propose any Method to prevent its Increase, since, as I'm informed,

to save the Expence and Difficulty of suing out Divorces in the common Way, it will shortly be proposed to the Legislature, that upon an Action try'd in any Court of Justice, if a Woman shall be judged guilty of criminal Conversation with another Man, her Marriage shall be dissolved *ex Facto*, and the Husband at intire Liberty to marry whom he pleases, in the same Manner as if a Divorce had been granted him by Parliament.

IT is probable, the *Fair Ones* may complain, if this should pass into a Law, that Justice is unequally distributed, since Husbands are not punishable in the same Manner, for Offences of the same Kind. In answer to which, I shall only lay before them a Quotation from BOCCALINE'S *Parnassus*.

THE most excellent *Donna Vittoria Colonna*, (says he,) a Princess of exemplary Chastity, waited upon APOLLO, and in the Name of all the Female Sex, presented an Address to this Effect.—That all the Ladies were so in Love with Chastity, which had been given them as their peculiar Virtue, that they envy'd not the Men, the Superiority of Strength: Yet, the unequal Distinction between the Sexes in the Punishment of Adultery, was a Grievance they could not bear. For marry'd Men thought themselves so much at Liberty, that many of them had the Impudence to keep a Mistress openly in their Houses, nay, and sometimes take them into the same Bed with their lawful Spouses. And the Occasion of these Enormities was, that the Laws were not so severe against unchast Husbands, as against adulterous Wives; but were so partial to the former, as even to permit them, when they surpriz'd their Wives in the Fact, to revenge the Injury with their own Hands. The Female Sex, therefore, was obliged to have Recourse to his Majesty, as the clear Fountain of upright Justice, hoping he would put Matters upon a Level, and ordain, that the same Punishment should always follow the same Offence. But if his Majesty approved not this, that he would be pleased to allow them the same Liberty of going astray which the Men assumed; not that they intended to make any Use of it, but as a Check upon their roving Husbands.

‘ TO this Request, APOLLO answer’d, that the Law of Fidelity between Husband and Wife was of equal Obligation upon both, and the Violation of it no less criminal in one than in t’other : Yet a greater Strictness was requisite in Women, for the weighty Respect of the Legitimacy of Children, to which End that excellent Virtue Chastity was more peculiarly given to the Female Sex : For ’twas of such Necessity, that Husbands should be ascertain’d of their Issue, that without this, the Children would not only be in Danger of losing the Inheritance, but the Affection too of their Fathers. To illustrate this Truth, Nature herself has given a chaste Mate to all such Animals where the Male helps to hatch the Eggs, and bring up the Young ; that Fathers might esteem the Labours they undergo for their Children, Pleasures, and their Expences, Comforts and Gains.

‘ AT this Answer, the beautiful Cheeks of *Donna Victoria* were dy’d with Blushes : She ingeniously owned the Simplicity of her Request, and said, ’twould be a Shame to the Female Sex to be surpassed in so excellent a Virtue by brute Animals, who, though they pursue nothing with greater Propensity than their Pleasures, yet that they may not by their Lusts bereave their Offspring of the Advantage of a Father, guard an inviolable Chastity. And she was now of Opinion, that the Laws against adulterous Wives were too mild, for the Wound which the Woman suffer’d from her Husband’s Unchastness was but Skin deep, but disloyal Wives by their Adulteries, murder their Husbands with eternal Infamy, and cast an indelible Stain on their own Children.

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